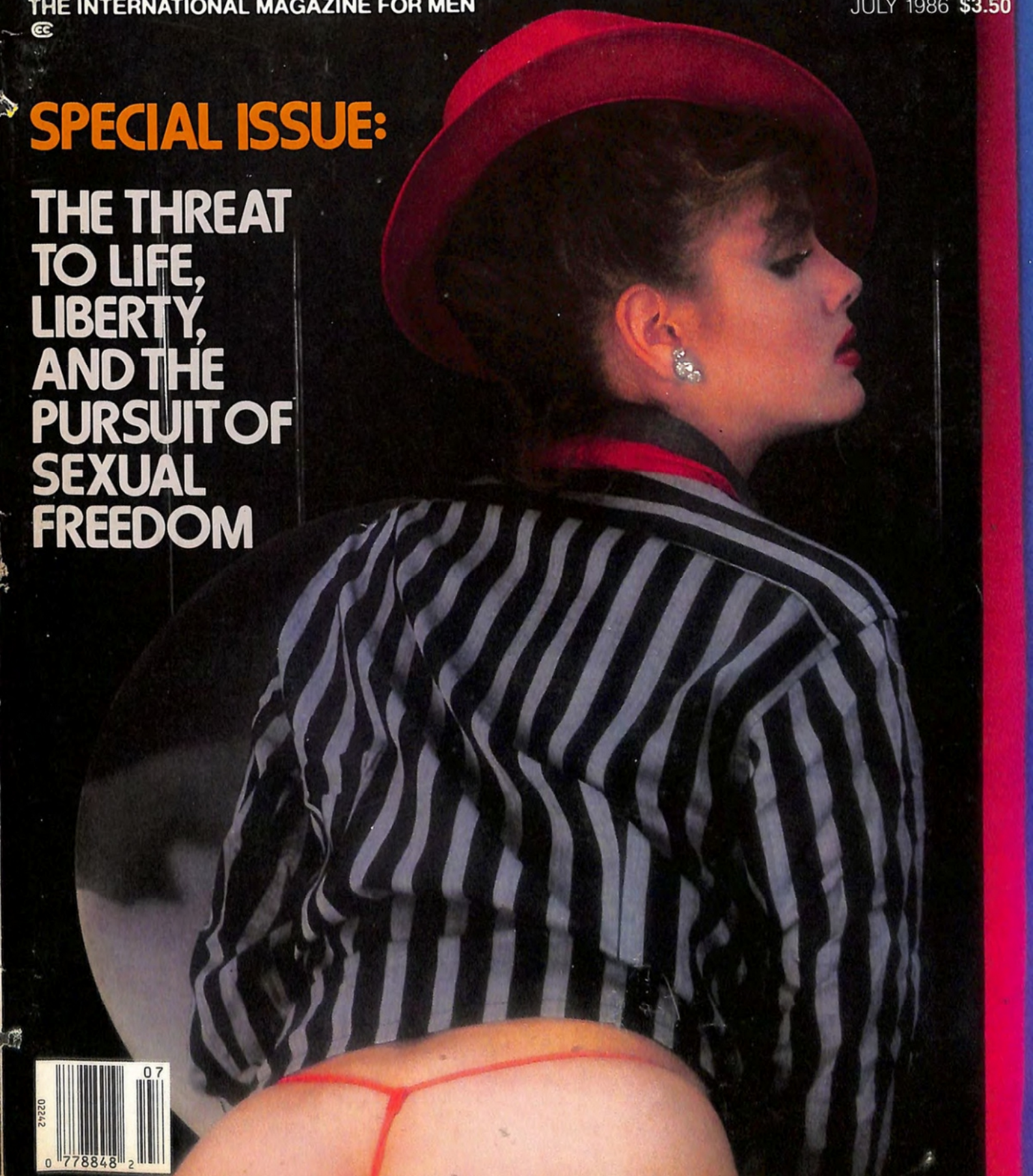
PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JULY 1986 $3.50



SPECIAL ISSUE:

THE THREAT TO LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF SEXUAL FREEDOM

07
02242
0 778848 2

MAGDOWNLOAD.ORG

FREE DOWNLOAD

LATEST MAGAZINES

HIGH QUALITY TRUE-PDF

MAGDOWNLOAD.ORG

Newport

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Kings: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine;
Box: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine;
100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette,
FTC Report February 1985.

Lights

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1985

Newport pleasure comes to low-tar menthols

Alive with pleasure!

PENTHOUSE®

The International Magazine for Men/July 1986

Worldwide sales: **5,000,000***

EDITOR & PUBLISHER: BOB GUCCIONE

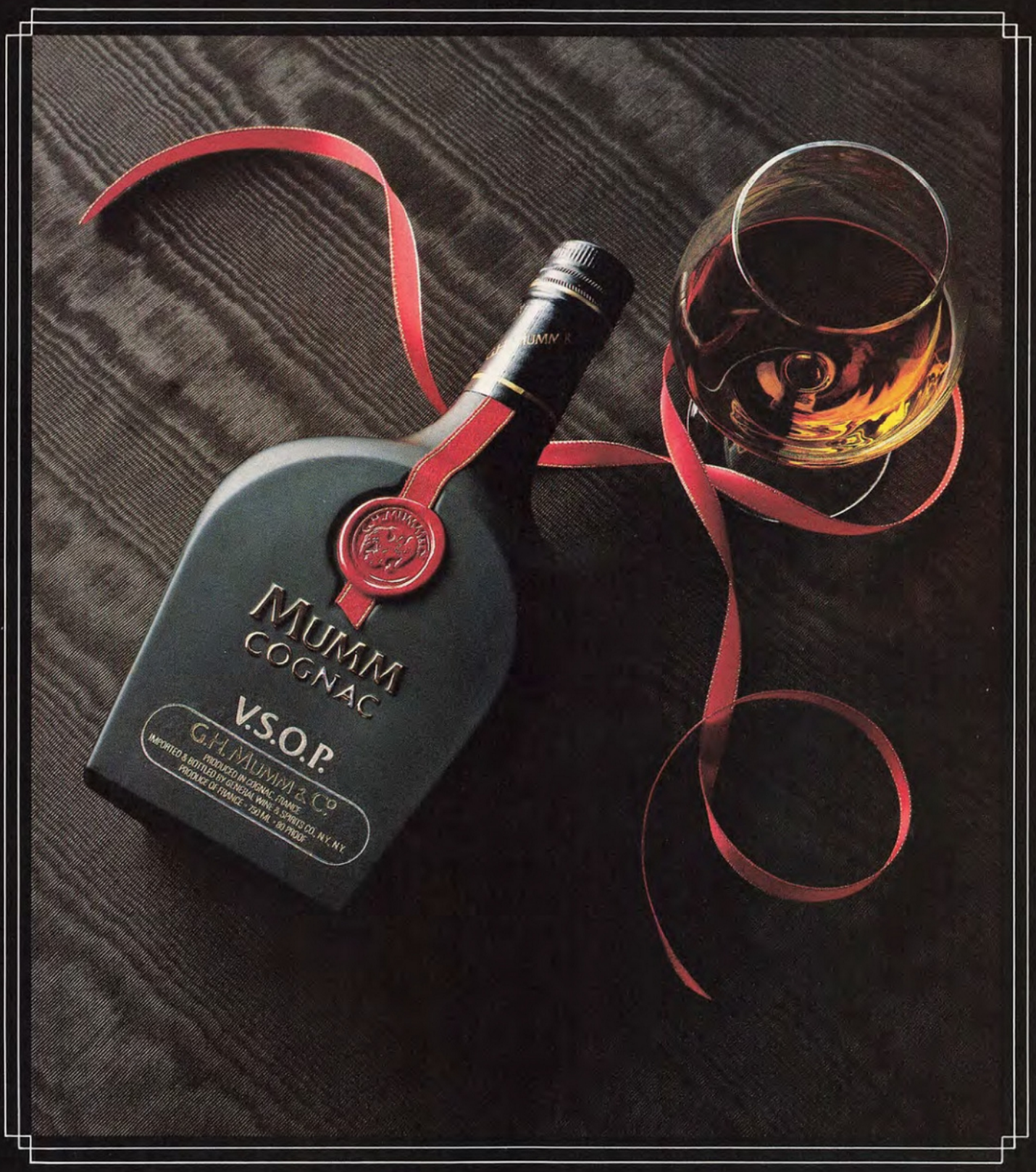
VICE-CHAIRMAN: KATHY KEETON
EXECUTIVE EDITOR: PETER BLOCH
GRAPHICS DIRECTOR: FRANK DEVINO
MANAGING EDITOR: CLAUDIA VALENTINO
ART DIRECTOR, INT'L: JOE BROOKS
ART DIRECTOR: RICHARD BLEIWEISS

Pet of the Month Krista Pflanzer was photographed for our cover by Jerry Pasternak, using a Nikon F3 camera and soft-filter 50mm and 100mm lenses. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, *see page 142.*

CONTENTS

			PAGE
HOUSECALL	Introduction		6
FORUM	Correspondence		10
FEEDBACK	Opinion		20
JUSTICE	Column	Alan M. Dershowitz	22
POWER GAME	Column	Michael Korda	24
MEN'S RIGHTS	Service	Sidney Siller	26
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	28
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Emily Prager	35
SPORTS		Peter Manso	36
WORDS		Karen DeCrow	37
SEX NEWS			38
LADY LIBERTY	Photo Essay	Text by Isaac Asimov Photos by Jake Rajs	40
ED MEESE GIVES BAD COMMISSION	Article	Philip Nobile and Eric Nadler	50
MAID IN BAVARIA	Pictorial	Photos by Peter Kopp	59
SUMMER SEX	Article	Ellen Sherman	68
KRISTA	Pet of the Month	Photos by Jerry Pasternak	75
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service	William R. Corson	92
THE SIKH ERROR PLOT	Essay	William M. Kunstler and Ronald L. Kuby	94
SEALED WITH A KISS	Pictorial	Photos by J. Stephen Hicks	96
A 20TH-CENTURY INQUISITION	Article	Alan M. Dershowitz	106
DREAMS & DIVERSIONS	Lifestyles		109
HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE	Satire	Ori Hofmekler	116
THE ZOO	Satire	Bill Lee	120
CODY	Pictorial	Photos by Bob Guccione	123
X-RATED VIDEO	Service	Al Goldstein	136
HARD TIMES	Humor		143
GAMES	Diversions	Scot Morris	152
SWEET CHASTITY	Satire	Ron Embleton/Bob Guccione	156

PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020) U.S. Volume 17, Number 11 © Copyright 1986 by Penthouse International, Ltd. All rights reserved. Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Printed in U.S.A. Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006. Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: send address changes to *Penthouse* Magazine, P.O. Box 3039, Harlan, IA 51537. Tel. 1-800-247-5470 (Iowa: 1-800-532-1272). Editorial offices as above. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial matter and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Letters to *Penthouse* magazine or its editors are assumed intended for publication in whole or in part and may therefore be used for such purposes. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semifiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. **Subscriptions:** U.S., AFO—$36 one year; Canada—$46 one year; and elsewhere—$46 one year. Single copies $3.50 in U.S. and AFO ($4.00 December and January issues); $3.95 in Canada.
Advertising Offices: *New York:* Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100; *Midwest:* Penthouse, 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466; *Washington, D.C.:* Penthouse, 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006; *West Coast:* Penthouse, 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831. Penthouse, the Penthouse keys, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse International, Ltd., N.Y.
*Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)



V.S.O.P. COGNAC

By Mumm

The Finest Name In French Champagne Is Now The Finest Name In Cognac

HOUSECALL

LIBERTY . . .
"Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free . . . " reads, in part, the famous poem inscribed on the base of the Statue of Liberty. And, for 100 years, that noble statue has symbolized to the world America's commitment to intellectual freedom and economic opportunity. This month we celebrate her birthday in *Penthouse* with a sensational photo essay featuring the photography of Jake Rajs, with an essay by science writer and philosopher Isaac Asimov, who reflects on what freedom has meant for those millions of immigrants who arrived on our shores during the past 100 years . . . and who then looks to the future and envisions new frontiers of freedom that will challenge us in the coming century.

. . . UNDER ATTACK
Unfortunately, our celebration of Miss Liberty's 100th birthday is tainted by those fanatic individuals who are committed to overthrowing everything that gives real meaning to our democratic form of government. This year, the very un-American activity of a few rabid clergymen, combined in their zealotry with a handful of radical feminists, has resulted in a new wave of censorship and repression that threatens—and, in fact, has already affected—every one of us. We examine and expose this threat in two major articles this month. First, Harvard law professor Alan M. Dershowitz, one of America's leading legal scholars and top constitutional lawyers, shows how closely the notorious Meese Commission approximates a "20th-Century Inquisition," which, like its terrible forebear, is victimizing these fundamental values: "human dignity, freedom of choice, and the right to be different." Just how committed the members of the commission are to this mandate is illustrated in "Ed Meese Gives Bad Commission," an exposé by *Forum* Editorial Director Philip Nobile and Senior Editor Eric Nadler. Their careful monitoring of both public and private sessions of the commission dramatically demonstrates the disastrous results of forcing science and research to take a backseat to cheap, momentary political satisfaction.

SUMMER SEX
"I think if you polled the country," someone told us recently, "80 percent would say they 'lost it' in the summertime." Intrigued, we asked writer Ellen Sherman to investigate the situation, and her research confirmed that the temptations of sizzling summer days and sultry nights act as powerful aphrodisiacs on us all. As one young man puts it: "Summer is a time for the rules to lapse."

OUR GROWING FAMILY
If you haven't traveled abroad recently, you may not be aware that the sun no longer sets on the *Penthouse* empire. In a word, *Penthouse*'s foreign editions girdle the world. The newest member of the First Family of men's magazines is the Chinese-language edition of *Penthouse,* published in Hong Kong—a smashing first-day sellout success that overnight became an international collector's item. The *Penthouse* family also includes British, French, Spanish, Australian, German, and Japanese editions, with great expectations for a Dutch and even Greek version later this year.

AND SO MUCH MORE
Our Lady Liberty birthday celebration is a veritable fireworks display of color and beauty, along with some good humor and sound common sense. Michael Korda and Sidney Siller discuss the sometimes separate spheres of "Power" and "Men's Rights." . . . Games Editor Scot Morris shares some innocent "dirty tricks" that have been sent in recently by readers. . . . Our inimitable humor editor, "Wild" Bill Lee, visits a rather unique zoo. . . . And, of course, what celebration would be complete without the pulchritudinous presence of our special *Penthouse* Pets—including, this month, a return and always very welcome visit from 1986 Pet of the Year Cody Carmack, making this a truly happy birthday indeed!

THE LATEST WORD IN RADAR DETECTION IS THE MICRO EYE EXPRESS-LR

Latest, because the MICRO EYE EXPRESS LONG RANGE is a dual superheterodyne radar detector like no other. It represents the first superheterodyne radar detector to integrate computer based signal processing with superheterodyne circuitry for extra long range superheterodyne sensitivity and increased selectivity. Leave it to BEL — the largest manufacturer of radar detectors to once again pioneer superior technology in a radar detector.

TECHNOLOGY BRINGS OUT THE BEST

You don't need to understand the technology behind the EXPRESS-LR to know what it delivers — confidence on the road. Over hills, around corners, or on the straightaway, the EXPRESS-LR detects both X and K Band radar with a systematic audio and visual alert warning you to the presence of police radar. Whether pulsed, moving, or triggered, the EXPRESS-LR reacts reminding you to slow down.

SENSITIVITY TIMES TWO

The MICRO EYE EXPRESS contains both Radar Signal Discrimination and a LO/LR Filter Switch. RSD (exclusive to the B.E.L-Tronics line of radar detectors) reduces X Band to an optimal level for urban/suburban driving. This mode instantly analyzes all incoming signals and processes only those that are true signals (police radar). The Filter Switch has been designed to virtually eliminate annoying false alarms caused by microwave relay stations, automatic door openers, and weather radar. The use of both the RSD and Filter Switch together will give you the ultimate in selectivity, without reducing the sensitivity of the MICRO EYE EXPRESS-LR.

HIGH PERFORMANCE

The MICRO EYE EXPRESS-LR is the most technically advanced radar warning system you can buy. The unit comes complete with all the accessories needed for quick and easy installation, a full one year warranty, and the integrity of a company with 19 years of microwave electronics expertise. The MICRO EYE EXPRESS-LR is truly your final touch to full driving confidence.

30 DAY TRIAL OFFER

You can order yours today by calling this toll-free number, and if not completely satisfied with your MICRO EYE EXPRESS-LR, simply return the unit within 30 days for a full refund (mail order only).

MICRO EYE EXPRESS-LR
$299.95

FULL ONE YEAR WARRANTY ON PARTS AND LABOR.

Call toll-free 1-800-341-1401
In New York 1-800-845-4525
In Canada 1-800-268-3994
(NY residents add applicable tax. Price higher in Canada)
Please allow an additional 15 days when paying by personal or company check.

VISA MasterCard AMERICAN EXPRESS

B.E.L-TRONICS Limited
International Head Office
2422 Dunwin Drive,
Mississauga, Ont., Canada
L5L 1J9

In U.S.
20 Centre Drive
Orchard Park, NY 14127

Model 844s

BEL B.E.L-TRONICS LIMITED The Radar Detector Innovators

900 TH

YOU CAN BE THE NEXT BIG WINNER IN THE GREAT SEPTEMBER PENTHOUSE

TREASURE HUNT

Been dreaming about pots of gold at the end of the rainbow? Enter the third Great PENTHOUSE Treasure Hunt in our September Anniversary Issue! Our congratulations to last year's winners: Mr. Dan Brown, winner of the Grand Prize "Gazelle" Model Touring Car from Classic Motor Carriages, valued at $27,000; Second Prize winner Mr. Sam Blumberg, Jr., who won "The Silver Hawk," a $15,000 Model Ship crafted of 24kt gold vermeil; Third Prize winner Mr. Donald Briere, Jr., who won a Jasmine White Mink Cape from Flemington Furs valued at $12,500. As for this year's contest, the August PENTHOUSE tells more, but here's a glimpse: Grand Prize is a Classic Motor Carriages Tiffany Elite, valued at $48,000! Enter by the *Early Bird Deadline* and become eligible to win a trip for two to Australia to see the America's Cup yacht race, courtesy of White Horse Distillers.

REBEL™. A BIKE YOU CAN AFFORD TO BE SEEN ON.

IT'S YOU.

The Honda Rebel™ has everything you want in your first motorcycle. For only $1498.*

Great looks and a great price make it America's most sought after motorcycle.

The Rebel is easy to ride and economical to maintain. With Honda quality throughout, it'll stay that way.

Best of all, you can ride it home for just $1498.

So, if you've always imagined yourself on a motorcycle, start with the Honda Rebel. It's one machine you really can afford to be seen on.

RIDE LIKE A PRO.

That means using your head and riding safely. Always wear a helmet and eye protection. Never drink and ride. Read your owner's manual carefully. And if you're a new rider, take it extra easy. Learn the proper riding techniques from professionals. For rider education information, contact the Motorcycle Safety Foundation at 1-800-447-4700.

HONDA MOTORCYCLES

FOLLOW THE LEADER

The Rebel has a 12-month unlimited mileage warranty. See your local Honda dealer for complete details. Specifications and availability subject to change without notice. *Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Actual price may vary by dealer. California version differs slightly due to emissions equipment. Rebel is a Honda trademark. For a free brochure, see your Honda dealer. Or write: American Honda, Dept. 186, P.O. Box 7055, No. Hollywood, CA 91609-7055. © 1986 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. (4/86)

"She leaned against the computer and willingly let me remove her jeans. She whispered, "I bet you've never seen software like this."

PENTHOUSE FORUM

TERMINAL JOY

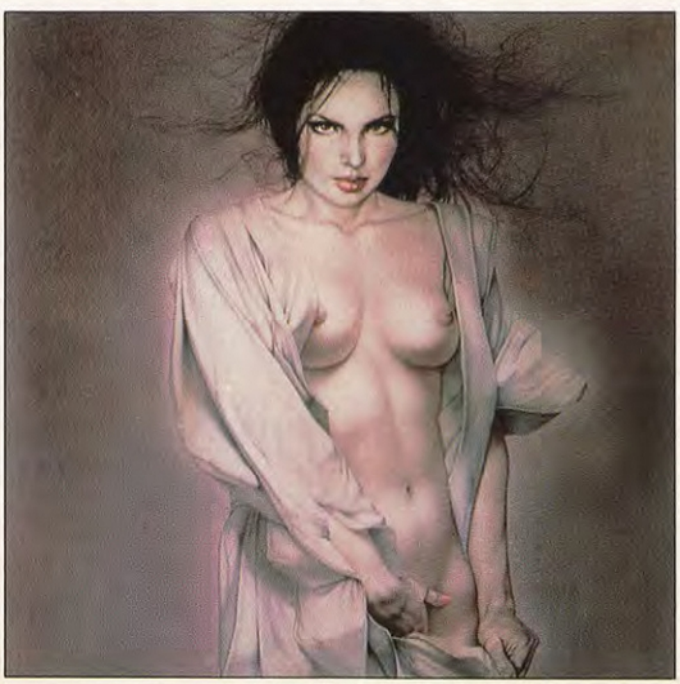
I am a sophomore at a very nerdy college in the Northeast well-known for its engineering and computer programs. I myself, though, am a member of a jock-oriented fraternity. I always thought that there were no pretty girls here, and as a result I spent many nights with my fraternity brothers canvassing the local women's colleges for some action. However, my opinion was greatly changed one night after lacrosse practice, when I stopped by the gym to watch the women's volleyball team. There on the court I saw the most beautiful girl I've seen since I've been in college. She was about five foot six and 120 pounds; she had shoulder-length brown hair, brown eyes, and big, firm tits that jiggled and bounced whenever she moved. But what really drove me wild was her lower body. She had an extremely cute ass and legs that were well developed, yet not overly muscular.

Soon after I began watching her, my one-eyed trouser mouse sprang to life. At that very moment a volleyball bounced off the court in my direction; I scooped it up. To my delight, she casually trotted over, and I tossed it to her. Our eyes met, and she flashed me a dazzling smile. Her stare then focused on the growing bulge in my pants. I was a bit embarrassed, so I quickly left the gym right away.

Two nights later, I was finishing a computer project in the computer lab. When I had it almost completed, she walked in and sat at the terminal next to me. I thought this was a bit odd, since there were lots of empty terminals available, and besides that, I am not the most attractive guy in my fraternity. I'm about six foot two and have a nonmuscular body. I have a slightly less than average penis size, being only about five inches when totally erect. I thought she might be coming on to me, so I began glancing over at her. She didn't return my glances, so I continued with my own project. When I had it completed and was about to turn the computer off, I noticed a message appearing on my screen. It said, "1 A.M., here, Marcie." She then smiled at me and quickly left the room.

As I was walking across the bridge back to my fraternity house, my hormones were in an uproar. I couldn't wait for 1 A.M. to arrive. Finally the time came, so I returned to the computer lab and walked in with a hard-on that wouldn't quit. The room was dark except for the fluorescent glow of the computer screens. Marcie was sitting in a chair in front of a terminal. I slowly walked over to her, and when I reached her she stood up and planted a long, wet kiss on my lips. She moaned that she hadn't slept for two nights because she was thinking about me, and her hands immediately went for my crotch.

I wasted no time pulling her sweater over her head and removing her bra, which exposed her large breasts and pink, erect nipples. I began to suckle her bountiful breasts like a baby who hadn't been fed for weeks. Then I pushed her onto the table. She leaned against the computer and willingly let me remove her jeans and panties. As I stared at her glistening snatch, she whispered, "I bet you've never seen software like this." I dropped my pants and said, "Yeah, but I bet you've never seen *hard*ware like this." I got on my knees and began to probe her dripping vagina with my tongue. She panted like a dog in heat, and I was overcome with lust myself. It wasn't long before her body quivered. She clamped her legs around my head, and my mouth was filled with her tart juices.



After Marcie had recovered from her orgasm, she decided to return the favor. She pushed me onto a chair and slid between my legs. She slowly stroked my cock, then began to move her tongue around my head in a circular motion. She took me completely into her mouth. Her head bobbed up and down over my shaft until my balls began to ache with pleasure. When I couldn't hold back any longer, I arched my back and my cock erupted like Mount St. Helens. When she felt my hot semen shooting against the back of her throat, she pulled away, and I covered her neck and tits with the milky remainder of my steaming load. She quickly cleaned herself off with her fingers and tongue.

Not waiting to let my hardness subside, she wrapped her hands around my dick and began to stroke it once again. It quickly sprang back to attention. She

In PENTHOUSE FORUM, editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,
KING: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC method.
© 1985 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
You've got what it takes.
Salem Spirit
Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.
20 CIGARETTES
Menthol Fresh
Salem
20 CIGARETTES
Menthol Fresh
Salem
LIGHTS

PENTHOUSE®

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

BOB GUCCIONE
editor & publisher

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(U.S. edition)

THE CORPORATION

Bob Guccione *(chairman)*
Kathy Keeton *(vice-chairman)*
David J. Myerson *(chief operating officer)*
Anthony J. Guccione *(secretary-treasurer)*

EDITORIAL

Editor in Chief: Bob Guccione; *Executive Ed.:* Peter Bloch; *Managing Ed.:* Claudia Valentino; *Senior Eds.:* Lynn Kearcher, Karen Schwarz; Allan Sonnenschein; *National Affairs Ed.:* William R. Corson; *Humor Ed.:* Bill Lee; *Assoc. Ed.:* Shaina Hilsenrath; *Ass't. Ed.:* Laura Berland; *Copy Chief:* Robert Sabat; *Literary Rights Manager:* B.C. Lefrak; *Ass't. to the Man. Ed.:* Patrice Baldwin; *Editorial Ass'ts.:* Lauren Bank, Jackie D'Amico, Michelle Eaton; *Contributing Eds.:* Al Goldstein, Heidi Handman, Xaviera Hollander, Mike Knepper, Peter Manso, Scot Morris, Emily Prager, Sidney Siller, Ben Stein, José Chegüi Torres, Nick Tosches, Ernest Volkman, Timothy White; *West Coast Ed.:* Toni Biggs

ART

Sr. VP/Graphics Director: Frank DeVino; *VP/Art Dir., Int'l:* Joe Brooks; *Art Dir.:* Richard Bleiweiss; *Assoc. Art Dir.:* Pablo Rodriguez; *Ass't. Art Dir.:* Daryl Phillips; *Designer:* Jo Ann Agress; *Staff Photographers:* Earl Miller, Pat Hill; *Photo Ed.:* Hildegard Kron; *Associate Photo Ed.:* Lisa Shapiro; *Art Rights Mgr.:* Gwenn Lewis Norman; *Special Assistant to Bob Guccione:* Jane Hornlish

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING

Pres., Marketing Div.: William F. Marlieb; *VP/Dir., Advertising:* Nancy Kestenbaum; *Sr. VP/Corporate Dir., New Business Development:* Beverley Wardale; *Sr. VP/Southern and Midwest Advertising Director:* Peter Goldsmith; *VP/Western Advertising Director:* Wendy Bloxham; *Assoc. New York Mgr.:* Michael Citron; *Dir., Advertising Administration:* Leslie Krell Moses; *Dir., Advertising Production:* Toni Wagner; *Advertising Production Traffic Mgr.:* Pam Rizk; *VP/Dir., Pub. Rel.:* Leslie Jay; *Dir., Sales Promo./Mdsg.:* Beverly Greiper; *Assoc. Dir., Sales Promo./Mdsg.:* Elaine Yanis-Bennett; *Research Director:* Eli Belli; *Mgr., Mktg. Research:* Roni Stein; *Dir., Pet Promo.:* Jeff Zelmanski. Offices: *New York* (Nancy Kestenbaum): 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100, Telex 237128. *Detroit:* Wynkoop, Hannah, Albaum, Inc., 2685 Lapeer Rd., Suite 100, Auburn Hills, Mich. 48057. Tel. (313) 373-1026. *Midwest* (Peter Goldsmith): 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466. *South* (Peter Goldsmith): 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006, Tel. (202) 298-6050. *West Coast* (Wendy Bloxham): 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. *Northeast and Canada:* The McCord Corp., 1200 Post Road East, Westport, Conn. 06880. *United Kingdom and Europe:* 14 Lisgar Terrace, London W14, England, Tel. 01-828-3336. *Japan:* Bancho Media Service, 3-1 Kanda Tacho 2-Chome, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo 101, Japan, Tel. 03-252-2721, Telex J25472. *Korea:* Mr. S. H. Hwang, Pres., Kaya Advtsg., Inc., Rm. 402 Kunshin Annex B/D 251-1, Dohwa Dong, Mapo-Ku, Seoul, Korea (121), Tel. 719-6906, Telex K 32144 Kayaad

ADMINISTRATION

Executive Vice President: David J. Myerson; *Sr. VP/Administrative Services:* Jeri Winston; *Sr. VP/Production Director:* John Evans; *Sr. VP/Chief Fin. Off.:* John C. Prebich; *VP/Publishing:* Don Myrus; *VP/Newsstand Circulation:* Marcia Orovitz; *Controller:* Patrick J. Gavin; *Business Mgr.:* Cathe Charleston; *Circulation Marketing Mgrs.:* Maureen Sharkey, Bruce Mullinix; *Dir., Eastern Regional Sales:* Charles Anderson, Jr.; *Dir., Western Regional Sales:* Bruce Eldridge; *Dir., Circulation Int'l Sales:* Linda Fazio-Sprague; *Dir., Subscription Circulation:* Marcia Schultz; *Traffic Mgr.:* William Harbutt; *Production Mgr.:* Tom Stinson; *Ass't. Production Mgr.:* Nancy Rice; *Foreign Editions Mgr.:* Eriko Kusumoto; *Exec. Ass't. to Bob Guccione:* Diane O'Connell; *Ass't. to Bob Guccione:* Anna Castro; *Exec. Ass't. to David J. Myerson:* Teri Pisani

FOREIGN EDITIONS

Sr. VP/Foreign Editions: John Evans; *Australia:* Penthouse Editorial Services, Pty., Ltd., P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062; *Germany:* Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; *Hong Kong:* Yongder Hall, Ltd., 128 Java Road, 18F Java Centre, North Point, Hong Kong; *Italy:* Cosmopoli s.r.l., Viale Tunisia 41, Milan, Italy; *Japan:* Kodansha, Ltd., 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; *Spain:* Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104, Barcelona; *United Kingdom:* Sightline Publications, Ltd., Northern & Shell Bldg., P.O. Box 381, Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, Eng.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100, Telex 237128. *West Coast:* 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831

JULY

then grabbed my shoulders, pulled herself toward me, and impaled herself on my steaming sword. She was quite an athlete, and she massaged my rod with exquisite perfection, using every muscle in her pussy. I met the thrusts of her hips with equal thrusts of my own—she moaned loudly as I duked her senseless. Within moments I felt her box clamp down on my prick. This was enough stimulation for me, and we simultaneously climaxed in orgasmic bliss.

It has now been two weeks since our escapade. I have seen Marcie every day since then, and she has been spending most nights in my loft at the fraternity house. We have fucked each other in every position possible. My roommate complains that we make too much noise, because he can hear us through the wall that separates our beds. He says that we are completely immoral. But I know the real reason for his complaints: He has trouble getting laid himself! This complaining doesn't bother me, and I will continue to find new ways of bringing both Marcie and myself to orgasm.—*Name and address withheld*

SADDLE UP

I was traveling through the western states on vacation last year, and I dropped in on an old college roommate. He took me out to the rodeo practice grounds to watch some of the riders honing their skills for competition. The arena didn't have bleachers, so we gained a perch on the top rail of the corral fence, a position that put us practically eye to eye with the mounted rodeoers.

I noticed one of the women riders. Her long blond hair bounced as she rode by, and her blue jeans were molded like a second skin to her thighs, hips, and firm butt. The ends of the silk scarf, which she had tied around her neck, teased across the clinging body shirt and swayed across her perfect breasts. I found myself hypnotized by her firm nipples, which pushed at the thin fabric of her shirt.

When I asked my friend what her specialty was, he smiled and told me she was one of the top women barrel racers in the area. Then he called her over to our perch and introduced us. Mandy and I talked for a few minutes, and our eyes locked in an embrace both of us understood and craved. Then she rode across the arena and took her place at the starting point with the others.

She flicked her horse into action and locked her firm thighs and knees to the saddle as the horse cut within inches of each barrel. At the end of her third run, she came back to our perch and asked me if I wanted to help her get her horse into its trailer. I slipped from the fence to the back of her horse and let my hands grace her perfect waist and hips. When we reached the trailer, she turned in the saddle and my right hand slid into the taut fabric covering her pussy. I told her how beautifully she rode and pulled my hand into the folds between her legs. She gave me a teasing kiss before we both slipped from the saddle onto the ground next to the horse.

Mandy asked me if I'd ever helped load a horse into a trailer before. When I said no, she took my hand and led me into the covered vehicle. In the dim area at the front of the trailer, she let my hand drop and our bodies melted together. She didn't say a word but let her tongue fence with mine in an exciting duel. In what seemed like one motion, we unbuttoned each other's shirts and shed our boots and jeans. I released her taut nipples from the thin bra and took one between my lips, nibbling at the end with my teeth. She put her hand behind my head and pushed her breast deeper into my mouth. My one hand squeezed her free breast while the other caressed the wet crotch of her sheer panties.

She told me she never settled for less than grand champion and stroked my stiffening penis. I released her tits from my grasp. We probed each other's mouths with our tongues again. Then she flicked hers down my neck and across my chest and locked her lips onto my nipple. It and my penis instantly grew to full stiffness. Descending farther across my stomach, she slipped my bikini briefs to the straw-covered floor and took the head of my masculinity into the warmth of her hungry mouth. In no time, I exploded into her demanding throat. When I'd stopped thrusting, she licked the last drops of the sweet cream from the head of my penis. She kissed my still-erect cock, then stood up, removed her wet panties, and told me not to waste such a champion stud pole.

She got on her knees and pointed her firm butt toward my erection. "Fuck me from behind," she whispered. I knelt and took her hips in my hands as she guided my cock into her juicy cunt. I sank to the hilt, and she sighed with delight. Soon the sighs turned to throaty whimpers, which became more intense as my finger probed her dripping clit. "Fuck me harder. I want every inch of you," she pleaded. She rocked on her hands and knees, forcing my penis to glide from tip to hilt again and again. Her tempo rose to a frenzy. "Oh God. I'm coming. I'm coming," she screamed, thrusting her cunt over my eight inches and taking me to the hilt. We exploded in unison. I shot my warm juice deep into her, and we both sank into the straw.

We got dressed, and I helped her lead the horse into the trailer aisle opposite the one we had initiated with our passion. I've moved to the area now and spend my weekends at the rodeo practice grounds. The season's young. I hope Mandy comes out for more practice runs. I've never known a champion as grand as she.—*Name and address withheld*

A WELCOME REPRIMAND

I am a college student, six feet one inch

A taste of Italian night life

Sambuca Romana...
to enhance your after-dinner coffee.
To drink Con Mosca,
with three coffee beans
and a halo of flame.

Our Sambuca Romana
recipe book has 55 other ways
to enjoy the taste of Italy.

Sambuca Romana, 84 Pf.
Imported by Palmer & Lord, Ltd.,
Syosset, N.Y. 11791.

tall, 185 pounds, and fairly muscular. I usually do not have any problems finding female companionship when I go out.

On a normal Thursday, I spend happy hour at one of the local bars with the rest of the guys from my dormitory wing, but one Thursday I stayed in to study because I had a test the next day. The rest of the guys went without me, and I was left alone on the wing.

I was enjoying a joint in my room when I heard a knock at the door. I quickly put out the joint and stashed it away. I opened the door and standing there was the hall director. I almost fainted.

The hall director, Sandy, is in her middle twenties and is a total knockout. She has large, firm breasts and weighs about 115 pounds. She is very strict about rules, and most of the guys on my wing think she is a bitch.

Sandy came in and asked me where my stash was. I had no choice but to hand it over. I was sure she would call the police on me. She took me to her apartment and sat me down in front of her desk. Then she started on a good 20-minute lecture. She stood up and leaned over, gathering some papers. I noticed her sweater hanging down, giving me a bird's-eye view of her large breasts resting in her bra. I must have stared for at least ten seconds when she suddenly snapped her head up and caught me looking. I quickly looked down, but I knew she had seen me watching her.

Then she said that when *she* smokes a joint, she blows it into a fan and out the window. That caught me totally by surprise. I was in complete shock. Then she took the joint, lit it, took a long deep breath, and came over to me. She took my hand and led me to her bedroom. Believe me, I didn't resist, but I was so shocked I could hardly stay on my feet and didn't say a word.

We sat at the foot of her bed and finished up the joint. I wasn't sure what to do next; I was totally shocked, and a bit scared. I didn't have to wonder for long because Sandy started things right up. She stood up and undressed before me. I just stood by the bed and watched as she peeled the clothes off her firm body. She then stood before me totally naked, her large, firm breasts hanging from her chest like well-rounded melons. Her black bush was dripping wet by now with juices running down her legs. I wanted to dive in, but I was too shocked to move. I started to undress, but Sandy told me to stop; she wanted to undress me. She put me on my back on the bed and slowly started taking my clothes off. After what seemed like hours of teasing, she finally had me totally naked. My full nine inches of swollen manhood stared her right in the face. I just lay there motionless waiting for her next move.

She then hopped on me, and we were in a sixty-nine in seconds. I went to work on her beautiful pussy as she sucked and slurped my cock and balls. I tongued her pussy lips, teasing her, carefully avoiding her clit. Then, when she was swollen and ready, I flicked her clit and continued to suck and slide my tongue in and out of her hot hair pie. She started bucking wildly and soon came with a shuddering orgasm. I licked up every bit of her juices. I came soon after, as she continued to work on my tool. I shot my wad deep into her mouth and she swallowed it all, and continued to milk my cock to get every drop of jism.

I was on my back, out of breath. Sandy wasn't finished, though. She took my very limp cock into her mouth and soon got me hard again. She then straddled me and plunged me all the way into her steaming pussy. She pumped wildly for a few minutes, and we came together in a screaming orgasm.

We lay next to each other for a while and caught our breath. It wasn't very long before Sandy started things rolling again. We went at it for most of the night. I lost count of how many times I shot my load into her that night.

About 3 A.M. I dressed and said goodbye, giving Sandy a long, deep kiss. I knew we would meet again for another night of joyous sex.

I quietly made my way back to my room. Lying in bed, I relived in my mind the great time I'd had that night. I soon got myself hard again, so I rolled over and tried to go to sleep. Then I remembered about the test I was supposed to be studying for. I knew I would get a poor grade, but believe me, it was worth it.—*Name and address withheld*

LADIES' LUNCH

I have been involved with a woman steadily for about two months now. We enjoy each other's company and have a terrific sex life. Last week my lover told me she was meeting her best friend, Debbie, in the city and that I should meet them for lunch. Sounded like a good time to me.

Lunch was very nice. Debbie and I liked each other instantly, which made my lover very happy. After eating, we went for a walk and then decided to go somewhere for a drink. My lover suggested a nearby hotel. When we got there, Debbie went and got us a room—for "privacy," she said. I knew something was cooking. My lover suggested that Debbie and I go on up to the room. She would join us shortly.

Debbie and I made small talk in the elevator. Once inside the room, she took my hand and brought me over to the bed. We started kissing. Debbie took my clothes off and then, to my delight, did a seductive striptease. This left me with an enormous hard-on, which she began to fondle and kiss. She mounted me, and we made love ever so gently. I could tell Debbie was starting to come by her gyrations, which were increasing with speed. I started climaxing, and then my come shot out, filling her as she groaned with pleasure.

ONE OF THE FEW ROAD MACHINES THAT PERFORMS AS WELL AS OURS.

INTRODUCING SPECTRUM 2.™
THE NEW STANDARD FOR HIGH PERFORMANCE RADAR DETECTORS.

Under this unit's sleek exterior lies the power of unprecedented sensitivity.

What separates Spectrum 2 from all the rest, however, is its unique warning system. A combination of an audible alarm and a numeric display – a readout between 1 and 9 that visually tells you when you have locked onto police radar and just how quickly you need to react. A photo cell automatically dims or brightens this display to make it easier to read in any light.

Spectrum 2 also boasts a microprocessor which reports a separate warning for X and K bands, allows you to set your alarm's initial response level to avoid annoying false alarms, and controls many other functions –.all with the mere touch of a single button.

Or you can simply plug your unit in and drive.

This is truly radar detection engineering at its finest. And Spectrum 2 is backed by an exclusive 3 year warranty. The most comprehensive ever.

For a free brochure or information on where to purchase Spectrum 2, call 1-800-531-0004. In Massachusetts call 1-617-692-3000.

Whistler SPECTRUM 2

The astounding brand new book that can and will change your life!

WANT to get a Visa or MasterCard with no credit check?
WANT to stop bill collectors from harassing you?
WANT to have top credit regardless of past history?
WANT to get loans from bankers who laughed at you before?

Here are all the hidden secrets of setting up a top credit rating for yourself — literally overnight!

How to Get ANYTHING on Credit

This remarkable book is written by an expert who used to be a collection agent and who knows every "in" and "out" — what works and what doesn't. Every no-nonsense word is usable, every method is one you can put into effect tomorrow. We guarantee these procedures are effective. They'll work — you'll have credit, credit cards, and inside information most people never see — or your money back.

INCLUDED! Special Chapters:
★How to Form Your Own Corporation Without a Lawyer, for $60
★How to Start Your Own Bank
★How to Make Your Assets Judgment-Proof

HUNDREDS OF EXPERT TIPS:
• How to get credit cards • How to keep collectors off your neck • How to fight discrimination (age, race, sex, divorce) • How to get a top credit report • How to borrow to pay your bills

Okay, you've tried and tried and no bank will consider you for a credit card. We *guarantee* you'll get one with no credit check, even if you've filed for bankruptcy.

You can't get that bank loan because you can't show assets or because a credit check shows you owe a lot of money. You can fix that, easily — overnight.

Bill collectors are at your heels; they call you at home, at work, everywhere; you may lose your car. Forget it, because you can make them forget it.

Guaranteed to work or money back!
READ THIS ASTOUNDING GUARANTEE!

If, after reading and using the principles in this book, you don't get a major credit card, and if you don't get relief from creditors *plus* a good credit report, return the book for a complete 100% refund.

ORDER TOLL-FREE

Not available in stores
$19.95 Direct from Publisher
For faster service on credit card orders
1-800-345-4422
IN N.J.: 201-370-4422
24 HOURS A DAY, 7 DAYS A WEEK
or send check or m.o. to:
IMPACT BOOKS
ROUTE 9 & KENNEDY BLVD., DEPT. PH7
LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY 08701

An outstanding watch value: on land, at sea, and underwater . . .

Navigator™ Watch

Now, with new ratcheted safety bezel, and still only $49.95*

But read the ad for an even better deal!

Wear this watch to work, to play, to swim and dive. The *Navigator™ Watch* is powered by a sophisticated, ultra-accurate Japanese quartz movement that is powered by a tiny mercury cell. It should last at least 18 months before you need replace it. The *Navigator™* has *both* luminous analog dial *and* LCD display. It gives you dual time capability. The LCD display shows time continuously — in 12-hr. or 24-hr. mode. Push the button and you display day and date. There is a subtle yet insistent alarm and a switchable hourly time signal. The stopwatch/chronograph reads to 1/100 secs. and has "interrupt" and "lap" modes. A light switch illuminates the display.

The *Navigator™ Watch* is totally executed in black metal, including the linked, stainless steel band. It is waterproof to 150 ft. The new, exclusive ratcheted safety bezel prevents you from staying underwater longer than you had planned. The crystal is "mineral glass"—it will never scratch.

We import these outstanding watches directly in large quantities and are able to offer them for just $49.95. National catalog houses offer the identical watch for $120 or more, and that's *without* the exclusive safety bezel. But here is an even better deal: ***Buy two for $99.90, and we'll send you a third one absolutely FREE, with our compliments.*** Take advantage of this outstanding offer while it is available.

*Many successful products are being "knocked off" to the detriment of consumers. The *Navigator™* is no exception. Beware of *similar looking* imitations. There is only one genuine *Navigator™ Watch*!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 431-9003
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **#1015B324.** If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration date. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this information. UPS/insurance: $5.95 for one *Navigator™ Watch*, $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one year warranty.

Note: For quantity orders (100+) with your company logo on the dial, call Mr. Gerard at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

haverhills
since 1967
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

When we finally opened our eyes, there was my lover, standing in the room smiling her beautiful smile. She was stark naked and carrying a bottle of wine, three glasses, and a candle. She came over, poured us each some wine, lit the candle, and sat on the bed with us.

There I was, my lover on one side and her friend on the other. My lover is a full-bodied woman with long black hair down to her waist. Her friend is slender and firm with long golden-brown hair. They are so beautiful. A longtime fantasy of mine was about to happen.

There was very little talking. The two women looked at each other, smiled, and went into action. First, they started at my toes. Each woman kissed, nibbled, and gently caressed my feet and legs. They slowly made their way up my legs to my cock, which by this time was very erect and throbbing. They simultaneously licked and kissed my member until I thought I would explode. Then Debbie put her mouth over it and sucked me until I erupted in orgasm. All the while, my lover was kissing and caressing my thighs, making me tingle.

To my joy, the afternoon was not over. My ladies were very excited by all of this and started hotly kissing and caressing each other. It was quite arousing. I wanted in, so I started touching their bodies, too. Before long, we were all over each other. Everyone was kissing and fondling everyone else. And once again, my cock was pointing straight out.

My lover told me to lie down. She got on top of me, and my swollen member slid right into her. It was so hot and wet! Her friend came over and straddled my face. I started licking her like crazy. We kept this up until we could stand it no longer. My lover started to come first; her moans were steadily increasing. Next Debbie started, and then I came more wildly than I'd ever experienced.

The two women collapsed on either side of me, and we all just lay there in a state of sheer exhaustion.

After we dressed and left the hotel, the three of us walked arm in arm to the train station, hugged, kissed, and said goodbye. Then we all got on different trains and went home. It was a glorious afternoon!—*Name and address withheld*

FIRST-TIME CHEATER

I enjoy your magazine and particularly like the letters from your avid readers. In fact, I wondered just how real they were and to what degree poetic license was used. That was until my first real "Forum" event, and now I am a believer.

I am 38 years old, considered good-looking, and live in an eastern Canadian city. I have been happily married for almost 12 years. My wife is pretty and intelligent, and we lead an active life both physically and sexually. I have never had any affairs outside of our marriage, but have often fantasized about just such an occurrence.

Well, recently I had to go to a trade show in Chicago for several days. After a long and boring plane trip and lots of complimentary drinks, I ran into several friends as I was checking into the hotel. We had dinner and then headed down toward Rush Street to check out the local bars and ladies. We ended up in sort of a jock bar, which was bustling with rock 'n' roll, booze, and a lot of interesting, unattached girls.

I immediately lost my friends and, in a somewhat hazy state, was wandering around. At the back of the downstairs section of the bar was a particularly noisy group with banners and streamers, and they were having a great time. My attention focused on a nice-looking girl who was wearing a baseball cap. I guess she saw me looking at her; our eyes met, and we started talking.

I learned that her name was Donna and that she and her friends had just come from a White Sox game, which they had won, so everyone was celebrating. She had a pretty face, gorgeous, big brown eyes, and her dark brown hair was sort of pulled back. She was dressed in a sweater and jeans, which only allowed a hint at her sexuality. What intrigued me immediately, though, was this girl's radiant smile and bubbling manner.

She and I seemed to hit it off and within minutes we were talking excitedly with our arms around each other. I gave her a friendly kiss, which was returned by a passionate French kiss with her tongue deep inside my mouth. I was a little surprised but loved it. As we sat petting and talking, she reached down and brushed her hand against my crotch. My already stiff cock strained to an embarrassing size against my clothing. I responded by candidly rubbing her breasts. I was again surprised when her legs opened just a little as I brushed my hand against her crotch. I could already feel her dampness through her jeans. After some more of this and several more drinks, I limped off to see if any of my friends were still around. Donna came with me and, not finding anyone I knew, we decided to go outside for a walk and some air.

We walked around the corner where we leaned up against a courtyard railing, talked, necked, and watched the people go by. We were both happy, enjoying ourselves, and horny. I saw a boy enter the apartment building behind us, pushing his bicycle. We followed him shortly afterward and closed the outside door. In the darkness of this dingy foyer, I eagerly pulled up her sweater and removed her bra, exposing her large, freckled, and incredibly soft tits as she in turn fumbled to undo my pants. She stroked and rubbed my cock, which by now was bulging and straining to be pressed against warm flesh. I kissed her breasts and began sucking her nipples as I undid her jeans. Soft moans were just audible as I inserted several fingers deep inside her. Her cunt was velvet smooth

NEW The Ultimate Accessories for You and Your Car!

SEAT-SHIRT™
CAR SEAT COVER
A unique and stylish way to protect your auto investment by keeping the sun, heat and oil off your car seat. A smile raiser! One size. Washable. Good for beach chairs, too! A fun gift idea!

And for the driver, too, the same popular designs are also available in T-Shirts.

Please check appropriate box: Patent Pending
SEAT-SHIRT™ Car Seat Cover ☐ 1 for $18 ☐ 2 for $34 ☐ 3 for $48 ☐ 4 or more = $15 each.
And fill in quantity and style selection(s): #_____ #_____ #_____ #_____ #_____ #_____
SEAT-SHIRT™ Total = $_____
T-Shirts ☐ 1 for $12 ☐ 2 for $23 ☐ 3 for $33 ☐ 4 or more = $10 each
And fill in quantity, style and size for each selection (available in Small, Medium, Large and X-Large)
_____ T-Shirts Total = $_____
Mastercard / Visa Accepted Total Enclosed = $_____
To charge outside California call TOLL FREE 1-800-828-0284. California call 1-818-441-1747
Prices include tax, postage and handling. Please send check or money order to:
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____ Telephone_____
Drive-In Designs
1000 Fremont Avenue
South Pasadena
California 91030

GET THE EDGE!

MODEL #120 $39.95
Edge Collector Series
Pearlite, Italian 8¾" Side Opening
Blue, Green, White, Red or Black
3 for $104.95

MODEL #817 $39.95
Edge Collector Series
Brass and Hardwood,
Brushed Steel
Lever Hunter 7½"
3 for $104.95

All Genuine, Automatic, and Completely Finished
Sold In Legal* Kit Form

MODEL #108 $29.95
Nato Military
Olive Drab 8"
3 for $79.95

THE EDGE COMPANY
P.O. Box 32848
Phoenix, AZ 85064
602-952-1659

The Edge Co., P.O. Box 32848-PN7, Phoenix, AZ 85064
Before Ordering Call For Availability Dealer Prices on Request 602-952-1659
Please Ship the Following Items: Model #108 ____ Qty. ____
Model #120 ____ Qty. ____ Model #817 ____ Qty. ____
Add $1.50 Per Kit Shipping and Handling. Allow 10 Days Shipping.
____ Check or Money Order Enclosed Total _____
____ Visa/MasterCard # _____ Exp. Date _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
I certify that I am over 21 years of age.
Signature_____ Date _____
Not available where prohibited by law. Inquire about special military and police waivers and discounts.

*Attn. Collectors & Sportsmen: Though legal in parts form, in certain areas the completion of these kits may violate certain laws. Please check your area before ordering or assembling, as compliance with any such law is the purchasers responsibility.

and wet almost to the point of dripping. I slid her pants over her shaped bum down to her ankles. I fell to my knees, releasing her pointed nipples from my mouth, and buried my face in her womanhood. She tasted and smelled beautiful, and I slipped my tongue deep inside her cunt.

By this time, Donna was almost uncontrollable. She tore off my pants and shirt and slumped to the cold, dirty floor. I lay back with my ass on the floor and back against the wall. She straddled my body and gently guided my engorged member deep within her wetness. Being face-to-face, we were able to look into each other's eyes, and, alternatively, I was still able to kiss and suck on her delicious tits.

We breathlessly fucked away for some time in this position, hearing the sounds of people watching TV inside the building and people walking by outside the door. Neither of us was close to coming, so after a while Donna dismounted and leaned over from her knees and delicately began kissing my balls and cock. She expertly licked the inside shaft of my now slippery, wet cock from the very base up to the head before slipping it inside her mouth. Getting a little anxious by now, I pulled her to her feet and asked her to bend over from the waist. I worked my prick into her from behind and clumsily tried to bring us both to orgasm, albeit unsuccessfully.

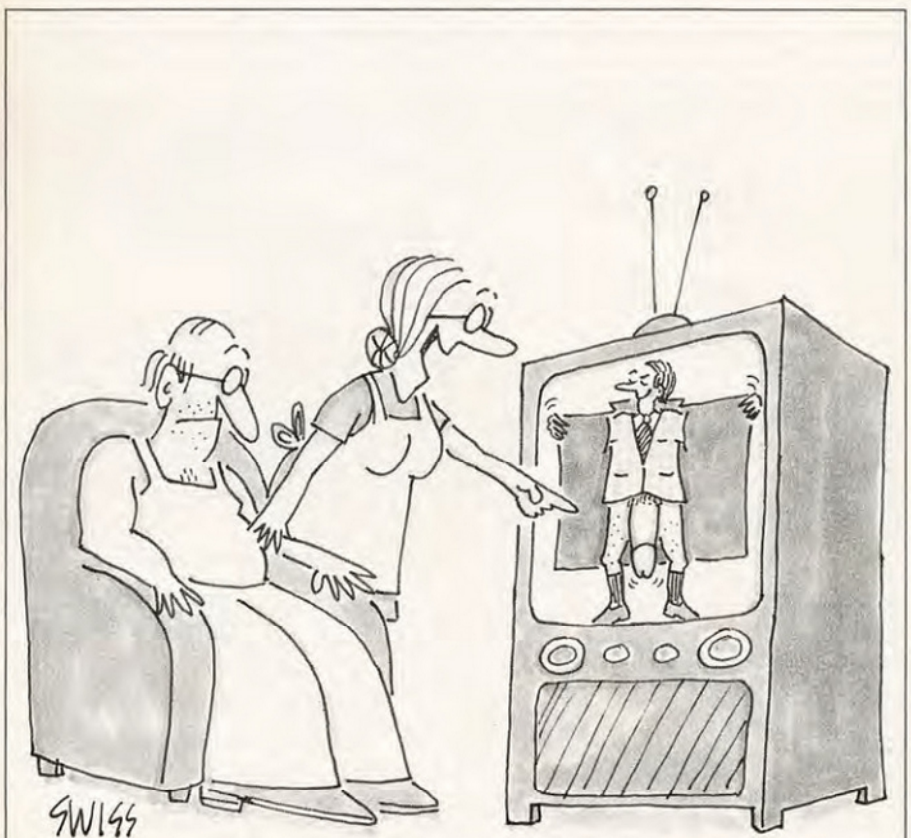
We had been away from the bar and her friends for some time, so we quickly got dressed and shyly walked out of the entrance as if nothing had happened. Back at the bar everything was as before. She and a friend later dropped me at my hotel, but not before asking me to come to her birthday party—which was the following night.

I spent a guilt-ridden, hung-over, anxious, and uncomfortable next day, not sure if I should meet her again. I did, and we spent the whole evening together—which was followed by gentle lovemaking (successful) back at her apartment. It lasted until sunrise. We spent one more fantastic night together with just the two of us. We said good-bye and parted outside my hotel. God, it was hard leaving—not knowing if or when I would ever get to see her again.

We have since spent a few long weekends together and have fallen quite deeply in love. It's absurd and incredible, and I hardly believe it myself, but life sure is exciting since meeting this girl.—*Name and address withheld*

LIBRARY OF LOVE

I am a student in a small liberal-arts college outside Philadelphia. Now I know why it's called the "City of Brotherly Love." I am about five foot ten and have gray eyes that women find attractive. However, I have never been all that lucky with them in general.



"Look, Papa! It's 'The Best of Carson'!"

One winter night when it was snowing hard outside, I headed over to the library to do some studying. I didn't expect to learn what I did that night! I went down to my carrel in one of the more secluded spots in the library. I heard noises around the corner, and I went to investigate. I was excited by the sight that met my eyes. Two women in the throes of passion were doing a sixty-nine. I instantly came to attention. I stood there for a few moments before they noticed me. My hand unconsciously caressed my throbbing member, which was yearning to join the fray. One of the girls looked up and her eyes fixed on my anxious cock. "Like what you see?" she coyly asked.

They continued on as if I were not there. Even though I was really horny, I stood transfixed by the spectacle. One of the girls was tall and had red hair and perfect tits. The other was a short blonde with the nicest ass I've ever seen. The blond girl paused from her lovemaking to look me over. "Ooooh," she said, "he's cute. Why don't we use him?"

Suddenly they were on me, licking me and taking my clothes off. They both admired my ample love tool, which was begging to satisfy them. The tall redhead, who said her name was Marilyn, bent down and started to give me an incredible blowjob. The other girl, whose name I didn't even know, licked my balls. Between their efforts I almost blew my load, but they sensed I was going to erupt. They stopped and pushed me on the floor. Marilyn eased her hot box onto me. She started to buck wildly while her friend fingered her clit. She moaned and then shuddered in orgasm. I sent my huge load into her and she collapsed on top of me.

Marilyn eased off me and winked knowingly at her friend. "Do you think he's ready?" moaned the friend. She took my limp cock in her mouth and in a few minutes it was ready for another round. The blonde stopped and got on all fours. "Give it to me doggy-style," she begged.

She didn't need to ask twice. My piston eased into her from behind and started to pump. Marilyn was so turned on that she was getting herself off on a book. She was humping the corner of the book, which was glistening with her juices. I felt that I was going to come again really soon so I went at the blonde really hard. She groaned her appreciation and spasmed over and over in orgasm. I pulled out and came all over her luscious buns.

We lay there exhausted till we realized someone might find us there. We quickly dressed and decided to move the party back to my room. After that day my luck with women has changed for the better.—*Name and address withheld*

SUNTAN TO GO

I attend a small university with my fiancée, Tina. During my annual trip home on spring break this year, I had an experience I'd like to share with you.

As usual, it was my job to pack the car.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

© Philip Morris Inc. 1986

Get a taste of it.

Merit

The low tar flavor break.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'85. Box Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

"Professor Thomas Tedford's article on North Carolina's war against sex was a relief to those of us who feel that government suppression has gone too far."

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

WAR ON SEX

Just over a year ago, I became a resident of North Carolina. During that time I have learned a lot about the way things work here. Professor Thomas Tedford's article in your April issue ["North Carolina's War on Sex"] came as a relief to many of us who feel that government suppression has gone too far.

The state's new obscenity laws, which have been activated, definitely take the cake. Under their definitions, I can be arrested for having your magazine in my possession. Furthermore, Professor Tedford has been under fire from the "Christian" journalists who think that sex is a sin if it's not done in the missionary position. I hope this harassment from them doesn't lead to the removal of Mr. Tedford's position at the university.—*Name and address withheld*

GARY NULL'S FANS

I have just finished reading installment No. 6 of Gary Null's series on "Medical Genocide" ["Chelation Therapy: A Treatment Under Siege," February 1986]. I have to applaud *Penthouse* and the editor(s) responsible for Mr. Null's articles being published. Null continues to prove himself to be a very thorough investigative author. His reports are astoundingly eye-opening. They are so packed with specifics and references that one can be left with little doubt as to the accuracy and truth of the articles.

There truly is power in knowledge, and as long as you continue to publish articles such as Null's, and CIA and IRS exposés, I think we can look forward to a society with a higher level of awareness. Such continuous alertness and a willingness to fight back will help guarantee our constitutional freedoms. Keep up the great publishing!—*William Lee Ferguson, Chula Vista, Calif.*

I have followed Gary Null's series of articles on "Medical Genocide" with more than a little interest. After suffering a heart attack about a year ago, which left me completely disabled, three doctors recommended coronary-bypass surgery. After telling them I would like to think it over, one of them seemed disappointed and told me not to take too long. He even went so far as to reserve an operating room for me a week later which I did not request. I chose to treat my condition with medication instead, and canceled the reservation after my own research clearly indicated that such an operation would benefit the surgeon's bank account more than it would help me.

On a recent Phil Donahue show, Mr. Null said that 75 percent of all coronary-bypass operations were unnecessary. It was also pointed out that many insurance companies insist on—and will pay for—a second opinion, presumably in the hopes that this will eliminate at least some of these operations. It would seem that if the insurance companies are really interested in saving money, they would do better by insisting, whenever possible, that bypass candidates first undergo chelation therapy—with the insurance company footing the much smaller bill. The savings would be enormous.

If the charges made by Mr. Null in his articles are true—and the evidence suggests they are—it would mean that the American Medical Association, with its callous and self-serving policies, is guilty of serious crimes against humanity.—*Harold Parker, Dunbar, W.Va.*

FATHERS' RIGHTS

Regrettably, I am one of the more than 50 percent of divorced fathers who have not kept up with their child-support payments. I filed personal bankruptcy in January 1978, and divorced my first wife shortly thereafter.

For years I went through a personal hell—as I'm sure many other fathers (and mothers) have. Even now, the feelings of alienation and anger are almost overwhelming. The feelings of guilt are even more so.

Maybe there is room in this world for people like Jim Mattox ["Men's Rights," by Sidney Siller, March 1986], but I find it hard to believe that a significant percentage of the "deadbeat dads" are purposely so.

It seems to me that if those who have power and influence would use their energy to help us "deadbeat dads" get back on our feet financially, there would be no need for laws that automatically convict and condemn those of us who are already bogged down with seemingly unsolvable problems.

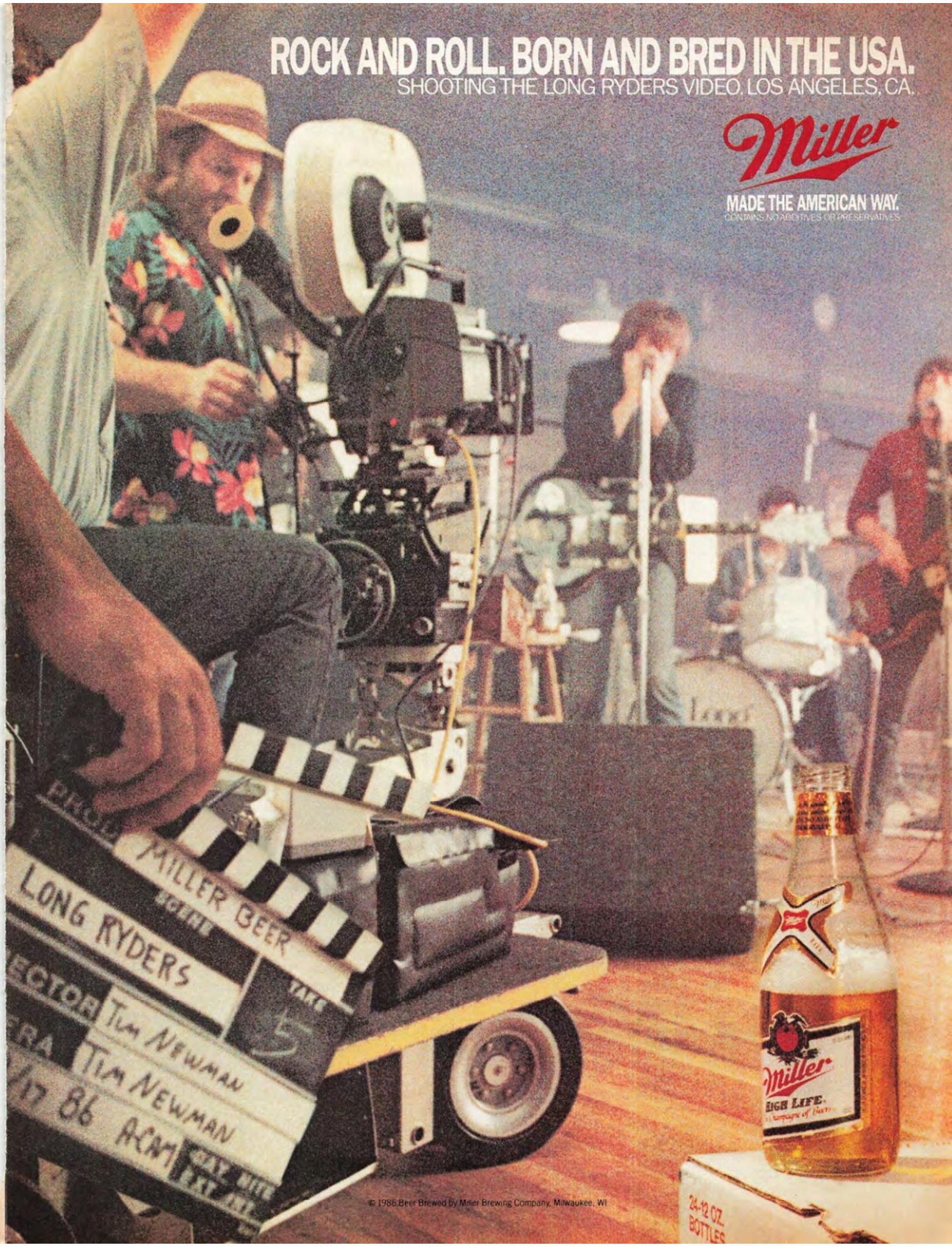
I love my children, and I will never give up trying to better myself so that I can do more for them. I certainly don't need any more harassment from the Jim Mattoxes of this world.—*Keith Birmingham, Custer City, Okla.*

SPEED WEEK

I enjoyed your article "Speed Week" [by Peter Manso, photographs by Tony O'Brien] in the February issue. I've read several articles on Bonneville's Speed Week, and yours was one of the best. The photography was unique and entertaining, and the event was well covered.

My hat's off to Manso and O'Brien.—*Dave McCain, Palmdale, Calif.*

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.



© 1986 Beer Brewed by Miller Brewing Company, Milwaukee, WI

We have to learn to live with fellow citizens who have sexual tastes, lifestyles, and beliefs different from those of the majority.

JUSTICE

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

The United States Supreme Court has given cities and towns around the country a potent and dangerous new weapon in the ongoing war between sexually explicit materials and the First Amendment. The weapon is zoning laws, and the First Amendment may be defenseless against it. The most recent test of the new weapon was in Renton, Washington, a suburb of Seattle with a population of 32,000.

In 1980, the Renton City Council enacted an ordinance prohibiting any adult motion picture theater from locating within 1,000 feet of any residential zone, church, park, or school. It defined an "adult motion picture" as one "characterized by an emphasis on . . . specified sexual activity or specified anatomical areas." This could include constitutionally protected X- and R-rated films.

The practical effect of this 1,000-foot limitation has been to rid Renton of adult theaters, since only five percent of the city is not within the prohibited locations. This five percent includes sites largely unsuited for use by movie theaters and locations already occupied by buildings that cannot be used as theaters. Giving a theater owner the right to show his controversial films in a swamp on the outskirts of town is hardly consistent with the spirit of the First Amendment.

In 1982, an entrepreneur purchased two theaters in downtown Renton with the intention of exhibiting "feature length adult films." (The Supreme Court's somewhat squeamish decision does not describe these films any more explicitly, and so we are left to guess whether they were of the *Debbie Does Dallas* variety, the *Last Tango in Paris* genre, or some combination.) Since downtown Renton was within the prohibited zone, the entrepreneur brought a lawsuit challenging the constitutionality of the ordinance. The United States Court of Appeals declared the ordinance unconstitutional, allowing the theaters to open. But the United States Supreme Court reversed the court of appeals, upholding the ordinance and closing the theaters. Shortly after the decision was announced, the Renton mayor's office received more than 100 telephone calls from officials of other cities seeking to emulate Renton's "success."

The most disturbing aspect of the Supreme Court's decision—written by Justice William Rehnquist—is its deceptive quality. It argues that the Renton law was not aimed "at the content of the films shown" in adult theaters, but rather at "the secondary effects of such theaters on the surrounding community." Thus, according to the majority, the zoning prohibition "was unrelated to the suppression of . . . unpopular views," but was, instead, designed to "preserve the quality of the city's neighborhoods."

Simply put, the Supreme Court ruled that the town fathers and mothers were not concerned about what would go on *inside* the movie theaters; their sole concern was with what would happen *outside* the theaters. This is so much poppycock. Of course the town folk care about their outside environment. But they also care about the kind of films their citizens watch.

Indeed, the Renton City Council made certain "findings" concerning adult films. Such movies, they determined, have a negative effect on "established family relations," on "the sanctity of marriage," on "the concept of non-aggressive, consensual sexual relations," and on "the community standard of morality." These assumed harms—none of which has ever been proved scientifically—all supposedly flow from watching the films themselves, not from hanging around downtown adult theaters.

Let us at least be honest about what we are trying to do. City councils, mayors, and courts are looking for legal loopholes through which to evade the intent of the First Amendment. Zoning laws are frequently proposed by opponents of erotica as devices for circumventing the Constitution. The courts should protect against such end runs around the Bill of Rights. Instead, the Supreme Court seems to be calling the deceptive plays.

The implications of the zoning subterfuge are ominous for several other forms of controversial expression as well as for erotica. Imagine a city wishing to rid itself of a Communist, feminist, gay, or Nazi bookstore (or theater). Or consider a town that is fed up with the bizarre religious practices of an unpopular cult which has a church within its borders. Under the Supreme Court's recent decision, all a city council would have to do is make "findings of fact" about the deleterious impact of such establishments on the quality of life in the neighborhood.

Controversial speech attracts controversial people. It is now far too easy for an intolerant city council to ban both the controversial speech and its audience. The Supreme Court's invitation to conformity will make for a less free and vibrant society, and for a less honest approach to freedom of expression.

All Americans should recognize how heterogeneous a society we have become. That means we have to learn to live with fellow citizens who have sexual tastes, lifestyles, and beliefs different from those of the majority. This does not mean that we have to tolerate crime. But we do have to tolerate a more diverse downtown milieu than Renton, Washington—and many other cities and towns across the country—seem to welcome.

Pocket-size radar protection grows up.

Stack the deck in your favor. MicroFox takes the gamble out of radar protection.

Introducing MicroFox.™

Consider your reasons for wanting a radar detector. Then consider the many advantages of MicroFox.

Less for your money.

You get less weight and smaller size. You get a superheterodyne radar unit scarcely larger than a deck of cards. This compactness is made possible by using a single Fox® analog microchip (no one else has it) instead of dozens of surface mounted devices. But size is just the first MicroFox advantage...

Earliest radar warnings— without false alarms.

Our microchip incorporates new ways of boosting sensitivity. MicroFox can actually extract a weak radar signal buried in random electronic noise. The result is range that's in a class by itself.

No form of traffic radar escapes detection. MicroFox sniffs out X and K Bands, continuous or instant-on, ahead of you or behind you, stationary or moving, even radar lurking over the next hill. If radar is operating, you know.

MicroFox also employs a varactor tuned microwave cavity (VTC). Varactor tuning is the latest advance in the rejection of non-radar signals. When MicroFox alarms, it *has* to be radar— not a false alarm from a mobile phone, an airplane overhead, or another radar detector nearby. In a year or two, every high-end detector will probably contain a VTC. *MicroFox offers it now.*

Communicating with the driver.

At the moment of distant radar contact, you receive two alerts: A five-part LED meter begins to glow; a slow beeping comes from the audio alarm. As radar gets closer, more LEDs are triggered and the sound pulse quickens. Eventually, both visual and sound alerts are continuous. How loud do you want the audio alarm? A full-size volume control lets you set the level.

Speaking of full-size...

Here is another first in radar detectors: full-size illuminated pushbuttons that tell you what functions are in use. Say goodbye to daytime fumbling and after-dark guessing.

City/Highway extends range on the open road; Audio On/Off instantly mutes the audible alarm; Lights On/Off shuts down the control LEDs. (Call it our Stealth Mode. At night, no one else can see your detector.)

Lighted pushbuttons, shown here actual size, add to the pleasure of driving with MicroFox.

Built to last, backed by experience.

MicroFox electronics are protected by a rugged, machined aluminum case. Despite its solid feel, the total weight of this handsome unit is barely seven ounces.

The integration of MicroFox circuitry reduces electronic components by over one-half, enhancing reliability as well as performance.

This newest product from Fox is backed by a decade of leadership in microwave technology. Over one-million Fox radar detectors have been put into service since 1975.

In the unlikely event your unit needs service or adjustment, a one-year limited warranty on all parts and service is packaged with MicroFox.

Best of all, a new MicroFox is as near as your phone.

A call is your first step towards greater driving pleasure and peace-of-mind. To order a MicroFox for $299.95 or for the name of your nearest authorized Fox dealer, call us now, toll free.

Call 1-800-543-8000
Please ask for Department B-316

FOX MARKETING

Fox radar detectors employ dual conversion superheterodyne circuitry using galium arsenide (GaAs) diodes. Selected models incorporate a varactor tuned microwave cavity (VTC).

If you want to climb the corporate ladder, be sure to take these steps to prevent career burnout.

POWER GAME

BY MICHAEL KORDA

The assumption that success—material, wordly success—makes people happy is a comparatively recent one. In the past, the prevailing belief was that success in this world generally *precluded* real happiness, and almost guaranteed a bad time in the next one. Across the centuries, in every culture, the message was the same: You have to give up your wordly goods and ambitions to find real happiness. As late as the mid-nineteenth century, the conventional appeal to the blessings of poverty still persisted, albeit in a more sentimental form. In Dickens's fiction, for example, the poor people are invariably nicer than the rich, the classic example being the loathsomely goody-goody family of Bob Cratchit in "A Christmas Carol," versus the greedy, grasping, guilty, wealthy Scrooge.

It did not escape Dickens's attention, when he visited America, that the inhabitants of the New World subscribed to a different belief. Here, in the land of opportunity, the poor were regarded as shiftless, idle, guilty of their own misfortunes. The fledgling republic was already in the hands of those who preached not only that success and wealth were within the reach of every man, but also that they were the key to happiness.

This new and quintessentially American strain of thought runs straight from Benjamin Franklin to the latest crop of self-help gurus, ranging from those who teach mental tricks to prepare for the climb up the corporate ladder, to those who preach that "Jesus wants you to be rich" and throw dollar bills at the audience to emphasize their point.

Through all the snake-oil talk of the traditional medicine man's spiel, there glows a common theme: Success will make you happy.

So why are so many successful people miserable?

The truth is that success (and all that goes with it) *doesn't* make people happy—which isn't to say, by the way, that failure is all that hot, either. What success does is to give increased *opportunities* for happiness, if you're smart enough to take advantage of them. Most people give up such a big chunk of themselves and their lives to become successful that they don't have anything left when they're at the top—which explains the number of successful, high-level power players who aren't getting anything much out of their success except more work, more responsibility, more stress, more money they don't have time to spend.

The biggest mistake people make, in a success-oriented culture, is to suppose you can work yourself like a donkey for 20 years, then when you've hit the executive floor and have your high-six-figure salary and all the perks, sit back and be happy. Happiness is a habit, like anything else. Nobody is going to ring a bell the day you're made a corporate vice-president and say, "Okay, now be happy!"

Work for success because it's fun, because it's worth having, because it's a challenge; but don't expect it to make you happy, and don't wait for it to begin enjoying yourself. Happiness postponed is usually happiness lost. The guy who doesn't take a vacation for years, then celebrates his promotion to high executive office by (at last) taking one, is unlikely to know how to enjoy it. In short, it's okay to want success, but it's not okay to let your happiness depend on the whims of your career.

Here, therefore, in no particular order, are a few antidotes to career burnout, for those of you who are aiming for the top:

1. *Never* forego vacations or give up vacation days you're entitled to. You may think you're impressing the boss, but he is more likely to come to the conclusion that you're a schmuck, and an easily exploited one, at that. Most people at the upper levels of management believe in vacations, and feel threatened by younger employees who don't have the same respect for leisure time.

2. It's okay to work hard, but don't stint yourself on the pleasures of life. People who get, or *say* they get, their greatest pleasure out of work are usually fooling themselves, unless they are "creative" in a very gifted sense—musicians, painters, dancers, etc. Even then, work has to be seen in perspective—it does not replace sex, adventure, good food, wine, or a week on a sunny beach in winter. Too many people in America suppose that work is *all* they need to make them happy, and most of them only discover they're wrong when it's too late.

3. Paradoxically, never stay in a job that makes you truly miserable, either because you don't like what you're doing or because you hate the people you're doing it *for*. Misery at work eventually touches every other part of your life, and soon nothing will make you happy, which is why many quite successful people are nevertheless so bitter in their forties and fifties—their job has given them no satisfaction, and that lack of satisfaction has polluted their lives.

4. While it is okay (maybe) to lie about some things, one should never lie to oneself about what makes one happy. Hypocrisy about one's pleasures is the most self-destructive of lies. Think of the number of worthy corporate types who play golf because they think they *have* to, not because they like the game.

If you don't accomplish anything else in life, at least find out what makes you happy, and *do* it. The odd thing is, it won't stop you from becoming a success. In fact, it might just possibly help!

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN, 80 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., PLAINFIELD, ILL. © 1986 GORDON'S DRY GIN CO.

"I could go for something cool, crisp and Gordon's"

Gordon's® Gin: The possibilities are endless...

A new ruling on divorce by New York's highest court has devastating implications for all men.

MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER

During any given war, there comes a time when the rules change. They change in the face of new weaponry and new strategies, but the ultimate goal—greater power—always remains the same. So it is in the war between the sexes, and so it will remain in the future.

December 26, 1985, was a dark day for men in this country. In a landmark divorce decision with devastating implications, New York State's highest court decreed that Dr. Michael O'Brien's medical license was "marital property." The court of appeals accepted the valuation of Dr. O'Brien's license at $475,000 by an expert witness who considered such factors as the doctor's income, age, and life expectancy. Mrs. O'Brien's distributive share was set at 40 percent, or $188,800.

The unanimous *O'Brien* v. *O'Brien* decision gives divorce courts the power to distribute the value of a professional license acquired by one spouse during the marriage to the other spouse as part of the settlement award. As we know from hard-earned experience, the wife is usually awarded the house, the kids, the car, the dog, and the television. Now they can also look forward to receiving a portion of a medical or other professional license.

I have been continuously practicing matrimonial law for more than 34 years, and I interpret this latest precedent as the most damaging economic incursion by any state court in the country. The legal significance of an appellate decision by a court so highly regarded by other state appellate courts bodes ill for the divorced men of America. Indeed, more than 20 other state courts had previously refused to consider a medical license as a marital asset—until the *O'Brien* precedent.

The O'Briens were married in 1971, and a little under ten years later their divorce action was initiated. Fortunately, it was a marriage without children, since it was apparently a union with growing hostility. Sometime during the marriage, Michael O'Brien went to medical school in Mexico for the purpose of becoming a physician. While he was attending medical school, his wife taught school. According to Dr. O'Brien, his wife made no direct financial contribution toward his medical training. However, the couple used $7,450 of their joint savings. In addition to Mrs. O'Brien's $3,725, her parents gave them $9,784, totaling $13,509. Overall, during the entire period of the coverture, the doctor's wife and her parents contributed only $16,000 more than the doctor himself during his training.

New York's five-year-old equitable-distribution statute directs trial judges to consider the "contributions and services of a spouse, wage-earner and housemaker" to the "career potential of the other party." However, the law never defined what property is, or whether a practice of law, medicine, dentistry, or business—or anything else—qualifies as property. The court strained itself when it scrapped the traditional definitions of property. Not all assets are "property." Attorneys for Dr. O'Brien rightfully but futilely argued that the court constructed a legal fiction as a basis for its ruling.

One of the problems with the *O'Brien* decision is that there were substantial inferences that Dr. O'Brien was guilty of marital misconduct, in that he abandoned his wife for another woman two weeks after he received his medical license. Under New York law, marital misconduct is not a factor in equitable distribution, yet I believe that the media attention the case received was based in part on inferences that Dr. O'Brien left his wife for another woman, and that she, as a consequence, be appropriately rewarded.

The period pertaining to the distribution of marital assets is between the date of marriage and the date of the service of the summons commencing divorce. What if the summons for divorce is served one day before the medical license is received? And what if the doctor should ever become incapacitated and be unable to practice medicine altogether?

Underneath the valuation of any medical license lies the assumption that the doctor will practice surgery. It's well-known that surgery is one of the highest-paying medical specialties. In Dr. O'Brien's case, he took his residency in surgery but he now practices as an emergency-room physician. The court's opinion is manifestly *inequitable*, since, once made, equitable-distribution decisions are incapable of being modified.

The issue raised by *O'Brien* v. *O'Brien* is surely a feminist one, but whether it impacts on men and women alike is unknown. If history is any precedent, we know that it will still pay to be a woman in matrimonial court. If there are any doubting Thomases in range of this column, bear in mind that the Westchester, New York, Women's Bar Association filed an amicus curiae (friend of the court) brief supporting Mrs. O'Brien's posture in the case. No one can doubt the strength of the women's vote in New York, and it appears logical that it was a factor here.

A further extension of common sense would dictate that licenses of all types be subject to judicial distribution. All of you pharmacists, morticians, schoolteachers, insurance brokers, and financial consultants take heed: No one can predict with any certainty whatsoever where this will lead.

Although it may seem unromantic, let the word go out that it is not gauche to ask your future wife to execute a premarital agreement and make her divorce bargain in advance.

HELIX.™ BECAUSE NOT EVERYONE WANTS TO LOOK AT THE WORLD THROUGH A 318i WINDSHIELD.

Some people spend their entire lives pursuing one status symbol after another.

But at Honda, we think there is a pursuit far more rewarding.

It's called exhilaration.

And that's what the new Helix is all about.

With a powerful 244cc engine that can hold its own on any road. From the openness of the interstate to the intricacies of the city street.

With a chassis design that flies in the face of convention.

With a host of features. Like push-button starting. Automatic transmission. Electronic ignition. Hydraulic front disc brake. Advanced digital instrumentation. Locking rear storage compartment large enough to hold a briefcase. Optional AM/FM stereo audio system.

The Helix. It makes destinations irrelevant.

And status symbols obsolete.

HONDA

SCOOTERS

ALWAYS WEAR A HELMET AND EYE PROTECTION. Call 1-800-447-4700 for the dealer nearest you. Maximum load capacity 350 lbs. California version differs slightly due to emissions equipment. Helix™ is a Honda trademark. ©1986 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

"Steve and I meet two or three times a month and spend a full 24 hours watching X-rated videos and making love."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I was educated at a famous eastern women's college. My husband graduated from an Ivy League school. We both have successful businesses (not connected). We have two children who are grown and married. We were high school sweethearts, and were both virgins when we married. I was very conservative.

Almost from the start our sex life consisted of my husband playing with my vagina very briefly, then pulling down his pajama bottoms to his knees, rolling over on top of me, screwing me until he came, rolling back, and going to sleep. Over a period of time, I learned to climax very consistently during our brief love-making sessions.

These encounters were so infrequent (sometimes once a month) that I was horny and distracted by the frustration almost all the time. Sometimes it was so strong, I couldn't think of anything else, it seemed. I began to masturbate and that helped, but I was ashamed of myself. I honestly thought there was something wrong with me. In time I overcame my shame of masturbating and got skillful enough at it that I liked it a lot. I guess if I were honest, I would say I liked it better than having sex with my husband.

In spite of all this, I think that if anyone had asked me, I would have said that my sex life was satisfactory because I didn't know any different. That is, until Steve and I began having an affair. I won't bore you with how this got started, but suffice it to say, I've known Steve for a long time. For years we traveled in the same social circles, and I always liked him a lot. His wife and I were also very good friends.

I just can't begin to tell you what this wonderful man has taught me. I have rather large breasts (36 inches) and have been very careful about my figure. My husband never showed much interest in my breasts, and I never encouraged it because, when he did, he was so terribly rough he hurt me. Steve, on the other hand, is simply marvelous. He will gently massage them, kiss them, nuzzle them, rub his penis on them (or invite me to) and suck them in a way that just drives me wild.

Before I met Steve, I never knew that men sucked women's pussies to climax. The first time he did that to me, I didn't know what he was doing. I sure found out in a hurry, and loved it. I remember that being the strongest climax I had ever had up to that point. I almost passed out!

If anyone had told me that I would suck a man's penis, I would have told them they were crazy. I would have thought it was vulgar and dirty. No more! I just love to suck this man's beautiful penis.

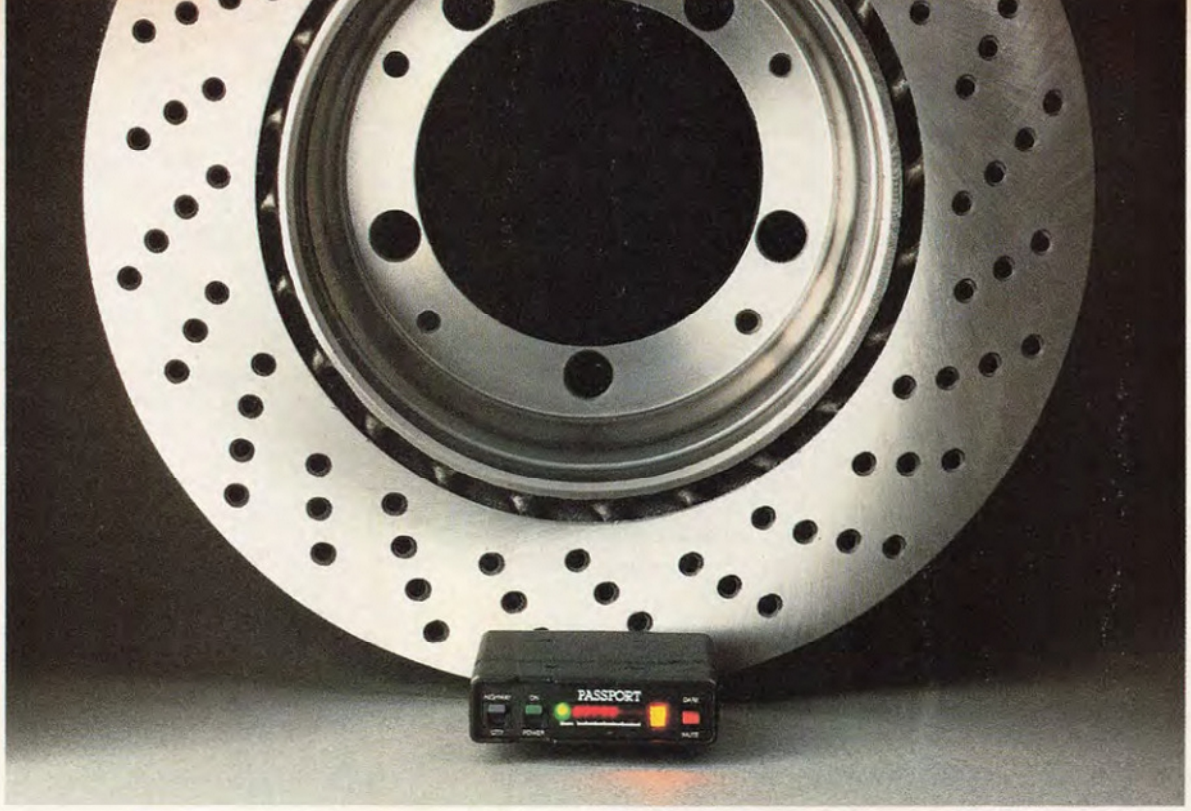
Another thing I'd never done before Steve was make love with me on top. When I get on top of Steve, I can squiggle down so that his penis goes all the way to the end of my vagina. I just love that feeling when it is in that deep. Then, if his head is resting on some pillows, I can lean forward and Steve can suck my breasts while we screw. I must have a direct pipeline from my nipples to my clitoris, because that will make me come quick and hard! Steve likes it too, because if I do it just right, we will come together.

Steve and I both travel on business. We meet two or three times a month, and spend a full 24 hours together. We spend the entire time watching X-rated videos and making love. We are very, very discreet and careful. We are never seen together. We don't kid each other—while we like each other a lot, neither of us wants a divorce. Ours is primarily a sexual relationship, and we both know it.

The problem, Xaviera, is me. When we have a rendezvous, I can't wait to get there. I run out of the house in the morning and drive like mad to our meeting place. But then, after an animallike sexual performance, I am sexually spent, and that drive home to my husband is just miserable. I have the worst case of the "guilts" that you can imagine. It is so bad, I almost told him the truth a couple of times. I never will, because that would be a disaster.

I haven't made love to Steve for nearly two months because of this, and I am deathly afraid that he will find another woman. If he does, I don't know what I will do. That wonderful man has been very patient. As a matter of fact, it was he who

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send yours to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse* Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.



Small Wonder

It's here, *pocket-size* radar protection.

Imagine a superbly crafted electronic instrument, powerful enough to protect against traffic radar, miniaturized enough to slide into a shirt pocket, beautiful enough to win an international design award.

Small means nearly-invisible protection

That could only be PASSPORT. It has exactly what the discerning driver needs, superheterodyne performance in a package the size of a cassette tape.

This miniaturization is possible only with SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but unprecedented in radar detectors. It's no surprise that such a superlative design should be greeted by superlatives from the experts.

"In a word, the Passport is a winner," said *Car and Driver.*

The experts report excellent performance. Simply switch PASSPORT on and adjust the volume knob. Upon radar contact, the alert lamp glows and the variable-pulse audio begins a slow warning: "beep" for X band radar, "brap" for K band. Simultaneously a bar graph of Hewlett-Packard LEDs shows radar proximity.

As you get closer, the pulse quickens and the bar graph lengthens. Should you want to defeat the audible warning during a long radar encounter, a special switch provides silence, yet leaves PASSPORT fully armed for the next encounter. A photocell adjusts alert lamp brightness to the light level in your car. PASSPORT was designed for your protection *and* your convenience.

Small means the size of a cassette tape

In PASSPORT, 102 SMDs (right) do the work of ordinary transistors, resistors and capacitors.

PASSPORT comes with a leather case and travels like a pro, in your briefcase or in your pocket—to the job for trips in the company car, on airplanes for use in far-away rentals. Just install on dashtop or visor, then plug into the lighter. PASSPORT keeps such a low profile. It can be on duty without anyone noticing.

Small means an easy fit in the briefcase

One more PASSPORT convenience—call us direct. It's toll free. We make PASSPORT in our own factory and we'll be happy to answer any questions you may have. If you decide to buy, we'll ship your PASSPORT within 24 hours by UPS, and we'll pay the shipping. For an extra $6.00, Federal Express guarantees 48-hour delivery.

If you're not satisfied within 30 days, return PASSPORT. We'll refund your purchase and your return shipping costs. There are no hidden charges.

Isn't it time for a PASSPORT of your own?

$295 (OH res. add $16.23 tax)
Slightly higher in Canada

VISA MasterCard

© 1986 Cincinnati Microwave, Inc.

PASSPORT®
RADAR·RECEIVER

Call Toll Free 800-543-1608

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 2057
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45296-0100

originally suggested I write to you.

Steve has been able to deal with our situation by looking at it as a physical need. I guess that's a man's way. But it's also a tremendous physical need for me. I do so wish that I could have it both ways too. Can you tell me anything that will help me justify continuing this affair, even though I wish to stay married to my husband? Over the past couple of years, I have tried everything I know to educate my husband. I asked him to read an article in a magazine I saw about various aspects of sex. He didn't even finish it, but he said he never could "do that stuff."

I tried sucking him once. He must have liked it because he came almost instantly. He said he didn't want me to do it anymore because it embarrassed him. I got him to try licking me once. He did it for a little while and then got up and said that I was "smelly and didn't taste good"—even though I'd done everything I could think of to be clean.

He tells me I'm a sex maniac. I'm honestly not sure I'm not, but this is not the way to treat me if I am! I will admit that there has been some slight improvement. He does usually take his pajamas all the way off, for instance. But on a scale of one to ten, I would rate him one and Steve ten.

I am terribly frustrated. Please help me. I know that if I had never gotten involved with Steve, I never would have been faced with this situation. But you know what? I'm glad I did it and would do it again. If something happened to Steve tomorrow, I would always look back and be very grateful that he helped me experience that previously unfulfilled part of my life.—S. P.

One of the toughest aspects of extramarital relationships is that your sins increase in a kind of arithmetical progression. You lie with your lover and then you have to lie about it when you get home. This is what makes you wind up feeling so damn *guilty.*

When you have been together with another person as long as you have with your husband, one of two things happens. Either you can't stand the sight of each other anymore and you walk out with a sigh of relief, or you are so close to that person with whom you have shared so much that he has become a part of you. To lose him would be like losing an arm or a leg. I suspect that your relationship with your husband is in the second category. Although you finally realize that he'll never be able to fuck his way out of a shoe box, you love him and you can't do without him.

Your problem is not that you have been screwing around. You enjoyed it and you would do it again—yet your guilt is bothering you. There is another reason for feeling guilty, which you dare not even admit to yourself. It is because you are in love with Steve (even though you deny it), which is why you are so scared of losing him to another woman. Being a woman and suffering from a massive honesty complex, you can't handle your own conscience. So now you are lying to yourself as well, because you don't believe it is possible (or moral) to love two men at the same time.

If you go on denying yourself the sexual satisfaction you have so recently discovered, you will eventually start hating your husband as the cause of your frustration. So you are just going to have to learn to be a better liar.

Although many marriage counselors might not agree with me, I would say that the best way to keep your marriage together is to keep sleeping with Steve. But you might be more moderate in your demands. Those 24-hour sessions (I'd call them marathons) have an orgylike sound to them that can only leave you with a sexual "hangover" to add to your guilt.

Remember that you must always be strong and, whatever happens, you must not confess to your husband, because a low-libido person like him will never understand the need for sexual excess, especially with someone else. Two marriages hang on your ability to keep your mouth shut. So, if you have an overpowering need to talk, I suggest you start a diary—but you'd better keep it locked in your bank vault.

ANTICLIMAX

I am a 25-year-old woman who has been having sex quite regularly for about eight years, in which time I have never had an orgasm. Quite frankly, it is just about driving me crazy!

My boyfriend and I have fantastic sex and, while it pleases me greatly, I am never really satisfied. We are very ver-

"We switched to Ramses EXTRA because the spermicidal lubricant gives us EXTRA protection."

Her Story:

We had been using ordinary condoms for some time. When we heard about Ramses EXTRA with spermicidal lubricant, it did make a lot of sense to us. I like the lubricant and the spermicide adds EXTRA protection we never had before. I don't have to worry about any health side effects. We're both confident Ramses EXTRA is the very best way for us. We both trust Ramses EXTRA.

His Story:

Why were we using ordinary condoms when Ramses EXTRA has a spermicidal lubricant for EXTRA protection? It was a good question. She suggested we switch to Ramses EXTRA and I agreed it was a good idea. It really makes sense to add a spermicidal lubricant to a condom. It was a good decision to switch and get the EXTRA protection. We both trust Ramses EXTRA.

* Ramses EXTRA when properly used are highly effective against pregnancy although no contraceptive can guarantee 100% effectiveness.

Trial Offer:

Send 25¢ today for Ramses EXTRA 3-pack to Ramses EXTRA Trial Offer, P.O. Box SR-7956A, El Paso, TX 79975

A member of the London International Group plc

It's Unanimous

(Even the competition says ESCORT's the one to beat)

It's easy to see who sets the pace in radar warning. Just read all the detector ads. Most of them claim to be as good as ESCORT. A few say they're better.

At least they agree on one thing. ESCORT is the one they have to measure up to.

A modern classic

ESCORT was a radical piece of electronic engineering in 1978 when it was introduced, the first practical use of superheterodyne technology to warn of police radar. *Car and Driver* magazine said, **"...the radar detector concept has finally lived up to its promise."**

Since then, our engineers have never stopped refining that technology. ESCORT may look the same on the outside, but it never stops getting better on the inside.

Standard of comparison

Now, when experts refer to the high-water mark in radar protection, they automatically turn to ESCORT. In March of this year, *Car and Driver* published its latest detector test, this one comparing remote-mounted models. ESCORT is designed for dashtop or visor mounting. But the magazine included ESCORT in the test anyway, as the reference against which the performance of the others would be measured. ESCORT scored 412 points in the final rating, compared to 274 for the highest-finishing remote. You might say the comparison showed that there is no comparison.

A gilt-edged reputation

Seven years is a long time in the radar warning business, but there is no shortcut to a good reputation. *Car and Driver* said, **"The ESCORT radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance..."**

These excerpts were taken entirely from advertisements for other radar detectors.

So it's easy to understand why other detectors would try to stand in our limelight. ESCORT has seven years worth of credibility, the one quality that money can't buy in this business.

Check our references

Credibility doesn't come from extravagant claims. It comes from satisfying customers. You probably know someone who owns an ESCORT (nearly a million have been sold). So ask about us.

ESCORT pioneered superheterodyne receiving circuitry. Ask if our radar warnings always come in time.

ESCORT's reporting system combines an alert lamp, a variable-rate beeper that distinguishes between X and K band, and an analog meter, all to give an instant indication of radar strength. Ask if our warning takes the panic out of radar.

ESCORT is sold in one place only, the factory that makes it. This lets you deal directly with experts. Any of our staff of over 60 sales people will be glad to answer any questions you may have, about ESCORT or about radar in general.

We've been solving people's radar problems since 1978. How can we help you?

Try ESCORT at no risk

Take the first 30 days with ESCORT as a test. If you're not completely satisfied return it for a full refund. You can't lose.

ESCORT is also backed with a one year warranty on both parts and labor.

ESCORT $245 (OH res. add $13.48 tax)
Slightly higher in Canada

TOLL FREE 800-543-1608

VISA MasterCard

By mail send to address below. Credit cards, money orders, bank checks, certified checks, wire transfers processed immediately. Personal or company checks require 18 days.

ESCORT®
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 0057
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45296-0100

Tune in "Talktalk," the satellite call-in comedy talk show. Sunday evenings on public radio stations. Check local listings.

© 1985 Cincinnati Microwave, Inc.

satile and try different positions all the time, but none of them has brought me to orgasm. Sometimes I feel like I am coming very, very close, but either I get tired or my boyfriend has to stop before he comes.

I have never tried a vibrator, but am curious to know if one would help. Are there any types that are particularly stimulating? My boyfriend is sympathetic and has tried to arouse me by rubbing and tickling my clit, but it drives me so crazy that I have to plead for him to stop.

I'm too shy to go to a doctor. I don't want to hear that many women don't feel their orgasms and that I am perfectly normal—I know that I have never actually had one.

This is something that I have put up with, but it really bothers me. My boyfriend tells me that my clit is surrounded by a lot of skin and is hard to find. Could this be the problem? If you could explain this all to me and give me some corrective suggestions, I would appreciate it very much.—H. W.

In most cases, when a woman is unable to experience orgasm, the reason is psychological rather than physical. The fact that you are too shy to visit a doctor, and have already decided in your own mind what the doctor would say, shows that you probably have some kind of hangup about sex in general.

Don't worry about it—because the problem can almost certainly be solved. People used to talk about "clitoral orgasm," "vaginal orgasm," and so forth, but it is now generally accepted than an orgasm is an orgasm. So I think it is unlikely that there is anything wrong with your clitoris.

What is more likely is that as you start lovemaking, your clitoris is supersensitive but still dry, and to rub and tickle it at this stage may be irritating or even painful. When a woman becomes sexually aroused, the walls of the vagina secrete fluid as a lubricant for the sex act. In some cases this lubricant is slow to come or small in quantity. But you can use KY jelly or Vaseline as a lubricant, so that is no longer a problem.

Sometimes a woman has a subconscious fear of pregnancy, which will also make it hard for her to have an orgasm. A vibrator may help you, but your boyfriend's tongue is probably better than a mechanical device.

You do not mention oral sex in your letter, but one of the treatments for orgasmic failure is for the couple to practice total physical intimacy without penetration. Another standard procedure is for the woman to learn to stimulate herself. Find out what turns you on mentally, like reading sexual literature, watching X-rated videos, or playing with your lover's cock, and then manually stimulate yourself. Learn to masturbate, either alone or in the company of your boyfriend. Many women are able to achieve orgasm first this way, and can then show their lovers what to do.

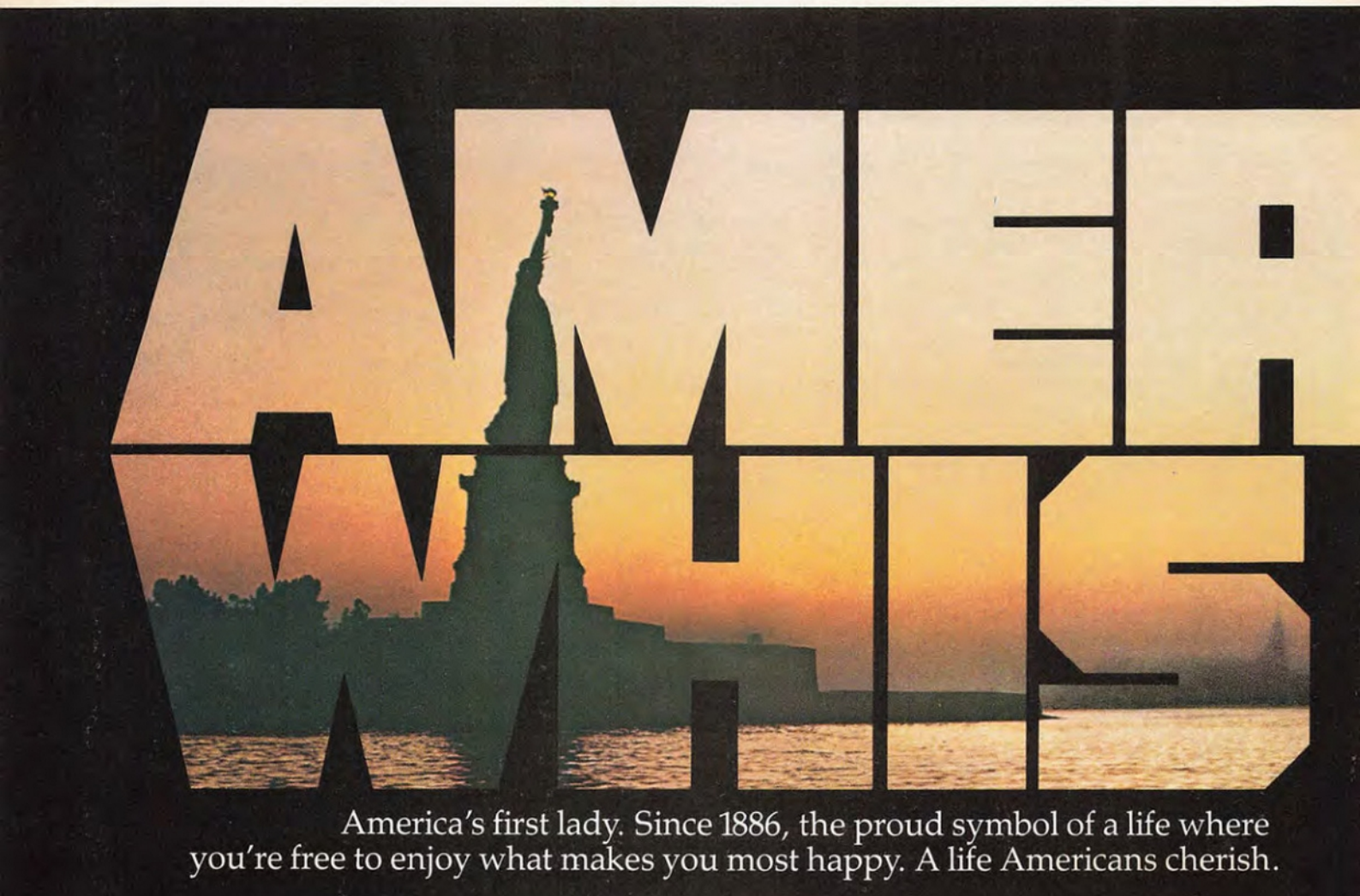
ON THE GOOD FOOT

I am a beautiful 23-year-old female, and I've had an experience which has changed my lovemaking.

One day last summer, I was coming home from the beach with a new boyfriend. I was somewhat tired, drained by the sun and heat. I usually place my legs across my boyfriend's lap while he is driving. As shapely as my legs are, they are a distraction for my lover. But that day I found a new distraction. He wasn't wearing a shirt, so his hairy and muscular chest was mine for the taking.

I moved my legs in such a way that my big toe could softly brush the skin of his chest. The motion of the car greatly assisted in making my caresses seem accidental. I did that for a while and then let my toe move back and forth over one of his nipples. In no time his sexy nipple became hard. Then I felt his penis stiffen under my legs. The excitement was building for me too. I had his fire going under my legs and his warm nipple, which I was pinching gently, between my soft and supple toes.

When he couldn't take it anymore, he took hold of one of my feet, kissed my



toes, and flicked his tongue out at them, sending a tickling sensation up between my legs. "You are just a bit on the salty side," he said, as he shoved my legs back over to my side. "You're also driving me nuts with your teasing." I just giggled and started thinking about my plans for our next date. We went out the following week, and at the end of the date he kissed me good night.

"Aren't you going to kiss my feet?" I said, with a pout. I raised one foot and then the other to knee-level as he bent over to kiss my feet.

He had a curious look on his face after kissing them. He returned to my toes and licked them warmly. He looked at me with a smile. "They sure are sweet tonight," he said.

"I polished my nails with honey," I replied. I invited him in for dessert. Once inside, he took off my sandals and made love to my toes. When he had sucked them dry I told him that my feet wanted to have sex with him. He showed me the red-hot penis that he had been hiding for weeks. I pushed him to one side of the couch and I sat at the other end. I placed both soft and clean feet on the sides of his excited member. It was covered with juices and that made it a smooth job to slide my feet back and forth. I held it between my toes and with the other foot pinched the head, firmly squeezing till I felt him squirm. The penis is such a turn-on for me. I love to watch it swell and turn a deeper color, I love this rod of power at the mercy of my feet. I love just to hold it between my toes and watch how sexy they go together.

Well, that was months ago. We have normal sex like other people, too. But we have found something else which had been overlooked. I let him caress my breasts with his feet, and he also pokes his lovely toes into my pussy. You can't believe the feeling of three small penises wiggling inside a vagina. We invited another girl along to share in our adventures. I never knew the foot, especially the female foot, could be so sexy. I love licking other women's feet and toes as much as cocks. I crave having girls' toes in my pussy, 'cause they are softer and smaller, so I can take all five in.

The reason I'm writing you is because I want to know if there are other people who enjoy this as much as my boyfriend and I do. I also want to know if anyone has captured toe sex in pictures or film. Maybe we can learn something new. I have looked at magazines and books where occasionally you see a foot being kissed. But I want to see men's cocks held by ladies' lovely feet. Can you help me with this matter? It would greatly be appreciated.—K. L.

A great lady once said to her lover: "It doesn't matter where you touch me, my whole body is an erogenous zone." There are many parts of the body, other than the obvious ones, that are great to fondle, kiss, or just simply look at. In the Far East, young girls as well as men perform sensual and erotic dances with complicated movements of their hands and bare feet. I think it is a great pity that in much of the world, climatic conditions cause the human foot to be enclosed in a casing that totally conceals its beauty. There is something most unerotic about a tennis shoe, for example.

A journalist once came to my house to interview me, and like you, he was fascinated by feet. I was wearing open, high-heeled silver sandals, my toenails were painted, and in no time, my journalist was on his knees interviewing my feet. He raised them to his lips and began to delicately kiss each toe. But somewhere around the third toe of foot No. 2, my mother came into the room, carrying a tray of coffee cups. When she saw what the guy was doing, she dropped the tray.

In films and photos, the foot is rarely starred. It seems that the public prefers its pinups in boots, or leg warmers and sneakers, or even high-heeled shoes. So that's what they get.

HAREM SCAREM

I have run into a problem at my place of employment, and I am at a loss as to how to handle it. I am a tall, dark-haired male

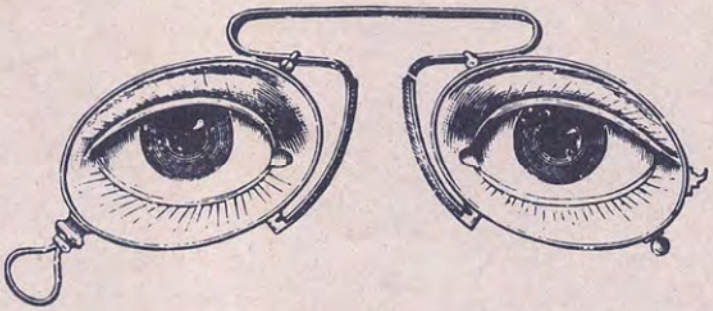
CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

Milds Box, 12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

©1986 B&W T Co.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

COME UP TO NEW MILDS BOX



VIEW FROM THE TOP

U.S. WELCOME WAGON

BY EMILY PRAGER

A few weeks ago, a journalist friend, while rifling through the desk of South Korean dictator President Chun Doo Hwan, came upon the following top-secret memo from what seems to be a brand-new government agency. The USDTS—the United States Dictators' Transitional Service—seems to be a profit-making venture, "Catering," as it says on the letterhead, "to the Ousted and Pre-Ousted Since 1986." It seems that after years of giving free ferry service to decamping rulers like Marcos, Duvalier, and the Shah, our government has finally wised up and decided to charge for what it does so well. The memo read: "GIVE US YOUR RICH, YOUR OVERSTUFFED, YOUR OPPRESSORS OF MASSES YEARNING TO GO SCOT-FREE!

"Dear Tottering Dictator, 'Peace of mind' comes from knowing that you have taken precautions to protect your family and henchmen against the unnecessary confusion and financial and emotional stress that untimely deposing brings.

"We know that you have already made arrangements for the future. You may have vast real estate holdings in American cities and jewelry worth billions, or you may be a silent partner in several Swiss banks. Like most thoughtful people, you probably know the importance of planning ahead.

"But you may not have faced another customary need—providing your entourage with a quick escape. Many of you avoid this important aspect of planning, but with the uncertainty of your military situation, it makes sense to consider even this most unpleasant of scenarios.

"At U.S. Dictators' Transitional Service, we can help you plan in advance for this, and many other, eventual needs. We have been serving the cashiered and the near-cashiered for years, with free services open to all nations except Marxist-Leninist. Now, unfortunately, huge budget deficits, recalcitrant debtor nations, and aid-embezzling autocrats like yourself force us to charge a minimum fee for services we once offered freely.

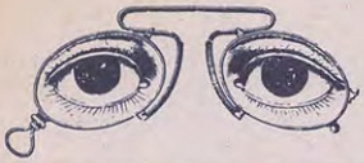
"However, to get you and your retinue started, we will send *Your U.S. Dictators' Transitional Guide,* free—with absolutely no obligation. Besides listing vital European, American, and Libyan customs and immigration information, it will also provide price quotations for our Dictators' Getaway jet service, as well as for our special Frequent Flee-ers Plan, for those who must visit two or three continents before they're allowed to resettle. At USDTS, we always say, 'Why be a wetback when you can flee with us and be a jet-back?'

"*Your U.S. Dictators' Transitional Guide* also offers two other valuable services, our Senatorial Guard for Hire overseeing and policing service, and our brand-new Pre-Oust Image Consultancy, which, we have learned, is a must for those toppling or about to be toppled.

"More and more human-rights violators choose our Senatorial Guard for Hire than any other nation's, save Sweden's. For a fraction of what it would cost in embargoes, our U.S. senators will visit your ravaged land and report on death-squad operations, or guard polling places, or whatever it takes to give your puppet government the look and feel of a concerned, civilized, democratic nation. After a visit from our U.S. senators, even Ted Koppel can't say you didn't try.

"Often, tottering autocrats are so busy amassing funds, they forget to plan for their post-oust image, thus causing unnecessary and unpleasant press coverage in the wake of their eventual flight. Such coverage can be financially draining as well as hamper our jet-back service and make our Senatorial Guard seem toothless and self-serving. It is for these reasons that we stress our Pre-Oust Image Consultancy. The earlier we sell off those art treasures and put the money in a numbered account, the better your retirement's going to be.

"To receive—free—*Your U.S. Dictators' Transitional Guide,* just tear off and mail the enclosed postage-paid card. Respond today, and let the U.S. help you toward the 'peace of mind' that comes from planning ahead."



VIEW FROM THE TOP

SPORTS

BY PETER MANSO

The Chevrolet Camaro spins out of control, the rear end coming around lazily, then loops violently to the left toward the trackside trees. Sawing away at the steering wheel, the driver tries everything he knows before jumping on the brakes as he braces for the crash. A Porsche 944 Turbo following closely misses him in the darkness, dodging to the right as the Camaro now goes off the road, loops again, and stops abruptly, the blur of scenery lost in a cloud of swirling dust. . . .

Call it fantasy, an adolescent longing of the lowest sort, but how many of us haven't yearned to drive in a real race competing against pros? Now, with the proliferation of race-driving schools and the Sports Car Club of America's Showroom Stock Endurance Series, the dream is tenable: I scared myself silly spinning that Camaro during last year's "Longest Day of Nelson Ledges," the premier 24-hour event in the SCCA's new series.

For training and obtaining a racing license, the most rigorous program is Skip Barber's three-day course, which immediately puts you in a Formula Ford single-seater. Vehicle dynamics, race strategy, and, most of all, self-discipline are pounded home by instructors, most of whom are former national champions. Driving suits and helmets are provided, and at the bargain-basement price of $1,175, the program is offered year-round at 15 tracks throughout the country.

Manso: the 24-hour racer.

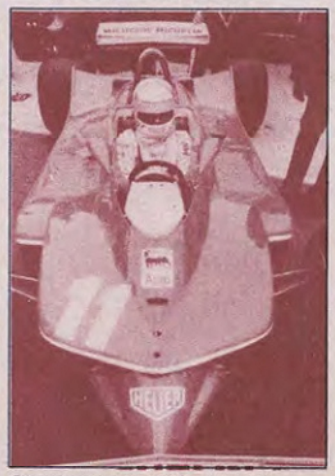
(For details, call [203] 824-0771.) Dedicated pros, the Barber people give straight answers; they'll also eighty-six you from the program after a warning or two if you fail to show the right attitude.

The SCCA's Showroom Stock Endurance Championship is also serious stuff. Because the rules specify *stock* sports cars (except for safety equipment), the series has become one of the major events in American motor sport, and a running shoot-out between tire giants B. F. Goodrich and Goodyear. Races last from four to 24 hours, and events like Nelson Ledges (the granddaddy of the 24-hour format) attract drivers of the caliber of Stirling Moss, Innes Ireland, Indy 500 pole-sitter Pancho Carter, Gene Hackman, and Janet Guthrie.

Scenes from my initiation at Nelson Ledges behind the wheel of the B. F. Goodrich–sponsored Team Dilligaf Camaro (Dilligaf, as in "Do I Look Like I Give a Fuck?"):

Race day, 3 P.M.: Five drivers make up our team, and our leader, NBC sportscaster Jim Mueller, takes the starting shift. With 24 hours to go, our game plan is teamwork, good pit stops, and a conservative pace, since we can't hope to outrun the factory-backed Corvettes and Porsche Turbos. After an hour and a half, I'm in the car for the second stint, cutting lap times of 1:28, three seconds off Mueller's pace. It's an odd mix of fear and confusion as quicker cars make their passes ruthlessly, punching holes through traffic where none exist. At the Barber School, they speak of the "red mist" when you get speed happy and drive beyond your limit, so over and over I remind myself to cool it, and at the end of the stint I've lost us one position. I'm white as a sheet as I climb out, near to fainting from the heat and intense concentration of an hour and a half at speed. Racing as lyrical? Nonsense. It's aggression, pure and simple.

By dusk the Prototype Cook-Morrison Vette leads by 30 laps over the Porsches running 2–4, and since we've regained fifth, we're sandwiched between the Turbo Peugeot, the Mitsubishi



Single-seaters fit snugly.

Starion, and assorted Nissans. With nightfall, the glare of Cibie rally lights is near-blinding, intimidating even from the pits. At nine I'm cinched back into the driver's seat, a voice droning in my head, "Slow, *slow*." Within six laps, though, it happens—that god-awful, nightmarish spin. Strangely, there isn't time to get scared so much as angry at my mistake, and the next time round, exiting the right-hander leading onto the pit straightaway, I'm forcing myself, right foot flat, and I take two slower cars, setting up for the next turn. One of the Porsches fills my mirrors, but I refuse to be spooked. The Porsche falls back.

With "leisure" to think on the long back straight, I remind myself not to brake going into the long sweeper at 130 miles per hour. It's hard to force yourself to go faster than you want, but I think of Danny Sullivan, my Barber School instructor, who, when I asked how to go fast, just grinned and patted his right leg.

More drama in the middle of the night: The Mitsubishi Turbo Starion, a factory-sponsored entry in the class below us, is turning 1:27s. Teammate Tom Sheehy, Dilligaf's own Jackie Gleason and no small talent behind the wheel, has joked that I should "take the guy out." Some jest. But the Starion passes me, and I tuck in behind, going quicker and quicker, forcing him to go faster until I have to slow down. I lose sight of him, but on the next lap, there he is—upside down. He's flipped at the carousel, rolled end-over-end into the nearby

swamp. My response? Unabashed glee at having forced him into a mistake, but glad only his pride and car were injured.

Sleeping is impossible, and during the four-and-a-half-hour break I hear that our No. 5 driver, Roger Chastain, has lost his brakes in a turn at over 100 miles per hour: "I just went in, and *nothing!* The car kept spinning with the wall coming closer and closer, with me just along for the ride." Back in the pits Roger climbs out of the unscathed Camaro, his face virtually the color of an avocado—from either fear or gratitude, depending on who's telling the story.

A flame-red sunrise signals triumph—we've made it through. But it's illusory. Nine and a half hours and about 800 miles remain. Our mechanics have replaced red-hot brakes, refueled, and put on a second and final set of Comp T/A radials. With my final shift, we're trailing the Peugeot piloted by Janet Guthrie, running in seventh place, and the point is to hold on. Soon challenged by another Porsche, I dice with him for half a dozen laps, the 944 feinting and dive-bombing, trying to get by, while inside the Camaro I'm braking, clutching, using up as much road as possible with big slides in order to hold him. Finally, though, with one bobble on my part, he's by. Over the radio I hear my lap times are down to 1:26s, my best of the race.

Was there a party afterward? No. We're all too exhausted. The winner was the Goodrich Cook-Morrison Vette, which also took the series title three months later. But our happy little group completed almost 2,000 miles, taking sixth overall and a solid third in class. Was it a revelation for yours truly? Indeed, more than they'd even hinted at weeks before at Skip Barber's: Humility, which is also to say acting out one's dreams, doesn't come easy.

WORDS

BY KAREN DeCROW

Requiem for a Woman's Soul, by Omar Rivabella (Random House), is shocking, frightening, and certain to be a highly controversial book. Rivabella has reported on tortured women in Latin America and the abuse suffered by children in war-torn countries for *Penthouse,* but the most disturbing revelations in the novel are not about torture, although that is one of its themes. Nor will it scandalize because of its indictment of some political regimes in Latin America. Unfortunately, we are all too complacent about brutality in other countries, even those that receive our foreign-aid dollars.

The most startling aspect of Rivabella's novel is what it has to say about the Roman Catholic Church. When the protagonist, Father Antonia, is forced to confront not only the bribery and corruption rampant in his village, but also the kidnapping, rape, torture, and murder perpetrated by government officials, he takes a six-hour ride on a rickety bus to visit his bishop, who chastises him for not preaching for the required number of hours.

Human rights violations in Latin America continue unchecked.

Father Antonia is troubled by the bishop's suspicion that he is slipping away from the values of the Church. "I must admit, Excellency, that certain contingencies compel me to limit my time evangelizing, but everything should be back to normal soon. . . . There have been some disappearances in town."

The bishop does not even blink. " 'And what has that to do with you?'

" 'Well,' I answered . . . 'I have deemed it evangelical to dedicate part of my time to soothe the anguish of some mothers.'

" 'That is not your function.'

" 'I thought it was.'

" 'The authorities in your town are not exactly delighted by your inquiries into the cases of those women's sons.' "

"Preserving moral values."

The bishop tells him that "failing to maintain the best possible relations with people in power does not seem intelligent. . . . Our opponents are the incarnation of evil and must be eliminated. After all, fighting evil is our sacred mission. The principles of those trying to implant atheistic ideologies are absolutes."

When the wife of a union worker tells her bishop that her husband and son have been tortured and murdered, she is told: "If you had learned to raise your children under the Christian principles taught by the Church, today you would still have them at your side."

Even the military's brutality is conducted under a Christian banner. A captain invites Father Antonia to a dinner party, and over a cup of coffee tells him, "The inhuman practice of torture is justifiable if its objective is to

VIEW FROM THE TOP

gather information that will lead to the eradication of atheistic dogma. As abhorrent as it might seem, sometimes we must take advantage of the propensity for hatred and cruelty of the torturers so as to achieve the ultimate goal of preserving our moral values."

The bishop and the captain may think stamping out atheists at any cost is a good cause, but the reader surely will not.

The two thoughts which this reader carried away from *Requiem for a Woman's Soul* are that the values of the Inquisition, alas, may not be history, and that our federal budget should include *increased* resources for promoting and policing the United States position on human rights.

Lastly, one cannot help but reflect on the sad truth that we, the audience, are more likely to be moved by, to respond to, descriptions of physical torture than to those more lasting and more devastating assaults, the denials of free speech and free expression—the assaults on the soul.

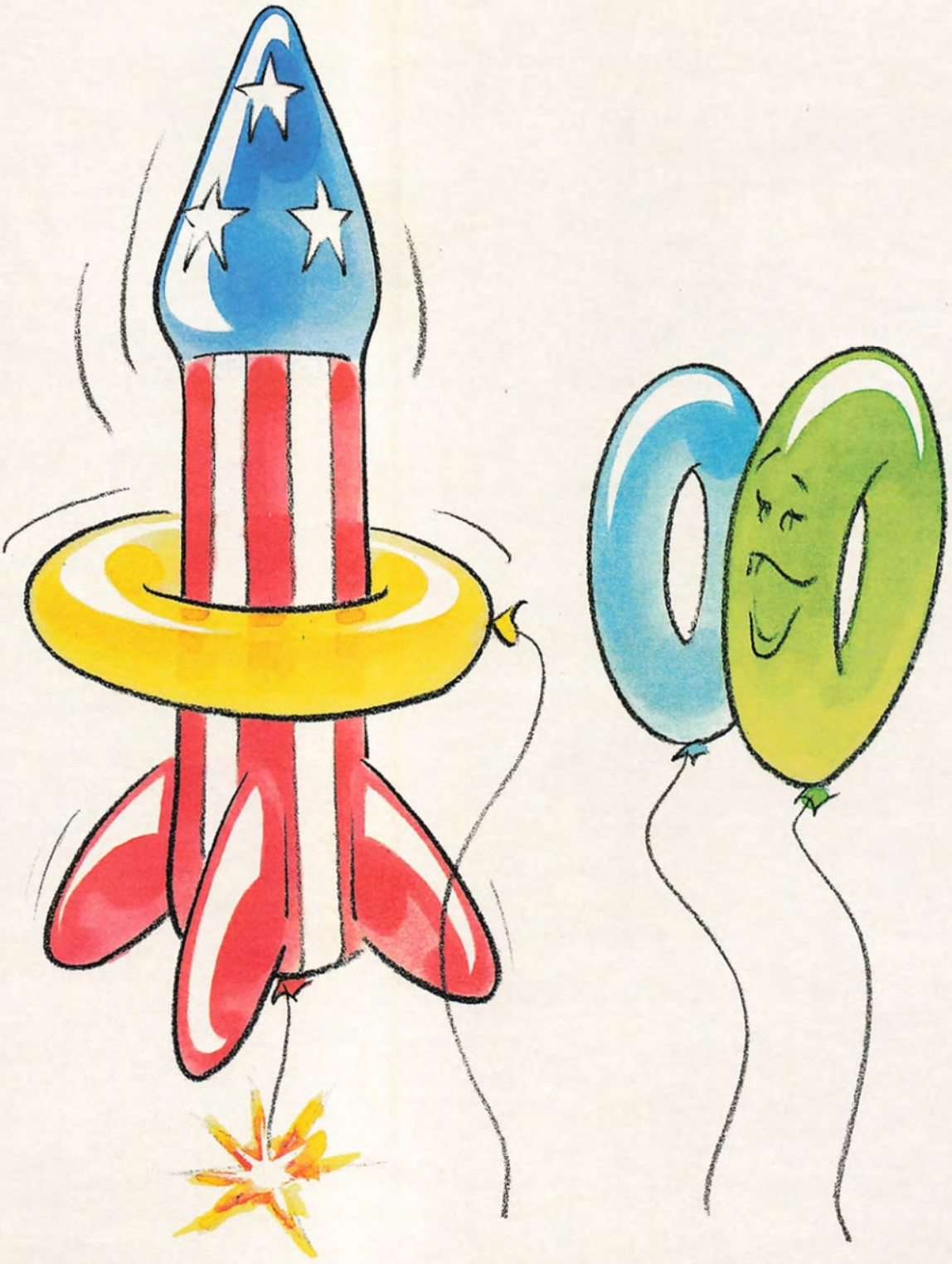
SEX NEWS

California State University at Long Beach must be downwind from a nuclear reactor or a monastery, because some students there have formed an Anti-Sex League—not representative of typical collegiate sexual attitudes. The mostly male group has about 30 members, who say it has nothing to do with religion, but that they simply don't like sex. The social geniuses involved make penetrating pronouncements, like "Sex is a waste of time," and "When you think about it, the act of sex is one of the stupidest things we do.". . . Banking just may be getting sexier, if a recent occurrence at an automatic-teller machine in New York is any indication. Somehow, the customer-service phone at a branch of Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company was connected with a phone sex service. Customers wanting to check their credit line were instead handed a line by one sultry-voiced "Karen," a taped voice whose currency was lust, not lucre. Interestingly enough, there were no customer complaints, even though the dial-a-porn number was connected for a whole weekend. . . . June's famous admonishment to husband Ward to "go easy on the Beaver" just may have some application to solitary sex as well. A sex therapist in Oakland reports that a number of her male patients are masturbating so vigorously, "both by grip and speed," that stimulation during intercourse with a woman just can't measure up. Consequently, these men are experiencing problems having orgasms during sex with their mates. Therapist Deena Andrews said the solution was fairly simple: Counsel the men to slow down a bit and not manhandle their equipment so roughly—to "go easy on the Wally"? . . . The man we'd least like to see on "The Dating Game" is Jeffrey Wagner, a convicted killer now on death row in Oregon. Wagner showed no remorse for strangling his former girlfriend, who had accused him of child abuse. Wagner acted as his own lawyer, and told the court why he did it: "You all have to agree that women get out of line sometimes, and if you don't take care of them, they will do it again. What's the big deal? She deserved it. The prosecution hasn't shown in my mind that she didn't deserve it." Wagner might want to use some of his time on death row to brush up on the fine points of his legal approach. . . . It wasn't witty, and it wasn't all that sexy, but the speech high school student Matt Fraser made in front of his class back in 1983 has become a test case for freedom of speech in public schools. Fraser was nominating a fellow student to class office, and used what some perceived as racy phrases. "I know a man who is firm—he's firm in his pants, he's firm in his shirt, his character is firm. . . . He doesn't attack things in spurts, he drives hard, pushing and pushing . . . to the very end, even to the climax. . . ." Fraser was suspended from school for making the speech, but with the help of the American Civil Liberties Union, he took his case to court and won. . . . What does a man want who has 89 wives? How about 11 more? A village doctor in India, Udayanath Dakhinray, is seeking to make his connubial lucky number a round 100 before he dies, a goal which in itself just may finish him off. The 61-year-old Dakhinray has spent 34 years amassing his pile of marriage certificates, but he presently lives with only one of his wives, Meerani, No. 75. The tally on the other 88 is as follows: 57 have deserted him, 26 have died, and five still live in the vicinity. "I am experimenting with this thing called sex and with man's capacity to make love," says Dakhinray in a grand understatement. For him, polygamy is a family tradition. The doctor's father married a sum total of 13 women and his grandfather nine.

Bank provides a sexy customer-service unintentionally.

Balloonheads®

BY ART CUMINGS



"He gives new meaning to the term 'multiple orgasm.'"

LADY LIBERTY

TEXT BY ISAAC ASIMOV

ON THE 100TH BIRTHDAY OF THIS GREAT MONUMENT, WE LOOK TO THE FUTURE AND ENVISION NEW FRONTIERS OF FREEDOM IN THE COMING CENTURY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAKE RAJS

For 100 years "Liberty Enlightening the World," more commonly known as the Statue of Liberty, has stood in New York Harbor. Inscribed on the plaque on the statue's base is the famous sonnet that reads, in part: "Give me your tired, your poor, Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free . . ."

It is the phrase "huddled masses" that seems to me to be the key. A crowded world, lacking liberty, was urged to send its burgeoning population to the greater freedom of the relatively open territory of the United States.

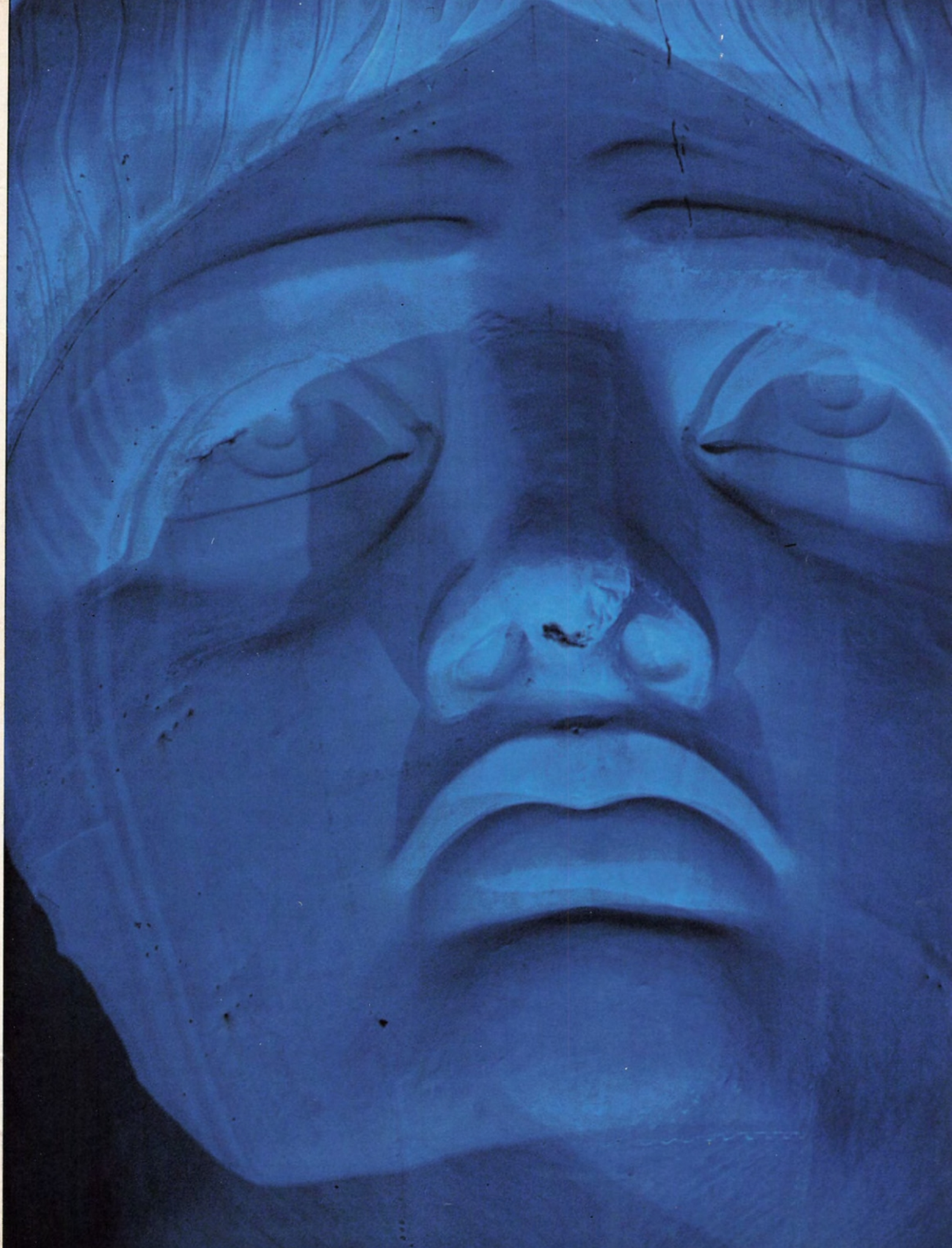
This makes sense, for crowds are the enemies of liberty. Despite all traditional, philosophic, and legal supports to the concept of freedom, it still remains, as the saying goes, that the freedom of your fist ends where my nose begins. The more people you are surrounded by, the more surely your fist, in its aimless wanderings, will make contact with someone's nose, limiting both your right and theirs to freedom of territory. In other words, the less space an individual can claim for himself, the more that individual's rights are threatened.

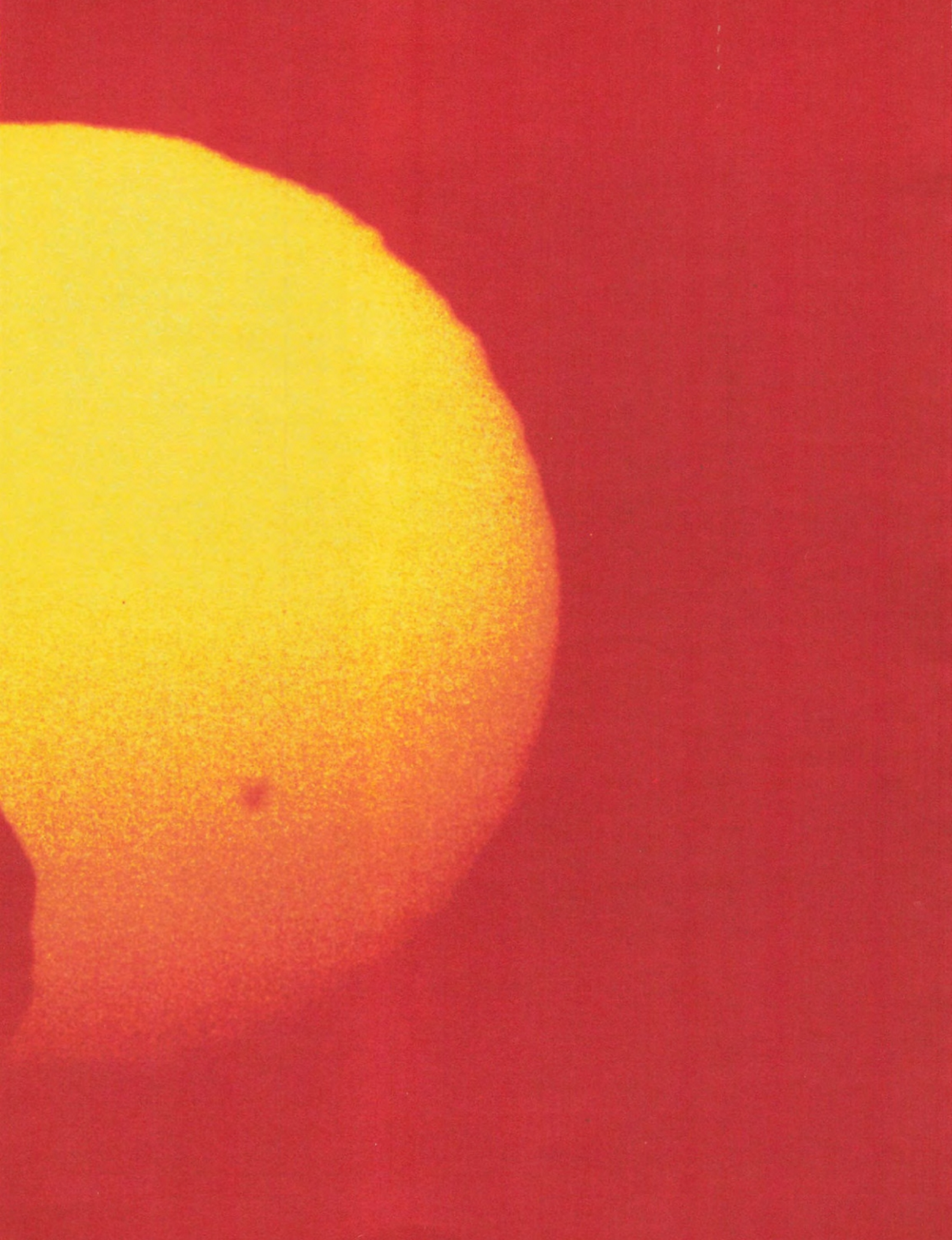
History is full of people who emigrated to emptier lands in search of freedom. They left in order to find a place to start new lives, a place where they might speak freely, practice their chosen religion, and find work. Russian serfs fled to the Ukraine to join the free cossack bands; Europeans went to North America and Australia. Americans from crowded eastern settlements journeyed westward.

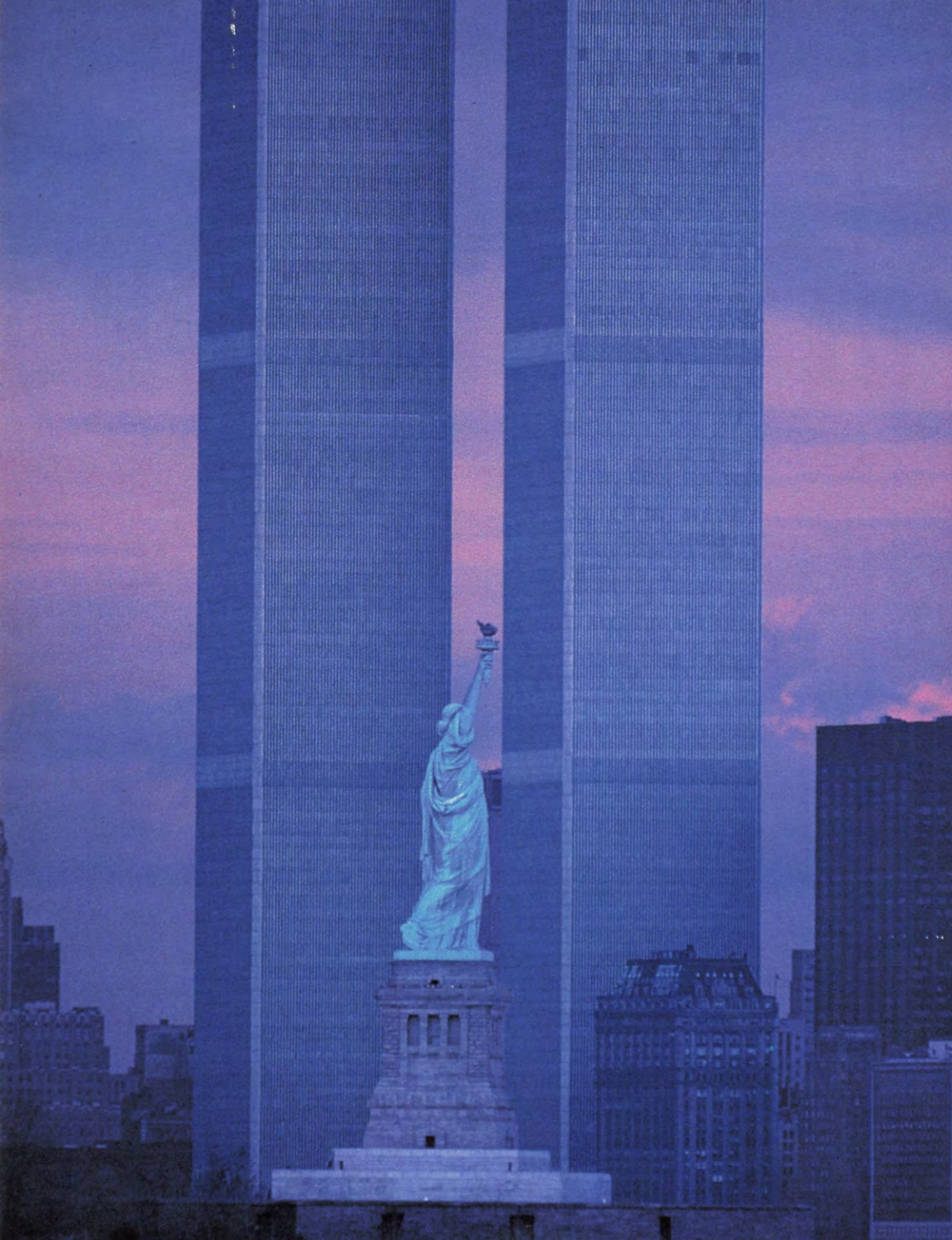
In 1886, even as the Statue of Liberty was being dedicated, unclaimed land was becoming less available and the

The Statue of Liberty, sculpted by Frederic Auguste Bartholdi over a century ago, is perhaps the most intricate and certainly the most monumental sculpture ever created in a woman's image. Her Amazonian proportions are at once awesome and staggering. And if you think she doesn't measure up, take a look at her vital statistics:

- **Height: 151 feet one inch**
- **Greatest thickness of waist: 35 feet**
- **Height of torch: 21 feet**
- **Length of hand: 16 feet five inches**
- **Length of nose: four feet six inches**
- **Length from chin to cranium: 17 feet six inches**
- **Size of fingernail: 13 by ten inches**
- **Weight of copper used in statue: 100 tons**
- **Rays in crown (representing the continents): seven**







Back in 1886, the citizens of France collectively campaigned to raise $400,000 for Lady Liberty—commemorating France's alliance with our colonies during the American Revolution. A century later, Lee Iacocca helped Americans raise $30 million to completely restore the Lady. The restoration of this beacon of hope was handled by Lehrer/McGovern Inc. It took two years to complete, and craftsmen were brought from France to reconstruct Liberty's torch. Using an ancient embossing technique known as repoussé, the craftsmen labored for 14 months to replicate the torch. Among our Lady's other new assets are an elevator for the disabled, a new ventilation system, and a completely restored interior, exposing the original hammered copper from which she is completely constructed.

population was mushrooming at an alarming rate. In 1886, the population of the United States was 57 million; today it tallies in at over 240 million. Growing at a similar pace, the world population in that same year was 1.75 billion, and now, bursting at the seams, stands at 4.9 billion.

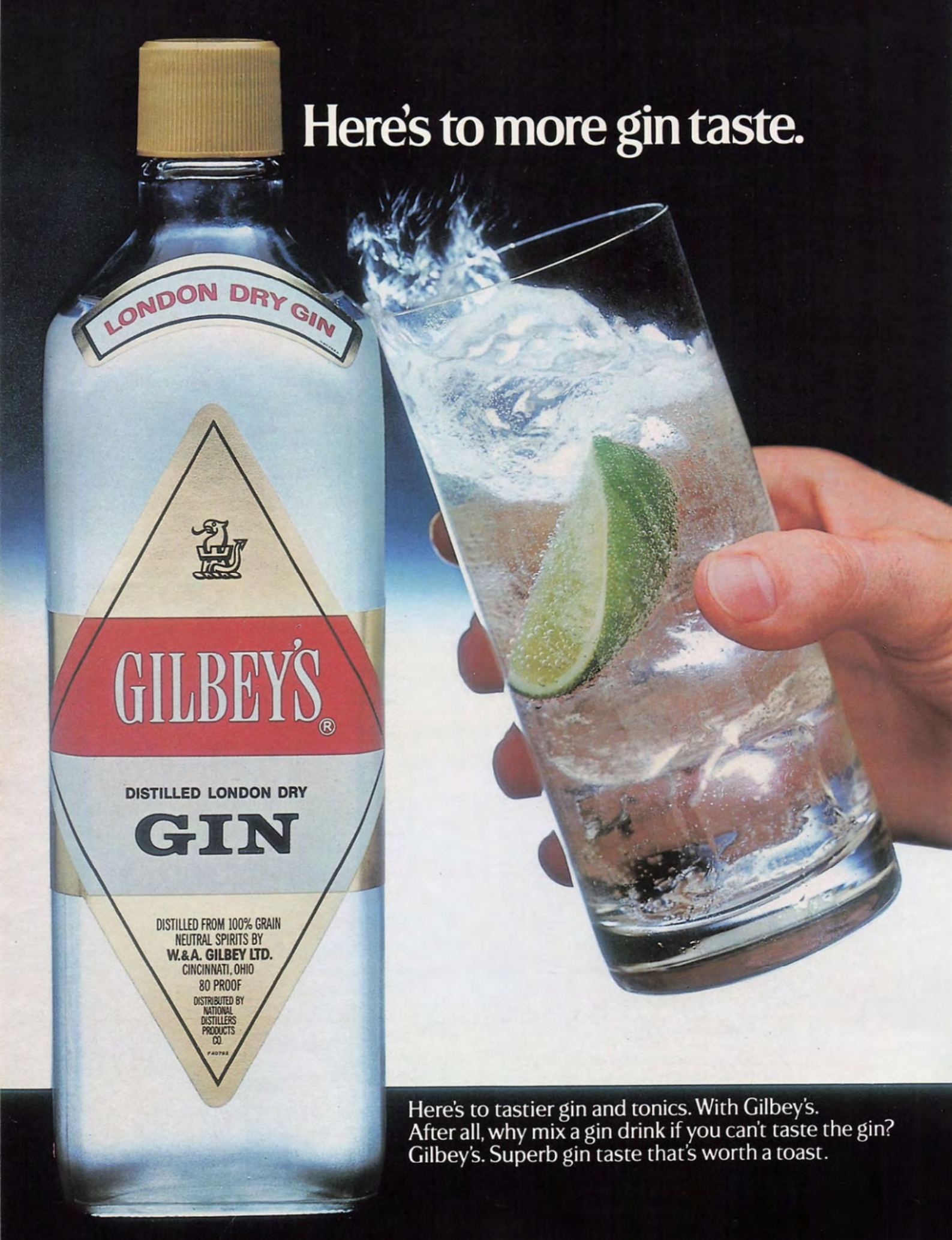
But does this limited space restrict our sense of freedom? Yes, of course it does. No matter how much liberty might be worshiped and maintained in the abstract, it will be increasingly blocked in its realization.

If two people live in an apartment with two bathrooms, each may use a bathroom at will. However, if 20 people live in an apartment with two bathrooms, a system of rationing must be set up, and no individual will possibly be able to use a bathroom at will. Philosophic beliefs in "freedom of the bathroom" and constitutional guarantees of the same will not help. If this seems purely hypothetical to you, try to hail a taxi during rush hour in midtown Manhattan by telling yourself you have a *right* to hail a taxi. Although these examples may seem commonplace, they demonstrate how "huddled masses" limit man's ability to function freely, restrict his independence, and trigger his hostility.

Well, then, what will happen in the course of the coming century—during which (barring such disasters as thermonuclear war or deadly plagues) population is bound to increase still further? Must we look forward to an inevitable withering of liberty?

Not entirely. It may come to be that a new frontier will open, and that this outpost will offer yet another vista in which to seek liberty. It is feasible that

Here's to more gin taste.



Here's to tastier gin and tonics. With Gilbey's.
After all, why mix a gin drink if you can't taste the gin?
Gilbey's. Superb gin taste that's worth a toast.

the twenty-first century will see humanity spread outward into space. Not only could there be solar-power stations, observatories, laboratories, and factories built in space—all constructed from materials mined on the moon—but there may even be settlements in high orbit around Earth.

We can easily envision technologically sophisticated structures capable of holding 10,000 human beings, without unreasonable crowding. The settlements, utilizing an artificial day-night alternation system, could allow sunlight to enter or be blocked. By rotating settlements on an axis, an artificial-gravitylike effect could be induced. The interior will have farmland, buildings, an absolutely benign weather pattern, and a balanced ecology excluding undesirable weeds and parasites. In short, there would be the possibility, at least, of idyllic surroundings.

The inhabitants allowed to colonize space will not be chosen quite so randomly as our seventeenth-century predecessors. Although there will be a rush to leave the crowded and worn-out mother planet for new homes of infinite promise in space, not everyone who so desires will be able to go. Transport will be exceedingly expensive, and those first selected will be highly skilled. Engineers, metallurgists, electronic wizards, and advanced computer scientists will be on the priority list; and even among this group of elite professionals, competition will be extremely tough.

Those who first populate these settlements will undoubtedly set up the social and economic conventions under which the new populace will exist. Initially, the laws established on Earth will govern the settlements. But within a very short time, the reform of old laws and the birth of new laws will occur. Each planetoid or settlement will reflect the interests of its homogeneous population. In other words, not every settlement will be a picture of pastoral, small-town America. In fact, it may come to be that different groups of people from diverse nations will be involved in colonizing space. Conceivably, there may be an individual settlement which is only Shiite, or Orthodox Jewish, or Communist. There may be settlements that encourage vegetarianism and will allow no animal life other than that which is essential to the local ecology. Or imagine a colony solely dominated by women, who designate which male inhabitants will produce the next generation. Others may exist where alcoholic prohibition is strict; or the opposite philosophy, where a controlled drug culture is the norm.

But the physical size of each planetoid will be far smaller than Earth, and, consequently, there will be a need to safeguard limited resources. People will not be allowed to casually pollute the new environments or waste precious minerals. Regulations concerning water use, food disposal, personal hygiene, and so on will be more detailed and more strictly enforced than on Earth.

In addition, population control will be stringently enforced. Otherwise the population would grow at an unmanageable rate, and adverse side effects, similar to those witnessed on Earth, will develop. Temporarily, the new settlers may mourn the loss of liberties. On the other hand, the loss of certain kinds of liberty will be more than made up for by enormous increases in the varieties of human culture made possible by the multiplying settlements. It will be fairly easy to travel from settlement to settlement, so those who find life too limited on one planetoid will emigrate to another in search of a lifestyle more in tune with their philosophic views. It is conceivable that the indigenous music, art, and philosophy of each world will be centralized in a cultural data bank, and that this resource will lead to a huge flowering of the human mind.

But as with all idealistic societies initially founded on the premise that all men are entitled to all liberties, ideologies demanding reform will filter in, and soon there are bound to be settlements that will not approve of the way of life on other settlements. A strong desire to keep one's own way of life unspoiled by the invasion of strange ideas may become the norm.

Even those settlements that freely welcome new people and new ideas may not tolerate the strange parasites that people from other settlements will bring. It may be that the ecological balance of that planetoid is so delicate that an otherwise libertine settlement is forced to protect its ecology from the upset induced by intrusion from beyond. Rather than start political wars or alienate other peoples, these settlements may choose to leave the solar system altogether and throw themselves upon the universe as small but independent worlds. This will not necessarily prove bad, for it may be the way in which humanity will come to explore the galaxy, finding other planetary systems and populating them.

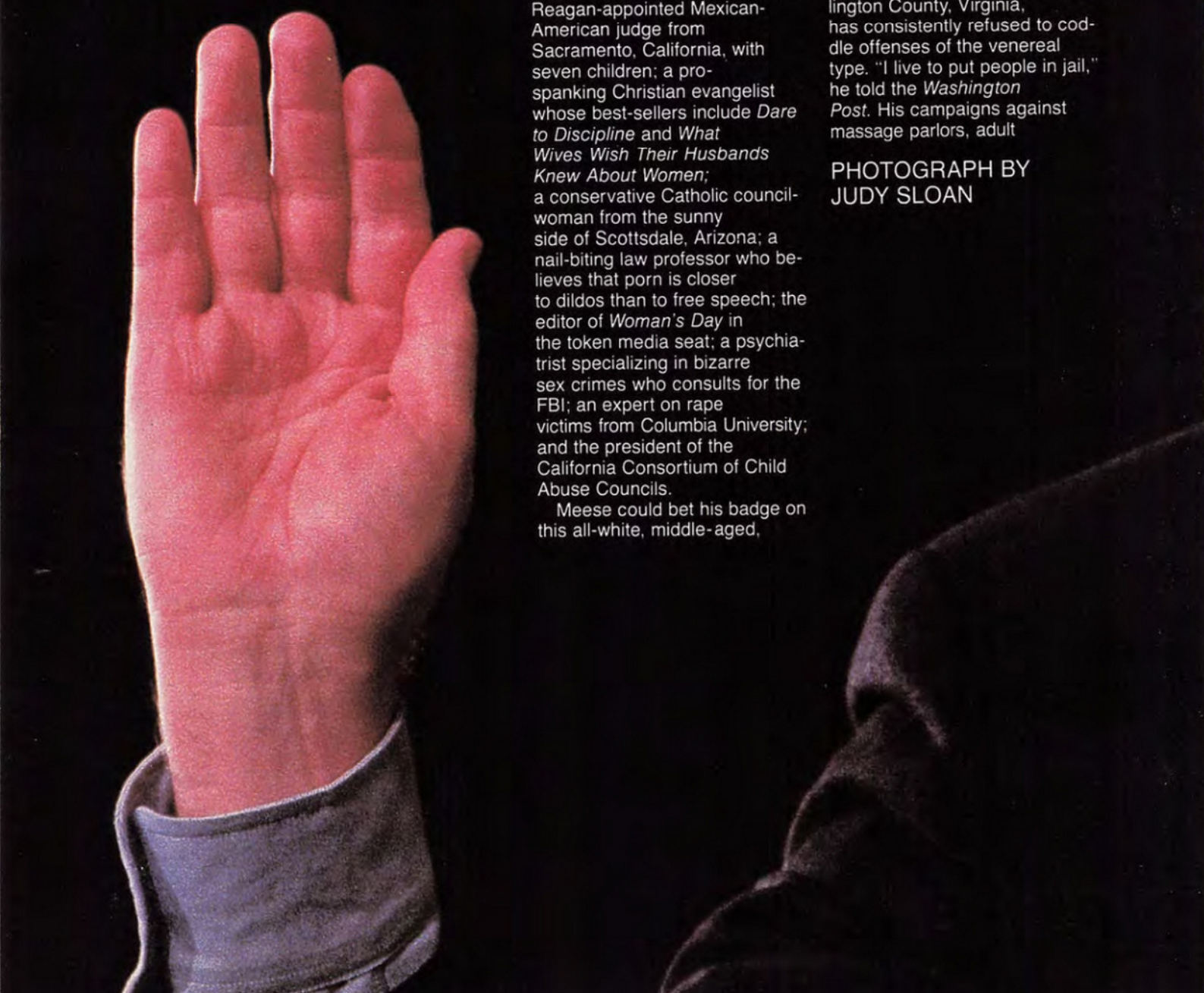
In all this, millions of years will pass. Evolutionary forces will convert humanity into innumerable related species—all intelligent, but perhaps intelligent in different ways. The definition of liberty will come to mean something new to each of these species, yet it is my guess that in each form of intelligence, there will lie an abstract concept of freedom for which every being invariably searches. Perhaps this will come to be the sole link with our own past.

"I understand we're dining at your house this weekend, Prebish."

The government's porn panel set out to nuke the sex revolution, but facts got in the way in Scottsdale, Arizona.

ED MEESE GIVES BAD COMMISSION

BY PHILIP NOBILE AND ERIC NADLER



It was a commission that Ed Meese could kiss. The administration needed 11 cooperative men and women to overturn the 1970 presidential report that acquitted pornography and put the blame on prudery. But trying porn in broad daylight is always risky business. Similar governmental panels in Great Britain (1979) and Canada (1984) ended up pardoning dirty pictures. The only way to rule out embarrassment was to fix the mix of the judges.

Somebody upstairs in the Justice Department made the appropriate arrangements. The attorney general had to be tickled by the casting: a Franciscan priest who rescues runaways in Times Square; a Reagan-appointed Mexican-American judge from Sacramento, California, with seven children; a pro-spanking Christian evangelist whose best-sellers include *Dare to Discipline* and *What Wives Wish Their Husbands Knew About Women;* a conservative Catholic councilwoman from the sunny side of Scottsdale, Arizona; a nail-biting law professor who believes that porn is closer to dildos than to free speech; the editor of *Woman's Day* in the token media seat; a psychiatrist specializing in bizarre sex crimes who consults for the FBI; an expert on rape victims from Columbia University; and the president of the California Consortium of Child Abuse Councils.

Meese could bet his badge on this all-white, middle-aged, upper-class, and presumably heterosexual citizens' council, but he was not taking any chances. An independent chairman of uncertain sympathies might ruin the sting. What the attorney general required to lock up the case was an enforcer, preferably an ambitious Republican stiff with a long antiporn record. The ideal candidate would be a pale, balding, humorless ex–deputy sheriff of narrow reading, tastes, and interests who lusted after a U.S. attorney's post.

Henry Hudson was Meese's ace in the hole. Known as "Hang-'em-High Henry" for his obsessive pursuit of crime-doers, the 38-year-old commonwealth's attorney for Arlington County, Virginia, has consistently refused to coddle offenses of the venereal type. "I live to put people in jail," he told the *Washington Post*. His campaigns against massage parlors, adult

PHOTOGRAPH BY JUDY SLOAN

FIGHTING BACK

In its 17-year history, *Penthouse* magazine has been more than the most exciting and successful men's publication in the world. It has been the symbol of the total commitment made by Publisher and Editor Bob Guccione to the defense of our Constitution. No principle is more important to Guccione than the right Americans have to write, publish, and read what they choose. History is replete with self-styled guardians of public morality—censors who demand all of us to think and believe as they do. But fortunately there have sometimes been other, braver men and women, who have taken on the enemies of freedom and have preserved it for those of us fortunate to live under liberty. Now is the beginning of another of those dark periods where new zealots of political and religious bigotry have appeared. Edwin Meese and others in our government have decided that they have the right to tell all of us what to think and what to read. But Bob Guccione is not accepting Mr. Meese's decision. He is fighting back. At a dramatic press conference in April, he announced that he would spare no resource in waging this battle in the courts of this nation. Every act of defiance to the Constitution by Meese, and his friends such as the Reverend Jerry Falwell, will be challenged by Guccione with litigation in appropriate legal forums, where those who are willing to steal our rights can be exposed and punished. Enough is enough. We are fighting back.

bookstores, and prostitution paid off with a White House commendation in 1983.

Completing the inside job, Hudson designated the 11th member of the commission—Harold "Tex" Lezar—vice-chairman. When the Dallas lawyer was counselor to Attorney General William French Smith III, which followed his service to William F. Buckley, Jr., John Connally, and Richard Nixon, he helped in the creation of the panel that Edwin Meese brought forth.

And just to ensure that there were no slips between the cup and the lip, the day-to-day executive director was drawn from the Justice Department's talent pool of young assistant attorneys. Alan Sears, a 34-year-old Kentuckian working out of Louisville, was first exposed to the trade when he prosecuted two 14-year-old boys whose exploding Coke bottle went off inside a 19-year-old actress while they were making a home porn movie.

Even the process invited a hanging. Unlike the 1970 commission, which was lavished with $2 million and a two-year deadline, Meese wanted a cheap and quick decision. Although his branch squandered $786,000 on a crackpot study of men's magazine cartoons, he granted only $400,000 to this broad investigation and gave it just a year to finish. Without money for new research or time for unhurried deliberation, the group faced a rat-race schedule of six cross-country hearings in eight months from June 1985 to January 1986. The final report is due in June 1986.

The witness list, essentially controlled by the gumshoe staff, was jammed with vice cops, Capitol Hill lightweights, God-fearing professors, uptight D.A.s, current and retired FBI men, sad-sack "victims" who confessed their sexual sufferings behind screens, and several twisted sisters of Women Against Pornography, whose Squeaky Fromm faction grabbed the mike at the New York hearings and demanded the commission declare that porn enslaved all women.

Despite iatrogenic disarray, everything seemed to be going Hudson's way in the business meetings, when the commission discussed and voted on findings of fact. The majority seemed to be Meese's kind of people who, after repeated exposure to retina-burning stimuli like *Black Beaver Fever*, would recommend bending the law to clean up the commonwealth.

Ellen Levine, the commissioner from Wellesley ('64) and *Woman's Day*, was no Helen Gurley Brown. Despite her association with the libertine *Cosmopolitan*, where she was decorating and food editor, nobody at Justice took her for a screwball or wrote off her vote. If balance demanded a representative of the press, then Levine was a safe choice. As the mother of two teenage boys, she was personally concerned about dial-a-porn and cable erotica; mothers who read her magazine also expressed alarm. Meese could count on the author of *Children's Rooms*, *Waiting for Baby*, and *Planning Your Wedding* not to make a big scene. Her rendezvous with censorship was a learning experience that did not call for grandstanding dissent.

Even so, Levine appeared exasperated by the proceedings. Smart, sophisticated, and well upholstered in colorful ensembles and sweeping hairdos, she resisted the Revenge of the Herbs in her fashion. The clash of cultures broke surface in Miami during a hapless attempt to define pornography. Chairman Hudson opened the discussion with a definition lifted straight from the Indianapolis civil rights ordinance written by ultra-radical feminists Catharine MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin, which treated porn as discrimination against women. (Levine was delighted when the Supreme Court knocked down the Indianapolis statute in February.)

According to the chairman, pornography is "the graphic, sexually explicit portrayal of women, men or children, whether in visual depiction or words, that also includes one or more of the following: . . . 2. Women, men or children are presented as sexual objects for the mere purpose of sexual pleasure. . . ." Hudson threw the ball immediately to Levine.

"The thing that pops out at me would be number two," she remarked. "I would have to say that there are many instances of pictures of men and women presented as objects for the purpose of sexual pleasure which would not come under a definition of pornography by any stretch of the imagination."

Utterly at sea outside the courtroom, Hudson missed Levine's point. "There's a difference between pornography and obscenity," he replied. "We're talking about pornography as opposed to obscenity." He meant that pure fun-of-it pictures may not be legally obscene, but they were patently offensive to him, and that's what he called pornography.

But, said Levine, trying to be gentle, "Sexual pleasure is often a purpose of normal relations. I don't understand it in the definition of pornography." And neither did the chairman, who abandoned his proposal without a struggle.

In her heart Levine knew that the process was insane and that some of her colleagues were certifiable on the subject, yet she continued to play along. As a vice-president of CBS magazines, which owns *Woman's Day*, and a member of the board of the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company, she enjoyed the inside game.

Some observers familiar with the commission felt that she was being used and that her polite demurrers had little effect. They were disappointed that she had not risen up and denounced the deviant sexual politics of all the attorney general's men. After six public hearings and several group meetings scattered over 8 months, the panel retreated to Scottsdale, Arizona, for four days of uninterrupted debate in late February. The main issue was harm: Did pornography cause it or not? Until now no national study had been able to prove any connection. Without an unambiguous declaration of harmful effects, the final report would be merely another whitewash and a Bitburg-size disaster for Ed Meese. If Levine was going to mount a serious challenge, Scottsdale was her last resort. Only she appeared to stand in harm's way.

THE WOMEN'S REVOLT

The pivotal meeting of the commission began on Wednesday morning, February 27, in the basement of Scottsdale's white adobe city hall. All the members were present except for the vice-chair-

Come to where the flavor is.
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
100's
Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's
you get a lot to like.
© Philip Morris Inc. 1986
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.
16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb '85

man, Tex Lezar, who was otherwise occupied at a trial in Texas.

The first item on the agenda was the so-called Koop report, a slippery inside move indicating both the right-wing tilt and methodological madness of the panel. Way back at the first public hearing, Chairman Hudson beseeched Surgeon General Everett Koop, himself an ardent foe of pornography, for some help in reviewing the scientific literature. Although Koop promised cooperation, nothing ever happened. Instead, the commission relied on the limited offices of Dr. Edna Einsiedel, the staff social scientist, to do all the hard searching and analysis. The professors who testified at the Houston, Texas, hearings provided further data of the laboratory kind. Yet no consensus emerged. The scientific case against porn, as every previous commission discovered, had not stood up to scrutiny.

Phyllis Schlafly, the scourge of tennis-shoe Republicans, got wind of this discouraging development and wrote Ed Meese a letter of complaint. Schlafly pressed the attorney general to follow up the Koop option with the expectation that he would turn up some smoking data and save the commission from the same mistake that the 1970 body made. Schlafly's wish came true. Eight months after Hudson struck his failed bargain with Koop, Meese decided to fork over an additional $50,000 to pay the bill for a "meta-analysis." Another $50,000 would come from Koop's department.

Hudson liked the idea of accommodating a friendly administration witness, even if it delayed the final report, but he was not going to postpone today's overdue plebiscite on harm. "There may be no substantial departure from our findings," Hudson said of the surgeon general's study. "If there is, I think we have a duty to reconcile it and incorporate it into our findings."

Dr. Park Dietz, a psychiatrist/sociologist without tolerance for violent porn, spoke against the fishing expedition. But the evangelical Dr. James Dobson, who boasts about not sleeping around, was insatiable. Expecting damaging evidence, he wanted everything Koop could lay his hands on. "The issue of causal relationships and *psychological* harm is the foundation of everything else that we're doing," said Dr. Dobson, going far afield of the panel's mandate.

At this point, the *Cosmo* girl inside Ellen Levine quietly erupted. "I find this very difficult," she said. "Meta-analysis and statistical extrapolation that would go to the core of whether or not something was a harm seems to me something we should have had before we started to talk—not at the end. It doesn't affect just the social sciences, but anything we do. To say that we're waiting for this [Koop] report and we're going to look at it five minutes before we go to press doesn't work for me. We would want to be able to verify the response itself."

Hudson, a palooka when put on the spot, had no comment. Since the executive director, Alan Sears, was the lone contact with the surgeon general, Levine suggested tabling the discussion until Sears himself showed his face later in the morning.

Now aroused for combat, Levine waited for the right moment to drive a stake into the heart of the commission. But first she listened to Dr. Dietz's taxonomy of pornography. Before harm could be assessed, the genre needed to be classified into various types. Dietz had devised an unwieldly scale of ten different species of porn that he whittled down to four. Nudity was assumed in all categories, but not genital display, which Dr. Dietz called "irrelevant." Keeping covered below the waist did not save materials from pornographic labeling.

Herewith, Dr. Dietz's scale:

Class I—Sexual activity, actual or simulated, with violence, regardless of what else is present (i.e., slasher films, rape scenes).

Class II—Sexual activity, actual or simulated, with degradation, humiliation, or domination, but no violence, regardless of genital display (i.e., scatology, S & M).

Class III—Sexual activity, actual or simulated, without domination, humiliation, or violence, regardless of genitals (i.e., Hollywood films, prime-time TV, men's magazines like *Penthouse* and *Playboy*).

Class IV—Pure nudity, without sexual activity, violence, or degradation (i.e., works of art, Calvin Klein ads, men's magazines).

Dr. Dobson, generally considered a yo-yo by other commissioners, objected to this elaborate porn grid because it neglected any reference to perversion, "a component that is present in most pornography today."

Levine pounced on the Spanker, who sees Satan's mouth on the other side of the glory hole. "It's not necessarily present in most pornography," she said. "It varies between five and 15 percent, depending on how you define it."

> Henry Hudson was Meese's ace in the hole. "I live to put people in jail," Hudson told the *Washington Post*. His vice campaign in Virginia earned a White House commendation.

Having settled on the procrustean classes, the panel moved next to judge their supposed harms. The aberrant method of analysis proposed by the chairman assured a hostile verdict. Unlike the 1970 presidential commission, which based its conclusion on the evidence of social science, the Meese 11 were not satisfied with mere facts. Realizing that facts alone would probably exonerate pornography, Hudson cleverly constructed a three-tiered approach to evaluating harm.

First, the panel would consider social-science data—what the professors and researchers had discovered about the effects of porn. The second tier involved "the totality of evidence"—the accumulated testimony of all the witnesses at the hearings. And third, "moral and ethical considerations"—God's take on centerfolds. Whatever Hudson lost on the first tier he could swiftly regain on the second, because the witness list was stacked with conscious and dedicated anti-eroticists. The moral and ethical tier merely added a heavenly whack. It would be easier for Al Goldstein to pass through the eye of a needle than for porn to escape this triple-threat booby trap.

The staff social scientist, Edna Einsiedel, a young Filipino-American who inconveniently resides across the border in Calgary, Alberta, briefed the conclave on the alleged harms of Class I violent porn. According to laboratory tests, young college fellows purposely overdosed on sex and slasher movies like *Swept Away* and *Halloween* pressed shock buttons too long, expressed untoward sympathy for rapists in mock trials, and tended to blame the victims. "So on the basis of exposure to sexually violent materials in the laboratory," Einsiedel said, "the evidence shows that these harms have been demonstrated in these areas."

Hudson called for a vote on the social-science findings in Class I: Did violent pornography cause harm? This was a crucial moment. Once harm gained an official foothold, Hudson would never let go. The chairman went around the table. Diane Cusack, Scottsdale councilwoman, yes. Dr. Dobson, yes. Dr. Dietz, yes. Judge Edward Garcia, yes. But Levine said no. She was not impressed by the narrow scope of the experiments and felt that Hudson was pushing the commission beyond the claims of the scientists themselves. Her polite rejection of Hudson's harm-at-any-cost agenda started a chain reaction that risked sabotaging the main purpose of the commission.

Dr. Judith Becker, a psychiatrist from Columbia, voted next. She was Levine's closest pal on the panel and seemed skeptical about turning the screw on popular forms of erotica. "I have some difficulty with the word *harm*," she said. "I'd call it a harm if people then went out and raped or engaged in violent behavior against someone. What the laboratory

Take the money and run.

UP TO $300 BACK!

If you hurry, you can make your best deal on a new Honda ATC® three-wheeler and put a Honda rebate check in your pocket! It's true. While they last, your Honda dealer can offer you an unbeatable deal on the ATC®200S or ATC®200X. Then, Honda will throw in a $200 rebate. Or, get a $300 rebate on the powerful ATC®350X. You can even apply your rebate directly to your purchase.

With a great ATC deal and Honda's ATC Rebate, what are you waiting for? Head for your Honda dealer and take the money and run!

The best safety equipment is you.

Whenever you ride, please be careful. Get qualified training. Read your owner's manual. And always wear helmet, eye protection and protective clothes. Never drink and ride, or carry passengers, or ride on pavement.

Never ride alone. Always supervise children, and don't let those under 14 ride full-size machines. The ATC200S, ATC200X and ATC350X are full-size machines.

For more safety information see your Honda dealer, or call the Specialty Vehicle Institute of America (SVIA) at 1-800-447-4700.

HONDA ATVs
FOLLOW THE LEADER

Specifications and availability subject to change without notice. For a free product brochure, see your Honda dealer. Or write: American Honda, Dept. 319, P.O. Box 7055, No. Hollywood, CA 91609-7055.
ATC is a registered Honda trademark. ©1986 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. (4/86) Rebates good through July 31st.

PONY®
TOTAL FITNESS FOR MEN

EXERSOFT™
Soft garment leather in white, black and light grey.

MAX
Soft leather shoe in white/navy or white/charcoal trim.
AND WOMEN

RETTON HI
Soft napa leather in black, red, white and pink.

RETTON
Soft napa leather in pink, grey, black and white.
AVAILABLE NOW
PONY®
WHEN SPORTS ARE MORE THAN JUST A GAME™
© 1986 PONY INTERNATIONAL, INC.

experiments demonstrate is a negative impact of exposure to sexually violent material. That's all I'm willing to say."

Deanne Tilton, a faint-spoken California child-abuse expert who usually went along with the majority, joined Levine and Becker in protesting the verbal overkill.

Father Bruce Ritter, the fighting Franciscan, preferred the mortal sin of harm to the misdemeanor of negative effect. But Professor Fred Schauer, a First Amendment wimp from the University of Michigan Law School, endorsed negativity.

The revolt of the three women was fouling the works. If Hudson could not squeeze "harm" out of this class, the whole ball game might be lost. Given the shift of terminology suggested by Dr. Becker, the chairman decided to go around the table again. This time the vote was between harm or negative effects. Astonishingly, the lesser evil won because the brilliantly erratic Dr. Dietz threw in with Schauer and the liberal triumvirate of females. The harm bloc could have tied the vote if the inscrutable Judge Garcia, who had sworn himself to silence, had not flaked out when his turn came to choose, saying, "I don't care."

The commission immediately recessed for lunch, Levine stood up, glanced at the small gallery of observers, and strutted out of the room, looking satisfied at last.

THE BIG VOTES

The afternoon session had to cheer the chairman. Freed from the straitjacket of social science, the panelists could vote their passions on the next two tiers. According to the "totality of evidence" tier—that is, all the testimony heard and read—violent pornography was deemed harmful in several areas. (This use of "harmful" was loose and did not carry scientific weight.) The tallies were unanimous except on "the institution of the family." Father Ritter argued that depictions of sexual violence were worse than child porn and poisoned the possibility of stable family life. Levine disagreed once more, puncturing the romantic idea of the golden age of families immune from violent stimuli. "Pornography is a symptom, not a cause," she said. The five-member Levine coalition forced a tie.

Unanimity returned in the evening deliberations when the panel got to play God (Old Testament version) in the third tier, that is, moral and ethical considerations. They all supported Dr. Dietz's proclamation: "Sexually violent materials are immoral and unethical, and the willing production, distribution, and consumption of them are an offense against humanity." (ACLU lawyer Barry Lynn amused some spectators by cracking that the press should headline this news: FED PANEL SAYS R-RATED FILM FANS AKIN TO NAZI EXECUTIONERS.)

The relatively rare pornography of Class II (i.e., golden showers, sexual slavery, bestiality) was much less controversial. Even Levine could not bring herself to a constitutional defense of the offputting exhibits in this category. Executive Director Alan Sears described his harrowing expedition into a smut store, where he saw books and magazines featuring slave-master series, Nazi and Soviet domination, etc. "We had a hard time finding vaginal intercourse," he said.

Yet research on this material was not extensive. The best the commission could do on the social-science tier was to vote the following conclusion: "Social-science research is limited in quantity and very few sources. Most that exist show negative effects of very few kinds."

As for the second tier, the panel agreed that the totality of evidence indicated several so-called harms apropos men, women, family, and society.

Consensus was achieved on the divine tier, too, but rather than call Class II "an offense against humanity," they knocked down the charge to "an offense to human dignity."

Why the difference? Perhaps because the ever-unpredictable Dr. Dietz averred there may be an "international human right to this material."

Having done most of the Right Thing about violent and degrading pornography, the commission moved on to more accessible turn-ons Thursday morning. Dr. Dietz labeled this third universe of sex fantasia "depictions of sexual activity without violence, dominance, or humiliation."

"Is this erotica?" Father Ritter wondered.

"No, that's Group Four," said the chairman.

Although conceding taxonomical fuzziness, the commission plunged into the social-science findings. Had the experts determined that mainstream entertainments like *Hot and Saucy Pizza Girls* and centerfold sensuality caused crime?

The evidence, as usual, was sketchy. Edna Einsiedel wasn't sure if the experiments she reviewed dealt with the material at hand. She mentioned a few studies that might be relevant. For instance, she casually cited a Canadian paper reporting "no negative effects."

"I thought there were some studies that showed positive effects," Dr. Dietz piped in. Dr. Becker, keeping her composure, remarked, "I know of *no* research that indicates the viewing of consensual sexual activity results in antisocial behavior. Some say it is even helpful." She pointed to a survey that she had personally conducted with sex offenders.

But Father Ritter grasped for some shred of evil. Didn't the material "maintain," if not cause, perversions? he inquired.

Executive Director Alan Sears joined the assault on Class III. Eschewing social science altogether, he went for the anecdote. The adult bookstores that he personally cruised sold many pictures of anal

intercourse and oral sex in which the man assumed the dominant posture. Was this material harmless? Sears did not seem to think so.

"Alan," Dr. Becker shot back icily, "some people would argue that the missionary position is dominating." The Kentuckian seemed deflated.

Hudson saw that the ambiguity surrounding Class III was giving people fits. He asked the panel if they wanted further refinements. "Should this group be broken down?" They told him to buzz off.

Out of nowhere, Father Ritter decided to roast same-sex erotica. "So much of the available pornography is homosexual pornography," he grumbled.

"Is this commission obliged to say . . . that heterosexual activity is no more normative to society than homosexual behavior?" he asked with arched eyebrows.

At this, Ellen Levine shuddered and warned that the panel was straying from its mandate. However, Sears thought the commission could squeeze in another deviation. Their charter, he reminded everyone, ordered an examination of pornography and antisocial *behavior.*

Chairman Hudson put the matter to a vote. Did the panel have the mandate to determine "what certain types of sexual behavior [are] normal, abnormal, antisocial?" Gay activists had warned that homophobia was on the Meese agenda. And here it was.

But Hudson, who constantly fretted over a looming deadline, did not want the panel sidetracked by faggotry. The forlorn friar rallied only the loquacious Schauer to his side and lost an 8–2 vote. Incredibly, the Spanker chose not to gaybait. (Phyllis Schlafly will have Dr. Dobson's head for this!)

The commissioner from Vatican City was a sore loser. During the subsequent debate on the Class III materials, he broke in every few moments to sermonize about the panel's "right, duty, and mandate" to lay out its position on proper and improper sexual behavior.

When the vote on the social-science data was finally called, they found unanimously that the available research indicated "predominantly no negative effects" among users of Class III porn.

This was an important ballot. The beheading of violent and degrading erotica in the previous classes was not surprising. But this category, Father Ritter astutely noted, was the panel's "biggest challenge." Antiporn zealots—counting on the Meese 11 to nuke *Playboy, Penthouse,* and the like—could not have been pleased by this unanimous vote. Why hard-liners like Ritter and Dobson voted their heads and not their hearts here is something they will have to explain to a power greater than themselves.

Next up was the freewheeling "totality of evidence" tier. First concern: Did the material foster the pernicious myth that women enjoy rape?

Speaking for the prosecution, Sears recalled testimony that this porn depicted "women as whores by nature." He also remembered that some witnesses had problems with the "dominating" men in pictures of back-door sex.

Dr. Dietz cried foul. It was not fair to isolate such photos. They are "no different," he said, than "TV portrayals of women in subordinate positions in employment hierarchies."

Dr. Dietz carried the day. The panel voted 10–0 to forget the rape myth. Sears was having a tough morning.

The commissioners then faced the sensitive question of "effects upon the family." Father Ritter argued that promiscuity-promoting books and pictures legitimized adultery, the breakdown of marriages, homosexuality, and the disintegration of the family, and shook the foundations of Judeo-Christian civilization itself.

Dr. Dietz lit another cigarette and explained the case for "mixed effects." On the upside, porn of this class showed new positions and techniques for family members in need of more fulfilling sex lives. For moms and dads with desire problems, X-rated books and videos could be aphrodisiac.

On the downside, such material stimulated dangerous sexual appetites; some fellows may see *Deep Throat* and demand that same treatment at home.

Mrs. Cusack expressed sympathy for wives who feel "inadequate" next to the beautiful babes in their husband's dirty magazines.

Hudson moved the question quickly. Commissioners could vote that the material was "predominantly harmful," "predominantly not harmful," or had "mixed effects" upon the family.

Cusack, sitting on Hudson's left, led off and chose "mixed effects."

Dr. Dobson, worried about kids who get hooked on men's magazines and then switch to harder stuff, said, "Predominantly harmful."

Judge Garcia, once again off the reservation, okayed "mixed effects." For him, it was a clear matter of vocabulary. He heard some good, he heard some bad, so it had to be mixed.

Likewise Dr. Dietz.

Ellen Levine complained that the material was poorly defined and opted out with a "no answer."

Dr. Becker went with a firm "predominantly not harmful."

Ms. Tilton—sometimes taken for Linda Evans, according to her husband—furrowed her brow and seconded Levine's "no answer."

Father Ritter predictably blessed "predominantly harmful."

Professor Schauer selected "mixed effects."

Chairman Hudson found Class III to be "predominantly harmful" to the family.

When the dust cleared, "mixed effects" had four votes; "predominantly

PONY®

SAVE $50.00 ON YOUR NEXT WORKOUT...

Get $50.00 off any new regular membership at these participating

holiday spas and affiliates:

Bally Health and Racquetball Clubs
Chicago Health and Racquetball Clubs
Holiday American Fitness and Racquet Centers
Holiday Fitness and Racquet Clubs
Holiday Health Clubs & Fitness Centers
Holiday Health & Fitness Centers
Holiday Spas
Holiday Spa Health Clubs
Jack LaLanne/European Health Spas
Jack LaLanne/Holiday Spa/European Health Spas
President and First Lady Health & Racquet Clubs
President's Health and Racquetball Clubs
Rockford Health Club
Scandinavian Health Clubs
Scandinavian Health Spas
Scandinavian Health and Racquetball Clubs
Vic Tanny Health & Racquetball Clubs
Vic Tanny Health & Racquet Clubs

...AND $5.00 ON YOUR NEXT PAIR OF PONY® WORKOUT/ FITNESS OR AEROBIC SHOES.

BRING IN THE COUPON BELOW TO ANY OF THE PARTICIPATING CLUBS LISTED. WHILE YOU'RE THERE, PICK UP YOUR $5.00 PONY® SAVINGS COUPON.

$50 OFF $50 OFF

SAVE $50 at holiday spas and affiliates on a new regular membership at participating clubs.

Limit one coupon per person on any new regular membership at participating clubs. Offer expires December 31, 1986.

$50 OFF $50 OFF

© 1986 PONY INTERNATIONAL, INC.

harmful" got three votes; "predominantly not harmful" had one vote; and there were two abstentions.

What on earth? The Meese Commission—conceived by prosecutors and ordained by the legions of decency—had just voted that pornography could actually *help* families. The panel retired for the day with the cloud of failure looming over Scottsdale.

THE AGONIZING AFTERNOON OF DIANE CUSACK

Diane Cusack, 54, had a miserable afternoon. While her colleagues took siestas or swims, she agonized over her mixed emotions. Although a conservative Catholic who obviously despised pornography, Mrs. Cusack had joined the liberals in winking at coffee-table erotica. Why had this mother of two turned her back on Jim Dobson, Father Bruce, and Henry Hudson? She blew the family vote and she felt awful. When the commission reconvened for the evening session, Cusack asked for the microphone.

"Henry," she said in a strong voice. "I want to reconsider [sic] my vote to 'predominantly harmful.' "

She had three reasons. First, she explained, the pornography in question did not "strengthen" the family. Second, she feared bestowing legitimacy on anything which could be legally obscene in some communities. And third, Cusack speculated about the effect of this material "upon one's spouse." She admitted that the last point was born out of "personal experience," but she provided no details.

The Spanker spoke next. He asked whether this material would include depictions of "five women" engaged in sexual activities, "including cunnilingus and fellatio." Told that it did, Dobson blinked: "So this commission is going on record saying that obscene material is not harmful to the family?"

Chairman Hudson said no—that with Mrs. Cusack's switch, the panel had voted to find "predominantly harmful" effects.

Ellen Levine recoiled and made her move. "I want to change my vote to 'mixed effects,' " she said forcefully. The panel was now deadlocked 4–4–1 and one abstention.

Father Ritter broke the silence with another sermon against casual sex: "Sex-educational materials can be healthy but [don't belong] in the same category as group sex. I can hardly imagine that this kind of depiction is healthy; it taxes the very institution of marriage."

This may have roused Ms. Tilton into action. After the priest finished, she requested that her abstention be changed to "mixed effects." "I just don't think we know enough. . . . I don't want to take the chance of diluting our credibility," she said softly. Now the vote was 5–4–1 for "mixed effects."

This maneuvering, which exposed the real politics of the members, led to a fierce three-hour debate.

Father Ritter wanted "sex education" materials in this category separated from rougher items. Levine asked where he drew the line on what was educational and what wasn't. The editor pointed out that *The Joy of Sex* and hard-core films could be educational to married couples.

Dr. Dietz rose from his chair with a magic marker in hand and strode to the front of the room. The boyish criminologist listed sexual activities contained in the category that seemed at odds in some minds with therapeutic and educational aims. On a large sheet of white paper, he wrote:

More than one man
More than one woman
Prostitution
Promiscuity
Adultery
Fornication
Oral-Genital
Anal-Oral

Alan Sears described his expedition into a smut store. "We had a hard time finding vaginal intercourse," exclaimed the prosecutor, who posts the Ten Commandments in his office.

And maybe masturbation.

He sat down while the commissioners bit pencil tips and stared at his work. They were more confused than ever. As debate raged anew, Dr. Becker seemed a million miles away. She passed the time leafing through a marked-up copy of *Vogue*. At one point, she came to a sizzling spread for Calvin Klein's Obsession, featuring an erect female nipple. She brought the scratch 'n' sniff strip of the perfume next to her nose, inhaled, and then offered a hit to Ms. Tilton, who breathed deeply and smiled. They neglected to offer Father Ritter a whiff.

At his end of the table, Dr. Dobson didn't like the smell of things. Apparently, he needed consolation from another world. During a break, he huddled in prayer with Michael McManus, a sympathetic religious journalist who put his arm around his besieged brother. They bowed their heads and closed their eyes long enough to call down a storm of locusts and frogs upon Levine, Becker, and Tilton.

Back at the debate, it appeared that consensus was beyond reach. Still, Father Ritter urged a last-ditch united stand: "If this commission is split . . . in this category, we'll be laughed out of existence." But even Chairman Hudson was worn down and floated the notion of a "hung jury" on the family issue.

Father Ritter kept trying to strike a deal. But the priest lost the moderates when he insisted that only depictions of sex acts starring real-life married couples could be considered harmless to the family.

"You mean, no unmarried couples could be in sex-education materials?" asked Levine coolly.

"Yes," the helpful Mrs. Cusack said soothingly. "That comes under fornication."

Hudson threw up the white flag, proposing that 11 separate statements be prepared on Class III porn and the family. The exhausted group accepted the assignment.

Thus, after condemning the most egregious and extreme forms of pornography (S & M, chainsaw sex), the Meese Commission failed to nuke corner-store erotica—where most of the action is. Hudson's fail-safe, three-tiered approach to porn fell apart in the crunch. The women's revolt stripped the smooth running gears of the majority. Dr. Dietz and Professor Schauer, who did not shrink from censoring hard-core, were not sufficiently aroused about lesser forms of porn to swing their votes Hudson's way. Scottsdale spelled stalemate in the erogenous zone.

THE $100,000 GIFT

Scottsdale is the national headquarters of the Citizens for Decency Through Law (CDL), a powerful antipornography organization. And next-door Phoenix is the home of CDL founder Charles Keating, a wealthy real estate developer with a whopping aversion to dirty pictures. As a member of the 1970 presidential panel, he wrote a ranting dissent and demanded a congressional probe of the whole operation.

The CDL has the ear of the Reagan administration. In 1983, then–presidential counselor Meese personally boosted a book containing the kamikaze critiques of CDL counsel Bruce Taylor. In *Criminal Justice Reform: A Blueprint*, Taylor called for a federal antiporn statute that would outlaw providing minors with any material showing a naked female breast.

The CDL's Taylor, a cocky young moral-squader, breezed into city hall one afternoon during the Scottsdale deliberations and spent a 15-minute recess in whispers with commission attorney David Carr. Taylor was somehow sanguine about the panel's progress: "Let's wait and see what happens at the end of all this. Let's wait and see."

Zealous in pursuit of its goals, the CDL brazenly paid public tribute to a sitting commissioner last November—a week before the panel's hearing in Miami. The occasion was a $1,000-a-plate ball in Scottsdale. Offering the benediction was—mirabile dictu—Father Bruce Rit-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

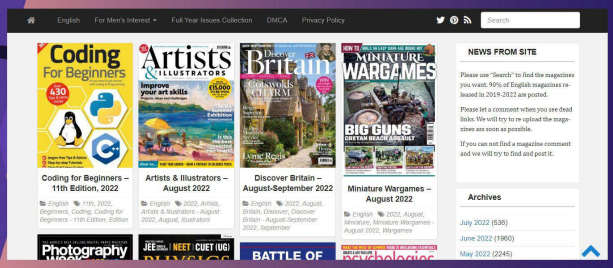
HELGA

"In love, I suppose I'm hopelessly old-fashioned. One man is plenty for me. . . . All the same, I'm tolerant. I could always forgive an occasional escapade, if it made my lover happy."

MAID IN BAVARIA

"In a small town you can have a better life," this 20-year-old Bavarian beauty finds. She's just set up housekeeping in the bucolic province of Passau, and enjoys its simple pleasures, such as visiting the local sauna, "where all their other customers are men!" The 35-24-35-inch Helga keeps in top form by exercising daily, but, she says, "I don't do anything competitive; it's all just for fun." In romance, too? "In love, I suppose I'm hopelessly old-fashioned. One man is plenty for me. . . . All the same, I'm tolerant."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER KOPP



FREE DOWNLOAD

LATEST MAGAZINES

THE BEST QUALITY TRUE PDF

MAGDOWNLOAD

https://magdownload.org/

"I could always forgive an occasional escapade, if it made my lover happy." But why would any man want to stray?

Helga is romantic, but don't woo her with wine . . . there's nothing she likes better than a foaming stein of Bavarian beer.

ED MEESE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

ter. CDL honored the Franciscan with its first annual Charles Keating Award and a $100,000 check for his Covenant House activities.

Although Father Ritter accepted his "gift" publicly, nobody screamed about this conflict of interest. Imagine the uproar if Morton Thiokol Inc. had donated six figures to *Challenger* investigator Dr. George Fennyman's Cal Tech department while the presidential panel was looking into the shuttle tragedy. Fennyman would have been disgraced and thrown off the case.

Father Ritter's impropriety was especially hypocritical considering that some unfriendly witnesses before the commission had been grilled on their financial ties. For example, Chairman Hudson badgered ACLU people with questions about Playboy Foundation money. And University of Wisconsin Professor Edward Donnerstein was asked pointedly if *Penthouse* paid him for granting an interview.

When accused of conflict of interest last April, Father Ritter cried "smear" in a casuistic letter to the attorney general. Yes, his House got the CDL money. And yes, his House took $1.25 million from Ed Meese's department in the past three years. But all the funds went to his kids. So the priest denied "even the slightest appearance of 'conflict of interest.' "

NUDITY BEATS THE RAP

Meanwhile, back in the windowless bunker in city hall, it was time for softball. If Class IV nudity were all the porn there was, then there would not be a Meese Commission in the first place. The attorney general was not ostensibly riled up by girlie magazines (the President's son works for one) or flashes of areola in Hollywood movies (the President himself catches R-rated flicks and has Clint Eastwood to the White House despite the kinky blowjob he extorted from a cheap hooker in *Tightrope*). The A.G. was after the real nasty business in Classes I, II, and III, but he would not mind a clean sweep of the newsstand.

"The intensity of pornography, the amount of violence that's involved in it, the amount of perversion that's involved has changed over the years," he remarked on CBS's "Nightwatch." "And I think it's a good time to take a look."

Class IV pornography, as outlined by Dr. Dietz on Friday morning, meant nudity without force, sexual activity, violence, or degradation. Vulgar photos of genitals fell into Class II degradation and in-and-out shots were covered in Class III explicitness. The comparatively innocent range of this group encompassed Joan Collins in *Playboy*, Greta Garbo topless in *People*, the White Rock Girl, and Manet's *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe*. Surely, the panel would gallop through this material without embarrassing itself. But noooo.

Father Ritter, a prisoner of a Catholic sexual morality that divides the naked body into *partes honestas* and *partes inhonestas*, worried about close-ups of the genitals in Michelangelo's *David*.

Dr. Dietz cited nudes of obese and deformed persons as a potential hot spot.

Spanker Dobson said: "There's a tremendous difference between a nude woman with a bandolier with one foot on a chair shot from below compared to a Michelangelo nude. Can't we have a category for artistic nudes?"

"Who is to judge?" asked Levine.

"Who is to judge anything?" replied Dobson.

"That's the trouble here," Levine snickered.

On and on they went, but in the end, despite Father Ritter's amazing anthropological leap into the nudity taboo, Class IV was officially exculpated on all three tiers by a landslide.

> What on earth? The Meese Commission—conceived by prosecutors and ordained by the legions of decency—had just voted that pornography could actually *help* families.

The accumulated nuttiness of the Scottsdale summit, culminating in Friday afternoon's Buñuelian symposium on provocative versus nonprovocative nudity, pushed Dr. Becker over the edge. Like Levine and Tilton, she had kept her distance from the bashers on the panel. Although rumored close to resignation last fall, the psychiatrist specializing in sex aggression and sex victims stuck around without stirring up a large fuss. But no longer. In apparent solidarity with Levine, she was ready to burn some bridges. Asking for the floor, she launched into a tirade against the intellectual treasons of the string-'em-up caucus of Hudson-Ritter-Dobson-Cusack:

"One of the mandates was to determine the relationship between pornography and antisocial behavior and the commission of sexual crimes. I'd like to comment that I don't think there is in the social-science data any conclusive causal relationship between this type of material and the commission of sexual crimes. I think the data show that in certain experiments attitudes change, and I think one makes a quantum leap from attitudinal changes to committing sexual crimes. . . .

"My request is that when we write our essay, we state why we have come to the conclusion that we have. My opinions are based on ten years of experience in work with sex offenders and a knowledge of the literature on violence and antisocial behavior. But I think that some people have come to their opinions because of *divine revelation*, because of common sense, because they know in their heart of hearts that pornography is wrong, because you've heard compelling evidence from criminal-justice people and from victims.

"I don't believe in what I call the Simple Simon theory of antisocial personality. That is, people will see something and go do it. I think human behavior is much more complicated than that."

How did the chairman greet this grapefruit in his kisser? Over his head when ideas are in dispute. Hudson said, "Is it your belief that . . . we have inadequately addressed the connection between certain forms of pornography and their behavioral effects?"

"I do," replied Dr. Becker. "I don't think the evidence is in yet because some of the studies have not been done or can't be done to show that pornography causes people to commit sexual crimes. . . . What we're saying is going to determine public policy. People should know why these individuals have come to the conclusions they have."

After lunch, Hudson tried to blunt Dr. Becker's nut-crunching attack by calling on Dr. Dietz, whose credentials in psychiatry and publications equal or surpass Dr. Becker's.

Anticipating the question, Dr. Dietz was ready with a chart indicating an indirect connection between the beaver and the bludgeon. After all, he explained, social science cannot even prove a causal link between "proper guidance at home and healthy children." Dietz was convinced that pornography is somewhere in the overall picture of sex crimes. "A factor that counts for some nontrivial share is called one of the causes," he put it.

Levine clearly admires Dr. Dietz, but she subverted his argument when she inquired, "So is alcohol more or less a contributing factor to sex crimes [than pornography]?"

Dietz responded honestly, "My estimate is that it's more."

The panel's schedule collapsed under the weight of the agenda. By Saturday, the commission still had to discuss organized crime, finally define pornography, and attend to other key matters. An additional week of work sessions was scheduled for the end of April in Washington. But, incredibly, Hudson and Sears were still insisting that they could meet the June 20 deadline for the final report. They explained that they had no choice—the allocation was almost spent and the staff would soon be history.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 119

FOR THOSE LAZY CRAZY SEXY DAYS OF SUMMER!

12 ISSUES FOR JUST $36!

Penthouse Magazine
P.O. Box 3021
Harlan, Ia. 51593-2082

☐ Yes! Send me 1 year (12 issues) for just $36
Save $7.50

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip ____

☐ Check enclosed
☐ Money Order enclosed

Credit-card holders call toll-free: 1-800-228-2028 Ext. 20. Nebraska residents call: 1-800-642-8300 Ext. 20.

Canada and elsewhere $46. for 1 year. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. HWBD9

PENTHOUSE

"I think if you polled the country," someone told us, "80 percent would say they lost it in the summertime." Here's why . . . and how.

SUMMER SEX

BY ELLEN SHERMAN

For eight months a year, the 5:15 Long Island Rail Road express out of Penn Station is engulfed by an impatient horde of faceless commuters bundled against the cold and each other in layers of heavy clothes and the characteristic just-don't-push-me-onto-the-tracks wariness. Today, the first balmy Friday afternoon in June, is a different story.

The ordinarily drab car is a carnival of color. Bright T-shirts replace prim dressed-for-success shirtwaists, and stiffly pleated gray suits have been traded in for madras shorts and chinos. Briefcases, the mandatory accessory of the upwardly mobile, are stashed under seats to make room for tennis rackets, volleyballs, and duffel bags. People who'd never talk to each other at any other time of the year are sharing popcorn, sections of the *Times*, and weekend weather forecasts. An elegant redhead, usually squired by a *Fortune* 500 CEO, is craning her perfect white neck to keep tabs on an Olympian blond surfer-type wearing a scruffy jacket emblazoned with the words *Greenport Lifeguard*. In the corner, a conservative, steely-haired gentleman turns his attention from his *Newsweek* to a sleek brunette in a white cotton miniskirt. A slim blonde in snug Levis and a cropped tank top is squirming her way through the boisterous crowd.

"God, she's someone I'd like to know," says Joe, a thirtyish executive, today sporting jeans and a lemon-yellow crewneck.

PAINTING BY HILO CHEN

"You do know her," replies his friend Bob, who remains immersed in his *Wall Street Journal.* "That's Kate from Merchandising."

Joe, incredulous, responds: "Amazing. Everyone looks so different."

"No, everyone just acts different," Bob comments, not noticing that Joe is already navigating his way toward the enticing Kate. It's true, there's definitely a touch of whoopee in the air. Bob, shoving his paper into a duffel filled with what seems to be at least half a bookstore, looks around him at the expectant crowd and observes: "Their plans for the next few months can be boiled down to one succinct phrase: 'Let's party.' I, on the contrary, am not going to be like most people who seem to get a seasonal hard-on. I know I say this every year, but this summer I'm going to relax, and if I do go out, it's going to be with someone I really like. Look, Joe and the blonde from Merchandising are already head to head over two Heinekens." Bob asks himself momentarily, "Could it be fate?" "No," he realizes, "it's just summer."

Indeed, across the tracks a similar car is filled with clusters of teenage boys and girls, all beginning curves and angles, in identical white T-shirts and shorts, their paraphernalia oddly similar to that of the eastbound commuters. These kids are clearly on their way to camp, yet the same air of anticipation and seduction charges the atmosphere, giving both sets of passengers a heady glow.

It doesn't matter what age you are, something happens with the first appearance of Coppertone on the shelves or that first night when you walk out of work and the sky is still light. Memorial Day is the dividing line. From then on it's summer, and suntans, long days, starry nights, midnight swims, and sex are in the air. Even the dreary Long Island Rail Road, today on its way to the beach resorts of the Hamptons, turns into an onshore version of the Love Boat. Summer has always meant something special. Popular tunes like "Summertime," the Beach Boys' "All Summer Long," and Jan and Dean's "Surf City" all extol the pleasures of these long, hot months. Movies have also consistently portrayed summer as the optimum season for the hot-and-juicy to have a field day. Hallmarks of the fifties and sixties were movies like *Bikini Beach, Muscle Beach Party,* and *Beach Blanket Bingo,* which glorified bulging biceps, minuscule bikinis, wild beach parties, and outrageous fun. In the eighties, films like *Summer Lovers* and *Little Darlings* took over where those left off. The plots of Hollywood's summer flicks remain the same, only the love scenes have gone from lukewarm to sizzling hot. *Summer Lovers* star Daryl Hannah becomes involved in a unique holiday romance when she and her girlfriend engage in a ménage à trois with a handsome Frenchman under the radiant Greek sun. *Little Darlings* finds Kristy McNichol and Tatum O'Neal competing, not only in the usual summer-camp volleyball game, but to see who can score first in bed. It seems that more than a few have been initiated into the world of sensual delights during the hot magic months.

"I think if you polled the country, 80 percent of us would say they lost it in the summertime," reports Steve, a sandy-haired English professor at the University of North Carolina. Steve, a veteran of the southern summer scene, identifies the glorious expanses of Wrightsville Beach, Hatteras, and Nags Head as perfect settings for passionate nights. Seated on the porch of an elegant but somewhat dilapidated beach house, watching dozens of jeeps roar by, each piled high with tanned teenagers waving and drinking beer, Steve recalls, "I lost my virginity right here," pointing to the sandy expanse. "I was in this burger place, and this girl, Robin, came up and said, 'Would you like to go to the beach with me and eat?' We got down there and she kind of had me for dessert. Now it wasn't exactly a beautiful experience, but we were both so primed by the hot night and the stars. In the summer everyone has an understanding: You all want to have a good time without too much hassle. And that doesn't seem to change. As a matter of fact, 15 years later, on another warm summer night, I met Robin again in a beachside hangout. We had a few beers and sure enough, we went right back on the beach and made love. She even got her girlfriend and my buddy together. A few hours later they were in the shower grabbing ass and having a high old time. Funny thing was, Robin was chaperoning her little brother, and he lost his cherry that summer too. Summer seems like a time to explore your manhood. It's time off from school, and you can be bad without people watching."

> "It's called the Malibu stroll," said Andy, "and in the summer there are numerous strollers to choose from. I think girls are more likely to screw around in the summer."

For all the connotations of sybaritic pleasure summer has nowadays, it hasn't always been that way. Years ago, youngsters had time off—not to grope each other in the colonial hayloft, but to work the fields on the family farm. The family farm may have almost disappeared, but summer vacations persist. These months have come to represent a time of frivolity, fun, and fearlessness, all of which constitute a very hospitable climate for the pursuit of things forbidden, like sex.

Sex therapist Gloria Goebel agrees that "from childhood we are psyched to have fun during the summer. Of course, when we become adults other factors come into play. With less clothing on, people are more expressive of their sexuality." The brushing of shoulders between a man in an oversize parka and a woman in a full-length down coat hardly constitutes titillation. Let that same couple slide against each other in June, she in a gauzy top, he in a thin cotton polo shirt, and sparks are certainly more apt to fly. Goebel adds, "In the hot weather people have more to notice about each other's physical being." And summer offers a multitude of opportunities to people-watch. At the first hint of warm weather, streets across the country undergo a set change. Stretches of gray concrete become festivals of color dappled with dozens of outdoor cafés. Here, acquaintances and would-be acquaintances meet to exchange admiring glances and suss out the opportunity for a sizzling-hot romance.

Manhattan's Columbus Avenue is a perfect example of seasonal potential. On a typical July day, under the midday sun, the street is a veritable human smorgasbord of possibilities as the tiny café tables become jammed. Bonnie, a young schoolteacher, sips a margarita and surveys the crowd. "That tentative look of expectation everyone has on their faces is the *summer look,*" Bonnie notes. "It means you're out there, ready to be approached." Bonnie, a longtime city dweller, considers herself a fairly cautious person. But that too is seasonal. "Last June, I was walking my bike in Central Park, and this guy with a fabulous body, only partially covered by running shorts and a tank top, asked me if I had a pump for his bike's flat tire. As we bent over the wheel, occasionally brushing bare skin, the sexual charge became electrifying. Finally we decided to cook a barbeque on the patio of my apartment. En route, we were shocked to discover that we both lived in the same building. He said, 'You're the one with the big fur coat!' and I said, 'You're the guy in the red ski jacket.' We'd seen each other bundled up all year long, but were too rushed to take each other in at all. We wound up making love on the patio. As we were rolling around, I saw this horrified neighbor pointing at us. We both waved at her, and she nearly keeled over. I think it's okay to get a little out of control in the summer."

Gloria Goebel agrees that "summertime lets us relax our inhibitions. We're ready to break out and have more fun."

Larry, a real estate broker from Tennessee, shares these sentiments completely. It's a balmy March day in Memphis, and he's very much the proper

young man on the rise in a blue seersucker suit as he checks out properties. Come summer, Larry feels, his identity changes. "It's all got to do with the way you project yourself. In June, I tend to drop those five pounds of winter flab, and when I feel slimmer and tanned I can dare to be more outgoing. It's like assembling your plumage and strutting your stuff. You also have more daylight to show off in." Certainly, with more daylight there's more daytime. That's what made one particular August day work very well for Larry—that and a lot of excess energy.

In the South, it seems, when beaches aren't accessible, the summer scene gravitates to any one of a number of lakeside communities. One such area is Pickwick Lake near Memphis. Larry's fiancée had been visiting him at the lake. "It was the end of the season, and she went home in the morning," he reports. "Well, there were these two tasty ladies I'd been flirting with all summer, and when Sue left—only after we had some particularly hot sex—I thought, *What the hell, I have the afternoon left*. I made a lunch date with one and a drinking date with the other. I wound up in bed with my lunch appointment and in the hot tub with my drinking partner. Here I'd made love three times—all before dinner. Both of these nice ladies wished me a good winter and left with no regrets. Now I never would have had the balls, to say nothing of the stamina, to pull off that kind of marathon in the winter, and I bet they wouldn't have been so accommodating. Summer is a time for the rules to lapse, and I think it brings out the best in humanity."

As the landscape opens up, so do potential trysting places, and come summer, any place under the warm-weather sky can become a rendezvous spot. Winters are hard in the Midwest, so it is with particular enthusiasm that residents take advantage of the freedom sunny days and sultry nights offer. One Chicago lawyer recalls a hot July evening not long ago: "Our lake, where I vacation, had just installed a showy aluminum dock. My girlfriend and I were watching the stars from the dock, and I was feeling my oats, so we stripped and began going at it. While I thought her sudden scream was in response to my passionate lovemaking, I soon realized she was yelling because the new dock had pulled loose from the shore and we were drifting out towards nowhere. We had to jump off and swim for it. I'm not usually the kind of guy who takes off his clothes whenever the mood strikes. Summer certainly must change that in me."

The summertime environment, which is by nature very sensual, can act as a powerful aphrodisiac, feels therapist Goebel. She points out that "the frequent touching of skin to skin, being outside, the feel of water and warm air, lying on the sand make the warm-weather months a very tactile time." Certainly, it's hard to think of summer sex without conjuring up

AN OUTPOURING OF EXCELLENCE.

Join the world's finest rum in the quest to regain the America's Cup.

Send your tax-deductible donation to the U.S. Yacht Racing Union, P.O. Box 803921, Houston, Texas 77280-3821. For major credit card donations, call 1-800-543-1300.

For donations of $10.00 or more we will send you a beautiful "Regain the Cup" poster.

Please remember to include $2.00 for postage and handling.

With your help, we will soon join in a victory toast with Mount Gay, the world's finest rum.

MOUNT GAY RUM
EXCELLENCE SINCE 1809

80 Proof Rum. 1986. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y., N.Y.

images of the many pleasures that beaches can provide for the adventurous couple. No one should know more about that than the natives of California, land of eternal sun.

Eric, a San Diego writer, feels that all the elements of the beach conspire to "make you into a human orgasmatron, if you will. There's nothing like being with a beautiful woman and finding a spot that's just out of the flickering firelight and dreaded discovery. You settle down on the sand and get your bodies moving right along with the beach. You've got the soft sand, the warm breeze on your butt, and the in-and-out whoosh of the waves. Sex on the beach is like having the whole world as your own big water bed."

It used to be the preferred spot for one La Jolla redhead and her beau. They would habitually set out their towel on a favorite dune and while away many a happy hour. One night, however, her boyfriend demurred. "I finally got the truth out of him," reports the young woman. "He told me he'd been unfaithful a few days before, but he wasn't abstaining because he was overcome with remorse. No, he'd done it with some girl on the sand and forgotten to lay down a towel. The fool had sand burn on his cock." The spontaneity that summer fosters can sometimes backfire.

For the perennially tanned Californian who never sees the likes of furry boots or mittens, the need to get away from it all in the summer is not as urgent as in other parts of the country. Still, some Los Angeles residents, mostly transplanted New Yorkers, feel the compulsion to change locale and rent places right on the beach. Andy, a TV executive and former New Yorker, sits happily on the patio of his rented Malibu house. The beach in front seems like an orchestrated beauty pageant as the girls gracefully parade by in bikinis. "It's called the Malibu stroll," says Andy, "and in the summer there are numerous strollers to choose from. I know it sounds awful, but I think girls are actually more likely to screw around in the summer." However, things don't always turn out the way you may have expected, as Andy found out one July Fourth: "Two spectacular blondes sashayed their wonderful little selves right by and asked if they could watch the fireworks from my porch. Everybody got friendly, and soon there were three naked bodies rolling around on my bed. I soon realized, though, that the two of them were more into each other than into me. They told me that was the first time that had happened. Hurray for summer love!"

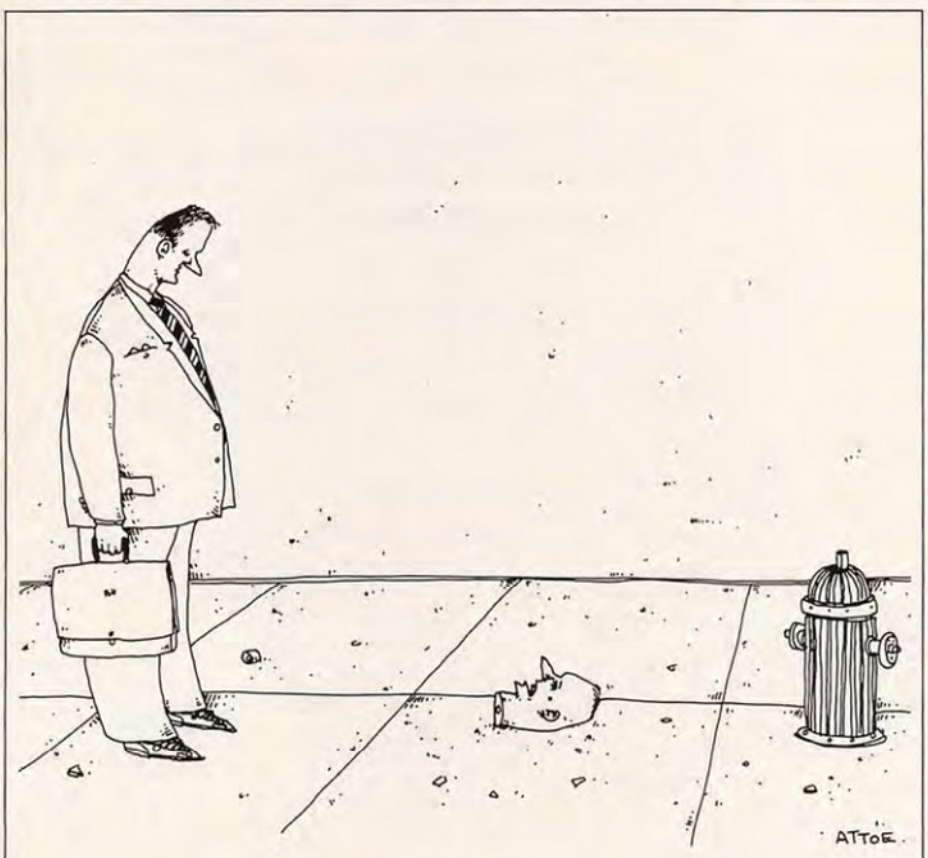
Indeed, the Northeast is where the pleasures of sunny days and sultry nights are pursued with a vengeance unparalleled in other locales. As hard-driven, aggressive, and consumed as the typical northeasterner is, it is in direct proportion to how frenetically he or she pursues summer's hedonistic pleasures. Pandemonium is the only word to describe the mass exodus to weekend retreats that occurs on Friday afternoons in July. Tote bags flying, packs of city dwellers flee to the designer beaches of Long Island, the inland mountains of Massachusetts, or the rolling countryside of Connecticut.

"I feel released," says one New York salesman. "The country reminds me of summer camp, and to me, one of the joys of two months without parents was two months of thinking about sex. Of course, back then, you didn't get any. Weekending in the country in July is like summer camp with sex."

Some, of course, have to rent their own bunks to be part of the weekend vacation scene. Scores of houses are up for grabs, from the hills of Woodstock to the shores of Long Island to the dunes of Martha's Vineyard. Prices range from $2,000 to $50,000, a spread that Lori, a veteran renter, calls "unaffordable but essential." Lori adds: "When you invest your year's savings in a house, you really want to party hard. Everyone wants to get their money's worth. That means you have masses of people converging on weekends all geared to enjoying themselves, and that feeling is nonstop."

Getting to these wild weekend retreats can often be half the fun. One Brooklyn stockbroker reports that his summer adventure began on the long train ride to the tip of Long Island: "I ran into Donna, my old girlfriend, in the parlor car. So we sat down for a drink and talked over old times. She was wearing a skintight cotton dress that showed off her great legs. Suddenly, I found myself with a bulging hard-on which I tried to hide with my *U.S. News & World Report*. Before I knew it, we were making it in the bathroom. With the train moving beneath us and a hot wind blowing in from the fields, it was very exciting. When we heard the conductor shout 'Montauk,' we both scrambled for the door. No luck. The frigging lock was jammed. We tried to look semipresentable when the conductor finally found us. On my way out, trying to mutter some fool story, the guy whispered to me, 'Don't worry, it happens all the time in the summer.' "

Reports of equal opportunity come from the Martha's Vineyard ferry, which shuttles travelers between the mainland and the island's Vineyard Haven slip. One Newton, Massachusetts, carpenter recalls an incident last year when he worked as a parking attendant on the lower decks: "It was midweek, and the ferry was fairly empty for a typical warm evening. I saw this woman I'd been noticing all summer trying to fix something under her Jeep down on the deck. I came over and offered to take a look. As I lay there thinking about how good she looked—all brown in her white shorts—I must admit, I got excited. As I pulled out from under the car, I don't know where I got



"You should see the other guy."

the nerve, but I grabbed her and kissed her passionately. Suddenly, she was sucking me in the front seat of the car. I came just as the ship docked. I wanted to see her again but she said her husband might not like it."

Indeed, the temptations of sizzling summer days have been known to lure many a spouse into forbidden territory. "I have to watch out for the married ones in the summer," says Nina, a waitress in Manhattan. "That's when the wives are living in the country house while the husband is working in the city. This means he's free to fool around unsupervised. But, one thing," she says, holding up her ring finger, "always gives them away. Even if they take off the old wedding band during the week, there's always the tan mark left from wearing it on the weekends."

Of course, what's good for the goose is also cause for dalliance on the gander's side. One famous female model was reputed to have spent her weekends away from her successful husband by taking on the whole rugby team of a Long Island beach community. Her husband found out but never confronted her. Apparently his source was the girlfriend of one of the team members. He and the lady were having an illicit affair on the days when she commuted to New York for weekly singing lessons.

Summer is certainly the traditional time for romance. Instilled in most people is the concept of summer love as some kind of emotional Holy Grail to be pursued but never attained. "You want so desperately to be in love because it's all around you," maintains Carol, a medical researcher from Stanford University. "You often take more chances on sex because you confuse it with the romance you're seeking." And summer offers an unlimited number of enticing hot-weather haunts in which to search for that elusive love. Dotting the landscape of most resorts in the Northeast are hundreds of dance clubs and outdoor hangouts. It would seem from the bottleneck on Long Island's Montauk Highway at 1 A.M. on a Saturday that 90 percent of them must be crammed right on the tiny two-lane strip of road bisecting that popular ocean community. At the high-ceilinged Conscience Point Inn, sweaty bodies gyrate in the wood-paneled rooms, while outside, couples promenade along the waterfront. Evan, a New York lawyer and summer renter in nearby Bridgehampton, admits: "The scene is active but really pretty mindless. Everyone's so desperately looking for a good time. I don't think realistically any of us believe romance is going to come our way just because it's summer, but we keep hoping."

Of course, along the way there are many surprises in store, as Evan reports: "My friend Bobby and I were at the Bay Street Cafe, and this good-looking woman asked me to dance. Suddenly, Bobby cut in and next thing I knew, they were both grinning at me. I wanted to know what was up. Bobby had asked her if she wanted to make love to both of us, and she said, 'If you have the place, I have the time.' We were out of there and back to my house in a flash. After I had a great time with her, she and Bobby made it out by the pool. All this time, our friend Elliot was in the living room slugging from a bottle of gin and trying to get the courage to join in. Elliot had his turn, and then she wanted to do it with me and Bobby together. With me fucking her and her sucking Bobby, it was like some great choreographed ballet. After that, she made me get my toothpaste pump and use it as a dildo on her. I know I'm wilder in the summer, because, away from Manhattan, where I'm more anonymous, I can be bolder and take more chances. Where I won't ask a girl to come home with me in the city, I do it here because I don't care so much about being rejected. It's all part of the summer game. There's a different reality."

The living situations that crop up in many summer communities are one aspect of this altered reality. The cost of some warm-weather rentals rivals the gross national products of several small Third World countries, so it's often necessary for vacationers to split the house rental and live together on weekends. And

100's, 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; Light 100's, 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine; Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; Menthol Kings, 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; Light Kings, 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

NEW 100s

5 FREE PER PACK
50 FREE PER CARTON

25 great tasting cigarettes for the price of 20!

RICHLAND 25's
Also available in Regular, Menthol & Lights Kings.

Based on manufacturer's suggested retail price. Prices optional with participating retailers.

© 1985 B&W T Co.

when strangers are thrown together, there are bound to be different lifestyles, different tastes in everything from Kleenex to cognac, and different ways of dealing with summer sex. One veteran of the "House Wars" finds it simpler to call a complete moratorium. "No way would I sleep with anyone in my summer house," Tracy, an ad executive, stresses. "Sure, everyone says there's a live-and-let-live attitude, but the first time I had a guy sharing my Grape Nuts with me at breakfast, it was all over the beach by noon."

Another peril is parents. Loved ones who keep their distance all year long have the habit of popping up unexpectedly once a vacation retreat becomes operative. One such occasion was well remembered by Carl, a dark-haired investment banker, who reports: "My friend Brad and I had picked up two gorgeous ladies at a club. We all decided it would be a great idea to go home and make love all night. When we got there I had to be the gracious host and let Brad use my bedroom; I agreed to take the guest room. I had my girl's blouse off and was rubbing her breasts. She had my fly undone and my cock was standing at attention as we backed into the guest room and fell onto the bed, only to land on top of my housemate's parents. They'd shown up unexpectedly and he'd forgotten to tell me. We yelled. They yelled. All hell broke loose."

Of course, sharing a house can have its benefits. "In the winter in the city there's a tendency to hoard party invitations," Louise, a New York actress, notes. "In the summer, if one house has a party, you don't invite a person to attend, you invite their house to come along." Such a mob would scarcely be welcome in most typical city apartments, but summer rentals afford the space for these gatherings. "It, therefore, becomes easier to meet more people, and the situations in which you meet them are much more natural," Louise adds.

One of the most natural places for summer sexual scenarios to blossom is on the playing fields. At the season's onset, the northeastern populace takes to athletic endeavors with a serious passion. Locked up in concrete canyons all year long with their only exercise an occasional lone jog or solitary session on the exercycle, people revel in the pursuit of everything from volleyball to Frisbee. "Outdoor activities give you a chance to meet someone in a nonthreatening environment," a slim public relations agent remarks while watching an attractive young man in an HBO sweatshirt lunge a powerful spike in a lively volleyball game of somewhat overage "campers" in Bridgehampton. A bespectacled blond man and a ponytailed woman dive for the ball, falling on top of each other. Judging from their smiles, it's not an unpleasant encounter. "That's more physical contact than those two would have had at some cocktail party," the public relations agent notes. "Sports help you see people in a more natural and physical light."

Apparently, one female research assistant got carried away by the natural wonders she encountered every Saturday in a softball game between creative types held in Sag Harbor. The diamond became a mating ground as, much to her surprise, she embarked on affairs with not one but three members of the team. In the middle of the season, however, disaster struck. One chagrined lover admitted he had just the slightest touch of a social disease. Luckily, everyone got a clean bill of health, but for a brief moment there was chaos. "My God," she laments, "I could have singlehandedly wiped out the whole infield for the big game."

"Labor Day"—two words that strike fear in the hearts of all campers, young and old. It means back to school and back to work. Summer sex can be wild and woolly, but what happens to those summer loves? It's well-known that the inseparable soul mates seen strolling on the beach every summer afternoon are very rarely found grabbing a cup of coffee and sharing a cab to the office in the cold light of fall.

"Before I knew it, we were making it in the bathroom of the train. Suddenly we heard the conductor shout 'Montauk!' We both scrambled for the door."

Jan, a magazine editor, fell prey to the madness last year. She recalls: "I thought we were hopelessly in love. Having met on Memorial Day, Jim and I saw each other almost every day thereafter. It was an intense relationship which blossomed very quickly." Certainly, one hallmark of summertime romances is that given the long days, free time, and balmy nights, encounters between people involve more time spent together and more experience shared in a shorter period of time. "Dates take on a different tenor," Jan remarks. "You can plan to meet for morning tennis, and somehow you'll wind up having lunch, then going to the beach, out for drinks, and since it's all flowing so easily, you'll end up grabbing some lobsters to cook for dinner. In one date you can spend more time together than you'd spend with someone in five dates during the winter. Things escalate faster. I also believe that a lot of people have different criteria for the mate they spend their summer with. My great 'love' broke up with me right on Labor Day. He was much older than I, and that's the reason he gave, but it didn't seem to matter to him from June to August. Maybe he was like other guys who regard the girls they date in the summer as kind of good-time fluff. The women they choose in the winter may be boring, but at least they're safe. They think of her as the wife they can settle in with for the long cold nights, like bears preparing for hibernation."

Indeed, birth statistics show more babies are traditionally born in the summer as products of winter commitments. Or perhaps, at the very least, these warm-weather tots are nothing more than the result of frigid winter nights and nothing good on cable.

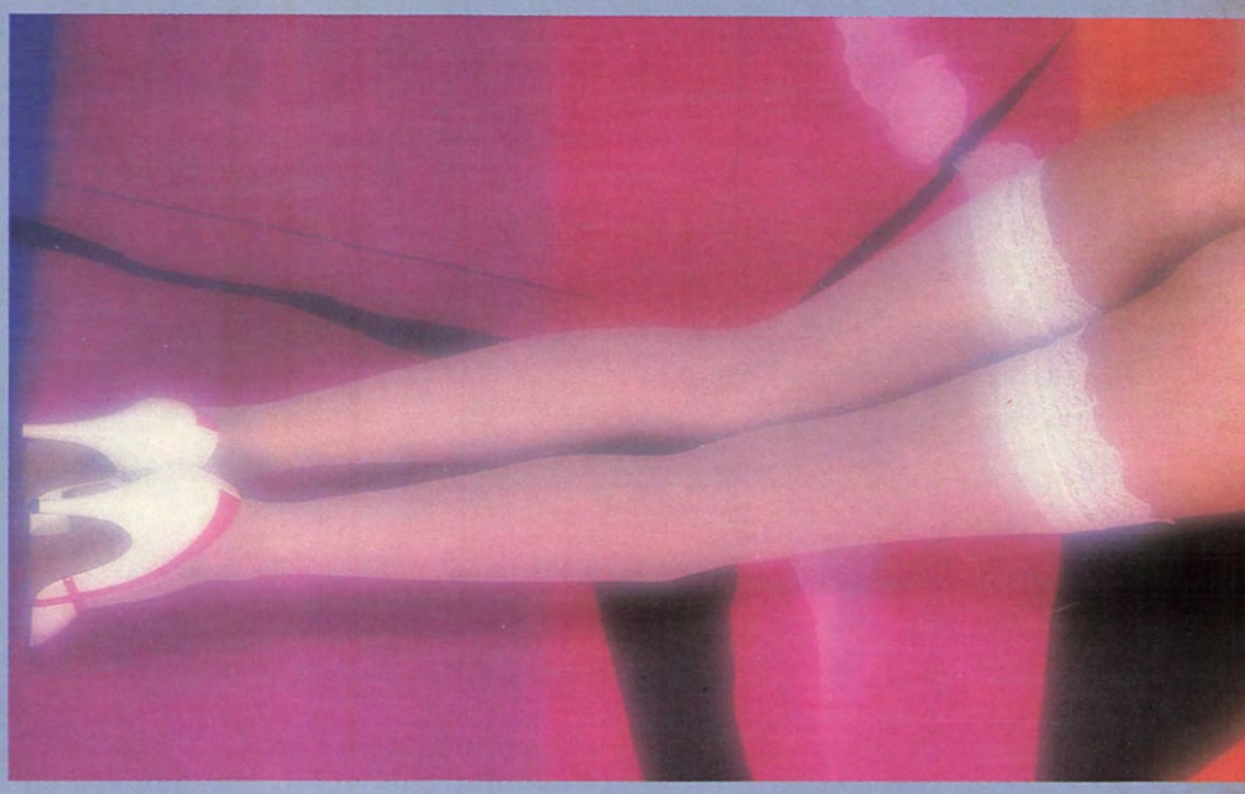
A good number of summer vacation veterans agree that the people they frolic with during the warm months rarely are with them in the fall. One architect from New Jersey comments, "Everyone tends to fall into things more passionately and quickly than they normally would. It's the unspoken quest for love. Sometimes sex and the heat of the moment are the closest things you get to it, and you can mistake that for the ultimate romance you're looking for."

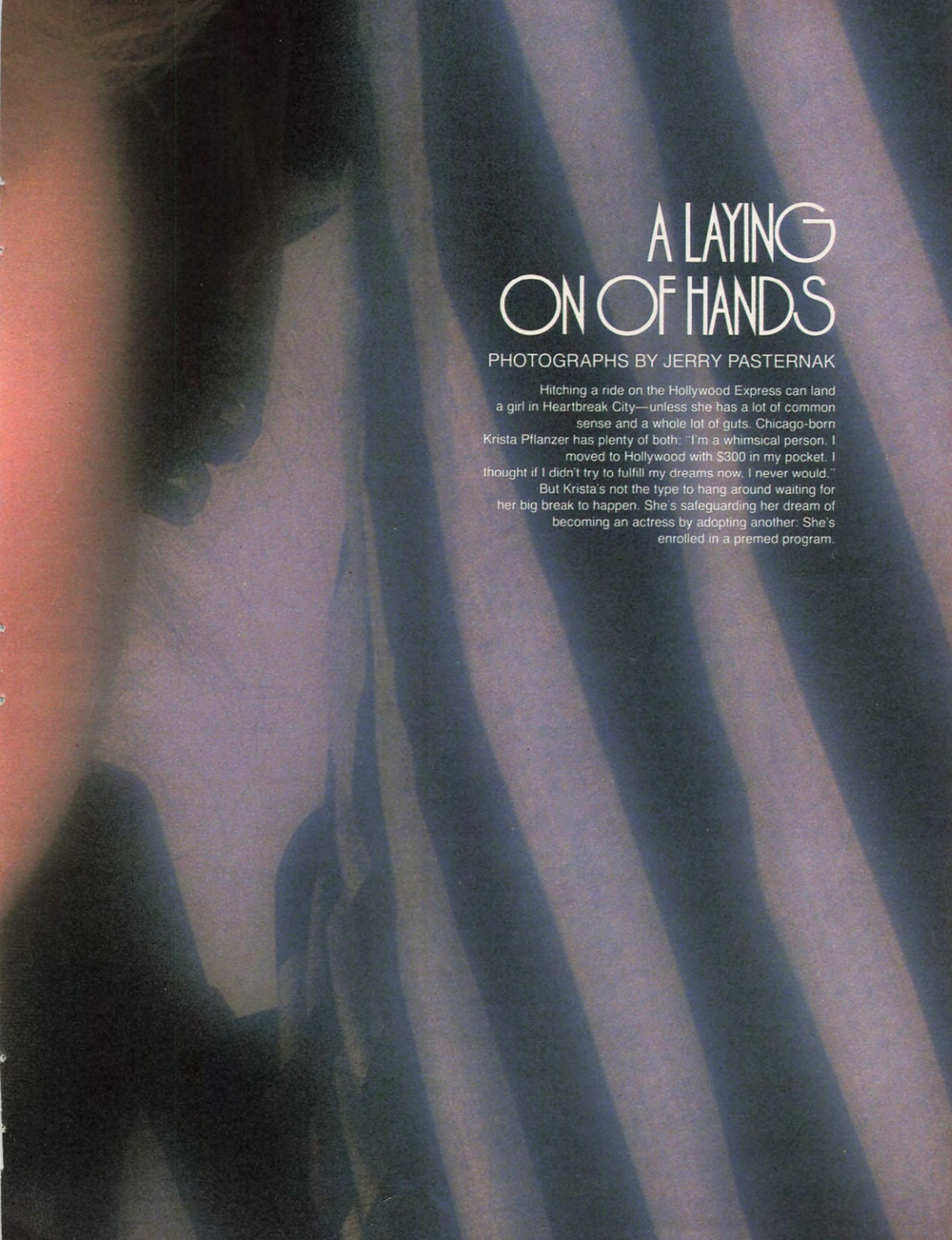
The architect recalls one particularly unique seasonal interlude: "I'd seen this girl jogging on the beach for weeks. All summer I lusted after her. Late in August, I was jogging and she actually ran up beside me. We were sweating, keeping the rhythm going, and breathing together. Finally, reaching the jetty, we collapsed into the water. We both burst out of the waves and fell onto the beach side by side. Afterwards, when I found out she was married and I wouldn't see her again, I didn't feel that disappointed. It was such a sensually satisfying moment and peak experience that I realized it was probably better than the sex would have been." With a half-smile he adds, "Or, I guess it's just easier for me to think so."

Back on the Long Island Rail Road, the 5:15 is pulling into East Hampton. The distinguished executive has given his card and the number of his private extension to the bubbly brunette just before greeting his smartly dressed blond wife and rosy-cheeked baby. The stylish redheaded beauty and the jock lifeguard are walking together, her body close to his. Bob stands on the platform as the sun sets and a soft salty breeze blows around him. "It's the last house on the left before you reach the windmill," somebody calls to him. "You'll know the one, there'll be a million cars piled up." It seems Bob has been invited to a typical Memorial Day barbecue bash. Joe, helping Kate with her luggage, reminds him: "Whoa, buddy, remember, it'll just be a bunch of wild maniacs out for a good time. I thought you wanted a serious relationship." Bob looks out at the platform filled with flush, expectant faces ready for the evening, and muses, "Who am I kidding? It's summer."

'I want to travel and learn—I don't want to live my life behind a white picket fence. There's too much excitement out there.'

KRISTA



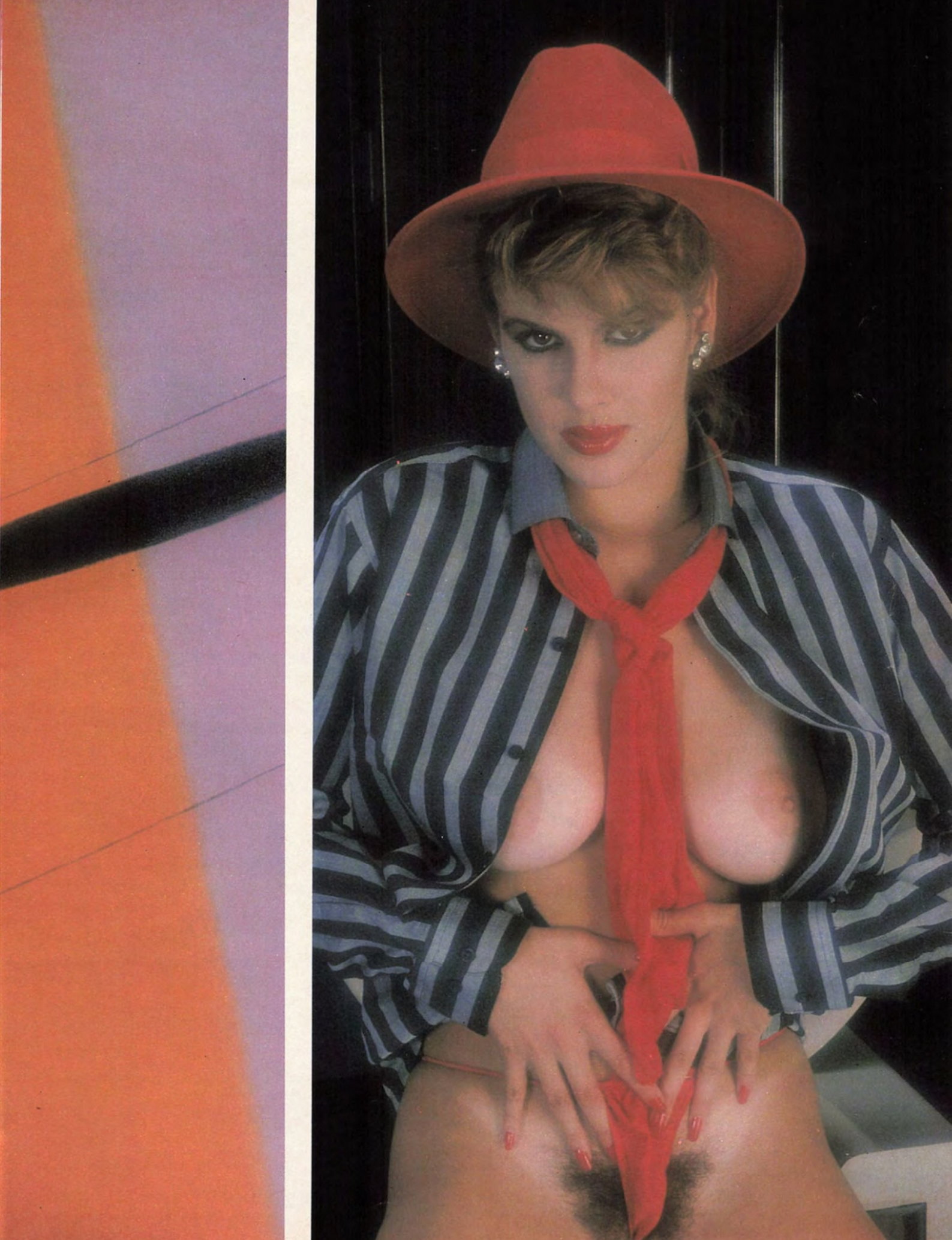


A LAYING ON OF HANDS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY PASTERNAK

Hitching a ride on the Hollywood Express can land a girl in Heartbreak City—unless she has a lot of common sense and a whole lot of guts. Chicago-born Krista Pflanzer has plenty of both: "I'm a whimsical person. I moved to Hollywood with $300 in my pocket. I thought if I didn't try to fulfill my dreams now, I never would." But Krista's not the type to hang around waiting for her big break to happen. She's safeguarding her dream of becoming an actress by adopting another: She's enrolled in a premed program.

And now that 36-24-35-inch Krista has done her first nude portfolio for *Penthouse*, she says, "Maybe I can settle down in L.A. and start living a normal life." For our 20-year-old Aries, that would include working nights in a popular discotheque to help support her education. "It gets pretty wild sometimes," Krista admits, "but it's all right as long as I don't let my grades slip." Or anything else?



Krista combines fantasy with practicality in her love life, too. She's got a steady, live-in arrangement with her boyfriend, but she relies on romance and experimentation to keep it all alive. "I don't think I was looking for a steady relationship," she says, "but with him, the magic was there. He's Italian, and I *love* Italian men!"

For her favorite fantasy Krista draws on the famous
love scene in *From Here to Eternity,*
with some spectacular meteorological effects thrown
in. "I like beaches. And my fantasy
is to be on the beach making love to my boyfriend in
the pouring rain . . . in a thunderous storm with
crashing breakers all around."

But even in the midst of her excitement over Hollywood and the good life, Krista manages to keep her head. "I want to travel and learn—I don't want to live my life behind a white picket fence. There's too much excitement out there!" As for her commitment to healing, Krista says, "Money isn't the most important thing . . . I really want to help people." That's all right, Krista. If you say, "Open wide," we'll definitely say, "Ahhh!"

MAGDOWNLOAD.ORG

FREE DOWNLOAD

LATEST MAGAZINES

HIGH QUALITY TRUE-PDF

MAGDOWNLOAD.ORG

MISS KRISTA PFLANZER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

MISS KRISTA PFLANZER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

"The government has ignored the medical and psychological problems of Vietnam veterans, leaving its responsibilities to the private sector."

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

There is an emerging, expanding body of medical and scientific research that seeks to measure the various impacts of wartime service on Vietnam veterans. This research is beginning to shed some hard analytical light on such problem areas as drug and alcohol abuse, depression, marital problems, aggressive behavior, arrests and convictions on criminal charges, post-traumatic stress disorder, mortality rates, and suicide. Hitherto, most of the information about the effects of these problems on Vietnam veterans was anecdotal in nature—that is, it had been derived from unstructured "rap groups" and, later, from the results of the Vet Center program, which tries in a more structured way to facilitate solutions to the problems faced by Vietnam veterans and to provide appropriate forms of rehabilitative counseling and assistance.

Four million Americans served in Indochina during the Vietnam War, and 800,000 were assigned to combat. Rates higher than those in the general population for the problems mentioned above have been found in those assigned to combat after their return to civilian life. Recently, the lingering controversy over Agent Orange has led to the first studies of delayed effects on mortality among Vietnam veterans.

All this research is to the good. Today, 13 years after the last American combat troops left Vietnam, there is still an inadequate amount of scientific and medical knowledge to explain the psychological and physical effects on veterans of what some call a "guerrilla war" or a "low-intensity conflict."

These terms, when used to describe the Vietnam War, mask the reality of its combat environment and the risks one faced therein.

Unlike World War II, the war in Vietnam was one an enterprising individual could avoid rather easily. Marriage, college, and purposeful ways of failing the draft examination—such as confessing drug abuse or homosexual behavior—were effective alternatives to succumbing to the draft, as was seeking sanctuary in Canada or Sweden. After draft eligibility was modified by the use of lottery numbers—to reflect the expected ratio of deaths of draft-eligible to draft-exempt men—the number of those in a given year's group who were actually drafted stabilized at about 25 percent. Thus, out of those theoretically eligible, only one out of four was drafted—and, of that group, 50 percent served elsewhere than Vietnam. Out of the half that served in Vietnam, more than three-fourths helped to comprise the 800,000 men assigned to combat. Thus, being drafted and sent to Vietnam was like the warning: "It *could* be bad for your health."

Drs. Thomas B. Newman, Norman Hearst, and Stephen B. Hulley, in their article "Delayed Effects of the Military Draft on Mortality" in the March 6 issue of the *New England Journal of Medicine*, stated: "If military service (rather than draft eligibility) was the actual risk factor, suicide and death from motor-vehicle accidents would have to have been increased by 86 percent and 53 percent among men who served in the military, to produce the increased risk that we observed among all draft-eligible men. A separate analysis that compared the cause of death in veterans and nonveterans yielded similar estimates: veterans were 65 percent and 49 percent more likely to die from suicide and motor-vehicle accidents, respectively. We conclude that the most likely explanation for these findings is that military service [in Vietnam] caused an increase in subsequent deaths from suicide and motor-vehicle accidents."

These conclusions have produced predictable controversies over the sufficiency and reliability of the data. Much of this reaction is a smoke screen on the part of the government, because it (the Veterans Administration, especially) doesn't know what to do about an increased likelihood of suicide and motor-vehicle accidents involving Vietnam veterans. Also, it calls into question the wisdom of those who chose to use draftees to fight the war in Vietnam rather than call up the Reserves and National Guard units. A similar choice may lie ahead if President Reagan's dire predictions about Central America come to pass.

The article cited above underscores the implications of this choice by saying: "It [the study] identifies a large group of men with an increased risk of premature death, which may be partly preventable. Even more important, it indicates that before sending young men to war, especially one in which they may have experiences similar to those of Vietnam veterans, those who make the decision should weigh all the costs. The casualties of forced military service may not be limited to those that are counted on the battlefield." Nor can today's decision-makers be allowed to duck the long-term choices that must be made in order to rectify the mistakes of the past, which have harmed Vietnam veterans and their families.

There's no doubt that suicide is a final act of desperation. There are many factors to account for an individual taking his own life. Many of these are known, and work is under way by doctors, psychiatrists, and psychologists in the private sector to eliminate them as effective causes. This is appropriate; however, if wartime service is an effective cause in the suicides of Vietnam veterans, there is a responsibility on the part of the U.S. government to seek its elimination as well.—*William R. Corson*

© 1985 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Winston. America's Best.

Excellence.
The best live up to it.

16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

"While exposés about international and domestic terrorism enjoy a current vogue, they (as well as their authors) must be given the closest of scrutiny before their "revelations" are accepted at face value."

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY WILLIAM M. KUNSTLER AND RONALD L. KUBY

William M. Kunstler, vice-president, Center for Constitutional Rights (CCR), and Ronald L. Kuby, a CCR cooperating attorney, together with Yasmin McFarlane Vaughn, represented Gurpartap Singh Birk at his recent trial.

THE SIKH ERROR PLOT

In its April and May issues, *Penthouse* ran a two-part feature article provocatively entitled "The Sikh Terror Plot," by one Frank Camper, identified in trial testimony as a paid FBI informant, who runs a training school for mercenaries in Hueytown, Alabama. In his piece, Camper, who is currently under federal investigation for two car firebombings, offered as his chief villain Gurpartap Singh Birk, a 35-year-old British-educated Sikh who holds a doctorate degree in computer science, and who was a highly paid employee of a New York computer-systems company. As two of Dr. Birk's attorneys, we take this opportunity to demonstrate how Camper misled our client in particular and the worldwide Sikh community in general, as well as *Penthouse* and its many millions of readers.

On June 5, 1984, the Indian Army, in what it labeled "Operation Bluestar," attacked the centuries-old Golden Temple—the Sikh equivalent of the Vatican, located in the Punjab city of Amritsar—killing thousands of visiting pilgrims and destroying the library, which contained the sacred and irreplaceable writings of the religion's prophets. Five months later, in apparent retaliation, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi was shot to death by two of her Sikh bodyguards. As a result, enraged Hindus wantonly murdered thousands of Sikhs in cities such as Calcutta and New Delhi, and burned or otherwise mutilated their bodies.

Like so many of his coreligionists, Dr. Birk was shocked to the core by Operation Bluestar and the unspeakable butchery that followed Mrs. Gandhi's assassination. Much of this rage was directed at her son Rajiv, who, as India's new prime minister, did nothing to stop the savage Hindu attacks on Sikhs that followed his mother's murder. As of this writing, there are violent confrontations daily between adherents of the two faiths in the Punjab, the only Indian state where Sikhs are in the majority and where the nationalist movement for an independent state, to be known as Khalistan, is rapidly gaining significant momentum.

In his article, Camper attempts to show that Dr. Birk, brought to a white-hot fury by the attacks on the Golden Temple and their aftermath, plotted the murder of Mrs. Gandhi's successor son. Fortunately for Birk, the FBI secretly recorded most of his contacts with undercover agent Thomas R. Norris (Camper's "Donnie Morris") and Camper, the tapes of which surveillance decisively prove that many crucial portions of his article are false. On March 20, 1986, a federal jury in Brooklyn, New York, after listening to these conversations,

acquitted Birk of charges that he conspired to kill Rajiv Gandhi during the prime minister's visit to the United States in June 1985, and had tried to hire someone to do the job. Apparently, the prosecutors thought so little of Camper's value as a witness that they did not dare to call him to the stand.

A few choice examples of his duplicity should awaken most readers to the fact that while exposés about international and domestic terrorism enjoy a current vogue, they (as well as their authors) must be given the closest of scrutiny before their "revelations" are accepted at face value. Or, as the judge who presided over Birk's trial told his jury: "We proceed with deliberate speed but with a lot of care and caution, to make sure that in an important affair of this sort you have the best sort of information and consider it in the most careful way."

On January 26, 1985, a meeting set up by Camper took place among Dr. Birk, another Sikh, Norris, and himself in a New York City hotel room. In writing about this meeting, which he misdates, Camper quotes Birk, whom he misnames, as saying that "the biggest bastard of them all, Rajiv," was coming to the United States in June and "we just may have something planned for him in the future." This alleged threat appears nowhere on the FBI tapes of the conversation, and all Birk ever says about Gandhi's expected visit is that he is interested only in mounting "a protest" against it. Although Camper contends in the pages of *Penthouse* that "I had wondered when the talk would come around to Gandhi," the recordings reveal that it was he, not the Sikhs, who first raised the subject.

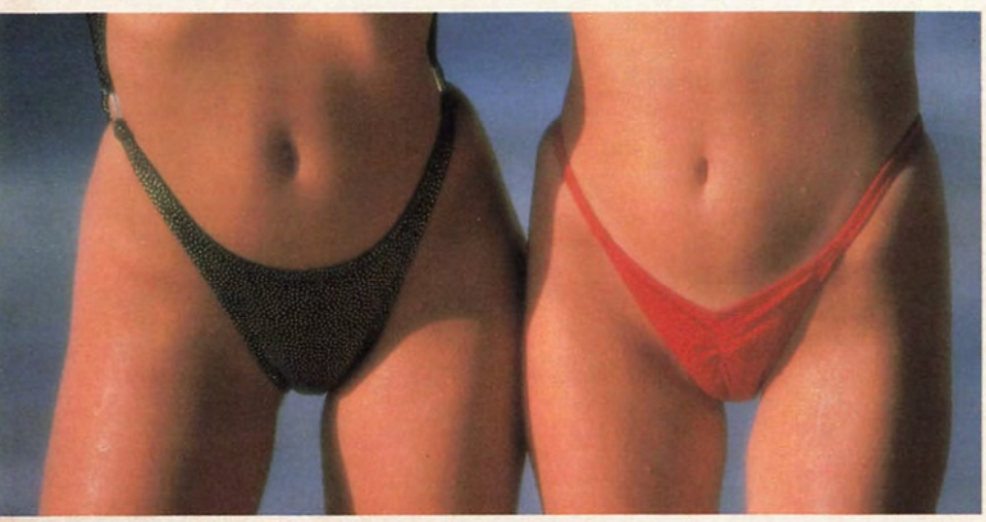
Moreover, it was Camper who, despite his demurrer that the FBI, in order "to avoid entrapping [Birk] wanted all of the motion to come from the Sikhs," suggested that the prime minister's plane might be shot out of the sky with "Chinese shelter-fired ground-air missiles," that there could be "a body snatch with a highly trained prisoner-taking crew," and that Birk consider "going after Rajiv right there in India, going after him personally." To Birk's credit, he turned down all of these outlandish and highly dangerous proposals, insisting that, since Gandhi had been "elected by . . . 85 percent of the votes . . . the minority cannot dictate democracy over there or anywhere."

At a time which he characterizes as "mid-March 1985," Camper recounts that his "FBI control agent, Fox," had telephoned him to inform him that "Birk just told [Norris] that he now had permission to hit Gandhi." Not only does this statement not appear in the tapes or in Norris's trial testimony, but the allegation that the undercover agent had then offered Birk a choice of four assassination methods from which the Sikh had selected one, a "lone gunman, crazy killer," to commit the crime, is absolutely untrue. It was not until more than a month later that Norris proposed his four alternatives, none being accepted by his quarry. Camper's statement that "the deal was made" is not only fabricated but, at Birk's trial, the judge ruled, in dismissing a portion of the murder conspiracy charge, that "it seems to me no reasonable juror could find beyond a reasonable doubt that [during the period described by Camper] an agreement existed among the defendant and the other individuals named in the indictment to kill the prime minister."

Suffice it to say that a great deal of the dialogue reported by Camper finds no support in the actual tapes, their transcripts, and Norris's trial testimony, all of which are matters of public record and can be consulted by interested parties at the office of the United States Attorney for the Eastern District of New York, or at that of the federal court clerk. A perusal of the transcripts will unequivocally reveal a wholly indecent scheme by government agents to provoke a grief-stricken young Sikh into agreeing to the murder of Prime Minister Gandhi, so that he could be prosecuted.

Nor can this indecency be limited to its prime operatives. The President of the United States, shortly before Birk's trial, publicly referred to his case as a shining example of his administration's successful antiterrorist operations, and the director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, on two occasions, echoed this theme. While Birk's acquittal is the final proof of the falsity of the charges against him, he was forced to live under the threat of possible life imprisonment for over a year.

On the other hand, Camper, who has boasted, as reported by the Jackson, Mississippi, *Daily News* on July 3, 1981, that "I'll never fight a war again for patriotism, I'll have to be paid first," has profited handsomely from what is nothing more or less than the attempted barter of the life of a talented and tormented young man. That any civilized society, much less one that professes to give the very highest priority to human rights, should utilize the services of a man like Frank Camper to strike a sham and meaningless blow against "terrorism" is perhaps the most accurate measure of our unfortunate times.



SEALED WITH A KISS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. STEPHEN HICKS

Diane's first memory was of a sound: the waves. Sue's was similar but far more lovely, far more dangerous: desire. Now the rich scents of suntan oils and remembrance intermingle with the wild perfume of the sea. The heat of the tropical sun strikes their bodies, raising temperatures toward passion, and secrets whispered to willing ears lead to a kiss.

The feel of smooth skin and a wetness that comes not from the ocean calls out for more intimate explorations.

It may be called vanity, admiring another's body that is a mirror of one's own. But a child is released when the garments of the city are cast off, and splashing in the surf becomes a child's game again. Affection comes easier to the innocent. A hug and an embrace mean more than words.

" . . . a child is released when the garments of the city are cast off . . . . "

Memories are formed by the sound of sea beating upon the shore, and by the salt-sweet tastes of soft tongues.

The joys of sun and water lead naturally to those of the flesh. Release is intense, sealed with a kiss.

One of America's leading legal scholars and practicing attorneys exposes the Meese Commission as . . .

A 20TH CENTURY INQUISITION

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

I recently testified on behalf of *Penthouse* before the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography, generally referred to as the Meese Commission, in honor of the man who created it and appointed its members. The commission is supposed to be evaluating the "impact of pornography" on society. Its 11 members had listened to hours of testimony about the evils of sexism, sadism, and organized crime, and had heard very little about plain old-fashioned adult erotica. But it was clear that a fair and objective evaluation was only a pretense, at least for most of

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER GUTTMAN

them. There had been no valid scientific evidence offered even suggesting that viewing explicit photographs of adults making love would drive anyone to engage in antisocial conduct. The selection of commissioners and the selection and manipulation of witnesses loaded the dice. With that in mind, I issued a direct challenge to the commission:

"Begin your work in the spirit of our constitutional presumption in favor of freedom of expression and against censorship. Let your first recommendations be to *expand* the orbit of freedom in at least one direction where there is no scientific basis—or indeed even serious claim—of any relationship between expression and violence. *Extend* freedom of expression in the area of nonviolent, nonsexist erotic material explicitly depicting adults making 'normal' love."

I advised the commissioners that by recommending the legalization of a genre of sexual expression now deemed illegal by many states, they would help establish their "credibility as an open and fair-minded commission capable of expanding as well as contracting freedom of expression." I then expressed my own doubts that a majority of the commission was "capable of making any recommendation—no matter how narrow—that would have the effect of *expanding* the area of permissible erotica, regardless of the evidence."

Commission Chairman Henry Hudson, a Virginia prosecutor who specialized in combating obscenity, asked me how I could assume that "we on the commission are probably not free to accept your challenge."

It was the question I was waiting for. I looked across the massive judicial "bench" shared by the 11 commissioners, and told Hudson that I was aware of their backgrounds and "I know who it was that appointed the commission. I simply don't believe that there is a substantial possibility that a majority of this commission will come up with a recommendation that will embarrass the attorney general [and] the President. . . ."

I then asked the commissioners to imagine a press conference at which Attorney General Edwin Meese III congratulated Chairman Henry Hudson for the wonderful job he and his fellow commissioners had done in expanding the availability of adult erotica. "Yes," Meese would say, "I've been wrong about the evils of smut; my president has been wrong. I have made a terrible mistake, but I am a man who learns. . . ." He would then urge the American people to listen to the commission's recommendations about legalizing adult erotica.

Another member of the commission, one who had been questioning me vigorously, interrupted my scenario in midsentence and quipped: "I learn, too, and I am not going to ask you a question ever again." Several of the commissioners and many observers laughed, but an important point had been made. It was clear to everyone that this was a captive commission with very limited freedom to follow the evidence and abide by our constitutional presumptions in favor of maximizing freedom of expression. The commission was going through the motions of trying to look objective, and some members really were trying to be fair, but the majority's direction was preordained. The most that could be expected was a split recommendation or a strong minority statement.

The commission's own charter states that its dual objectives are: 1. "To determine the nature of pornography in the U.S. and its impact on society." 2. "To make specific recommendations to the Attorney General concerning more effective ways in which the spread of pornography could be contained, consistent with constitutional guarantees."

Thus, the express assumptions underlying the commission's work are that it *will* establish the need to contain pornography, and that there *are* ways to do so which are consistent with constitutional guarantees. The attorney general, in this case, imposed an Alice in Wonderland style of justice in which the sentence precedes the trial.

> When the First Amendment loses, we all lose the power to choose. To advocate censorship is to choose not to be able to choose at all.

The desire for the commission to recommend the containment of pornography is also implicit in the attorney general's choice of commissioners, as well as in the commissioners' choice of witnesses. A report by the American Civil Liberties Union documents the fact that, prior to their selection, a clear majority of the commissioners were on record as being in favor of more vigorous efforts to repress sexually explicit material.

When Chairman Hudson was commonwealth's attorney for Arlington, Virginia, he closed all the adult bookstores and theaters and pressured video stores to stop renting X-rated films. Dr. James Dobson, the president of "Focus on the Family," an organization that advocates family and traditional values, has sermonized against "liberal" attitudes and pornography. Father Bruce Ritter, founder of Covenant House, a shelter and counseling service for runaway children, has railed against the evils of the sex industry for more than a decade. Harold "Tex" Lezar proposed numerous law-enforcement initiatives against pornography well before the evidence was completed. Federal District Court Judge Edward Garcia is a former county prosecutor who vigorously sought obscenity convictions. Diane D. Cusack, vice-mayor of Scottsdale, Arizona, recently spoke to a group of antiporn advocates suggesting that they photograph license plates of citizens who patronize adult theaters. Alan Sears, the commission's executive director, is one of the few federal prosecutors who has brought cases against consensual adult pornography in recent years.

The "trial" itself—the testimony of the witnesses—was also stacked heavily against freedom of expression. Of the 208 witnesses, at least 160 advocated greater restriction of sexual expression. The few witnesses who opposed any restrictions were usually called late in the day, after press deadlines had passed. Those witnesses who testified in favor of more censorship were rarely cross-examined, while those who opposed censorship were often grilled mercilessly.

This double standard shone through when former *Penthouse* and *Playboy* models testified. Former *Playboy* Playmate Micki Garcia accused *Playboy* of sexual harassment, prostitution, job discrimination, and an assortment of other crimes, ranging from rape to drug use to murder. It was just what the commission wanted to hear. So, despite the serious nature of her charges and the scant evidence she provided in support of them, she was not vigorously cross-examined.

But when former *Penthouse* Pet Dottie Meyer testified favorably regarding *Penthouse*, the commissioners ripped into her with a vengeance. Meyer explained how she had benefited from her experience as Pet of the Year, how her marriage had been strengthened, and how she had done exactly what she chose to do. This was not what the commissioners wanted to hear, and they launched a well-prepared attack on Ms. Meyer's credibility by questioning information about her that *Penthouse* had published:

"Is it true then that you prefer men who dominate you in bed? . . . And that you are especially attracted to rough and tough men who live dangerously? . . . That you are preoccupied by sex? . . . Do you have a collection of vibrators? . . . You were married for ten years when you posed for the centerfold, but your employer quotes you as saying at that time, 'I want a man who takes over my life and tells me what to do.' And that too was a quotation?"

As the commissioners were shooting these questions, I whispered to her that she had the right to refuse to answer such personal inquiries. But Ms. Meyer wanted to convince the commissioners that her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

BARGAIN OF THE MONTH

NAZI STAFF CAR

1939 HORCH FOR SALE
MODEL 930 V-8 STAFF CAR

99% complete and running, including some very rare parts. A powerful, fast car. Engine and chassis totally rebuilt. Excellent body. Needs tires, top, upholstery and paint. Same model car as used by Goering and Rommel.

WRITE FOR FULL DETAILS
ENCLOSE A STAMPED SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

HORCH
POST OFFICE BOX 298
LAKEVILLE, MN 55044 USA

HIGHS AND LOWS

A London couple got into an argument during their wedding reception and, while 100 shocked guests looked on, announced their plans to divorce immediately afterward. Cause of the divorce was said to be the groom's restarting a relationship with a former girlfriend during the reception.

A Turkish Islamic leader published a two-volume guide called *Sexual Life According to Islam*, in which he argued that the only women who deserve to go to heaven are those who "say that they will not go to sleep until they satisfy their husbands." Authorities banned the book.

BORN AGAIN

Religious fundamentalists in Missouri pressured a state senate committee to change the number of Bill 666 on the grounds that three sixes represent the "mark of Satan."

ONE FOR THE ROAD

Bars in Denmark are now serving the "world's most horrible drink": the Ugly Bugly. It consists of schnapps, banana liqueur, egg liqueur, blue curaçao, salt, Tabasco, a cocktail cherry, and a pickled onion, topped with a sprinkling of gold glitter. Patrons who order the drink also receive three strokes of a whip on their bare backside, on the grounds that anyone who orders such a horrible drink deserves to be punished.

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

WORST NEW PRODUCTS

An Oakland mortician has proposed a new style of drive in funeral home in which mourners could drive past a picture window where the deceased is lying in state. The mortician said the plan would benefit mourners who don't want to dress up for funerals.

GOOD OL' BOYS

A new nightclub in Houston, Texas, based on the movie *Rambo*, features a grenade launcher as a ceiling decoration, a jeep with a mounted .50-caliber machine gun parked outside to intimidate illegal parkers, sandbagged bunkers for drinkers, and waitresses wearing bandoliers of ammunition. The club also features "rude salutes" to the Soviet Union, Cuba, and Nicaragua.

BY THE BY

Following a news story on a suicide-prevention program, a Chicago television news anchor commented, "If you blow your brains out, you pretty much have had it."

ALIEN ENCOUNTERS

For reasons which he later professed not to understand, convicted cult murderer Charles Manson lost his bid for freedom when he appeared before the parole board with a long gray beard and a swastika drawn on his forehead, and stated that he spends most of his time making scorpion dolls.

A PLACE IN THE SUN

The Caribbean nation of St. Vincent produced a series of postage stamps dedicated to "leaders of the world." The series includes stamps showing Elvis Presley, Michael Jackson, and a 1963 Buick Riviera.

DOG DAY AFTERNOON

A bank robber in Raleigh, North Carolina, handed the teller a note demanding he hand over all the money. The teller calmly wrote on the back of the note, "Have you got anything to put it in?" The robber thought a moment, shook his head no, then walked out of the bank.

IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO

A Winnipeg, Manitoba, man was arrested for taking part in an indecent performance with a stripper who took off his glasses, rubbed them on her genitals, then hid them. Police caught him trying to retrieve the glasses from between her buttocks.

Television viewers in censorship ridden South Africa were startled to see, during a nightly newscast, a ten-second sequence of a man and a woman engaged in sexual intercourse. Station officials later explained that a technician had mistakenly substituted a tape from his personal pornography collection for a news clip.

FRAILTIES AND FOIBLES

A blind man, armed only with his cane, attempted to hold up a bank in London. He was caught after smashing into the bank's glass doors.

MOVABLE FEASTS

Restaurant critic and novelist Gael Greene has completed a guidebook to sex in which she recommends 15-minute suppers to be eaten before sex and ice cream afterward. The book also includes suggestions for snacks during the act itself.

SPICE OF LIFE

A Pennsylvania woman whose jaw was broken in an automobile accident sued the other driver on the grounds that the injury diminished her ability to enjoy oral sex with her husband.

KNOCK ON WOOD

Two Colombian cocaine dealers, informed that a radio station disc jockey wanted to buy a large quantity of the drug, walked into a Hackensack, New Jersey, building that had a large antenna on its roof, plunked down 2.2 pounds of cocaine on a desk, and demanded that the man sitting there pay them $34,000. It turned out that the building was the headquarters for the New Jersey State Police. (From Keith J. Smedley, Williamstown, N.J.)

BAD KARMA

Secret Service agents revealed that their radio communications code name for Vice President George Bush is "Mr. Potato Head."

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"My notion of a wife at 40 is that a man should be able to change her, like a bank note, for two twenties."

—Warren Beatty

OUR NATION'S JUDGES AT WORK

A Washington State judge was charged with misconduct after he told one woman lawyer, "I'd like to jump on your bones," and ordered another, "Come into my chamber and take your clothes off." The judge was also accused of getting down on his knees in front of a female intern and telling her that he had not been able to stop thinking about her ever since he saw her bare breasts.

A Philadelphia judge refused to convict an accused rapist on the grounds that the alleged victim was "the ugliest girl I have ever seen."

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Dreams & Diversions" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Dreams & Diversions, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

account was true. She answered every question with dignity and candor.

Perhaps the most disturbing aspect of the commission's public hearings was the pathetic parade of victims, perpetrators, and policemen. They were certain that it was the "devil porn" that turned good boys into crazed rapists, and the commission made sure that this belief would come through loud and clear in the public record. Commission investigators drafted the testimony for some victim witnesses and *helped* some perpetrators draw a relationship between their perversions and smut by asking such leading questions as: "Do you think there came a time in your life when you were almost obsessed with the consumption of pornography?" (The themes of obsession, addiction, and compulsion recurred throughout the hearings, though the evidence was nearly all anecdotal.) Nor was there a minority counsel—or commission member—who objected to such biased questioning of the witnesses.

All in all, the hearings were a mockery of both social-science and constitutional principles. The methodology employed by the commissioners violated several cardinal rules of social-science research. For example, before any scientific relationship can be established between a genre of expression and particular conduct, both the expression and the conduct must be defined with specificity and certainty. A careful, precise definition of "pornography" and criminal or deviant behavior prevents these terms from being expanded, contracted, or changed to fit the emerging data. Moreover, the definition of pornography (the alleged criminogenic expression to be evaluated) must be singular and not multiple, so that the commissioners can test its various factors and determine which, if any, of the factors may be related to criminal behavior.

But the commission's definition of pornography is so vague, so multifaceted and so capable of being expanded and contracted that it would be virtually impossible to design a scientifically valid experiment to determine its relationship to any such behavior. The definition first requires that the *motive* of the writer, artist, photographer, or publisher be discerned; the material must be "*designed* to be sexually arousing." It then establishes six independent, though overlapping, subcategories of pornographic portrayal: children, pain, humiliation, sexual abuse, sexual conduct, and sexual organs. Finally, it requires that such portrayals be "a dominant theme" in the work.

It would be difficult to conduct a valid experiment on *any one* of these vague categories. When they are all thrown together into one general category called "pornography," the task becomes impossible. Even if it could be shown that pornography so defined did have a relationship to certain kinds of behavior, we could not determine which of the six contributed most, least, or at all.

The dangers of testing such a broadly defined concept are obvious. Let's say a Communist government set out to prove the evils of pornography. But pursuant to its atheistic orientation, it included in its definition of pornography "portrayals of sex and violence in the Bible." If their research did establish a relationship between "pornography" and crime, could it then be argued that the Bible contributes to crime? Of course not. The point is that it is always possible to smuggle a particular category of expression into a broad definition and then burden it with the baggage carried by other categories. (Sex-education textbooks, birth-control literature, and gay magazines are other examples of controversial portrayals that could easily be smuggled into a broad definition of pornography.)

> The commission's double standard shone through when former *Penthouse* and *Playboy* models testified about their experiences.

Thus, even if the commission were to conclude that pornography, as it has chosen to define it, does contribute to violent crime or any other evil, that conclusion would be worth very little unless the commission were able to relate the evil to specific, carefully delineated and defined subcategories of expression (such as violent pornography or child pornography). But its working definition is too inclusive and multifaceted to permit any such delineation.

Another important principle of social-science research which the commission has chosen to ignore is the elementary rule of causation and prediction. In order to derive any meaningful association between a genre of expression and a particular activity, it must be proven that a significant percentage of those who engaged in the behavior were exposed to the expression, and that a significant percentage of those who were exposed to the expression went on to engage in the behavior. For example, a close association between inner-city heroin addiction and acquisitive crime has been established because: 1. A significant proportion of inner-city acquisitive crime is committed by heroin addicts; *and* 2. The vast majority of inner-city heroin addicts commit acquisitive crime. But far less of an association between poverty and acquisitive crime has been established since, although a significant proportion of acquisitive crime *is* committed by poor people, the vast majority *do not* engage in acquisitive crime.

To demonstrate the application of this rule in the context of the commission's work, let us hypothesize the absurd conclusion that every single rapist in America had previously read a particular erotic magazine. We could then say that 100 percent of the rapes were preceded by exposure to that particular form of expression. We would still have to determine what proportion of readers of that magazine went out and committed rapes. According to the 1984 figures, approximately 99.97 percent of the readers of the country's two most popular erotic magazines did not commit rapes. (That would make the readers of these magazines purer than Ivory soap!) The fact that three out of 10,000 readers *may* have committed rapes—and the actual figures are almost certainly much lower—can be put into some perspective when compared to the percentage of churchgoers, Republicans, college fraternity brothers, musicians, or members of other categories who committed rapes in 1984.

There is simply no support for the proposition that any more than a random number of persons exposed to erotica—pornography, by the commission's definition—have engaged in sexual violence. Indeed, there is at least as much evidence suggesting an inverse relationship between erotica and sexual violence as there is to suggest a direct relationship. For example, several countries without censorship have far lower rates of sexual violence than countries that do censor pornography. Indeed, there is evidence of some reduction in sexual violence in several countries after legalization of pornography. Moreover, some groups that are not attracted to pornography seem to have higher rates of sexual violence than other groups that are.

This is not to suggest that there is, in fact, a negative correlation, or that pornography *causes* a reduction in sexual violence. What it does suggest is the difficulty of establishing any causal relationship—positive or negative—between pornography and sexual violence. That difficulty has been turned into a scientific impossibility by the failure of this commission to comply with the most basic rules for evaluating empirical research. The commission didn't do much better with the guidelines governing our legal approach to freedom of expression.

In our legal system, there is at least a very strong presumption that a particular form of expression is protected by the First Amendment unless that presumption can be overcome by clear and con-

A $10,000 Challenge To Escort

Let's cut through the Radar Detector Glut. We challenge Escort to a one on one Distance and Falsing 'duel to the death' on the highway of their choice. If they win, the $10,000 check pictured below is theirs.

By Drew Kaplan

We've put up our $10,000. We challenge Escort to take on Maxon's new Dual Superheterodyne RD-1 $99.90 radar detector on the road of their choice in a one on one conflict.

Even Escort says that everyone compares themselves to Escort, and they're right. They were the first in 1978 to use superheterodyne circuits and they've got a virtual stranglehold on the magazine test reports.

But, the real question today is: 1) How many feet of sensing difference, if any, is there between this top of the line Maxon Detector and Escort's? And 2) Which unit is more accurate at interpreting real radar versus false signals?

So Escort, you pick the road (continental U.S. please). You pick the equipment to create the false signals. And finally, you pick the radar gun.

Maxon and DAK will come to your highway with engineers and equipment to verify the results. And oh yes, we'll have the $10,000 check (pictured) to hand over if you beat us by more than 10 feet in either X or K band detection.

BOB SAYS MAXON IS BETTER

Here's how it started. Maxon is a mammoth electronics prime manufacturer. They actually make all types of sophisticated electronic products for some of the biggest U.S. Electronics Companies. (No, they don't make Escort's).

Bob Thetford, the president of Maxon Systems Inc., and a friend of mine, was explaining their new RD-1 anti-falsing **Dual** Superheterodyne Radar detector to me. I said "You know Bob, I think Escort really has the market locked up." He said, "Our new design can beat theirs".

So, since I've never been one to be in second place, I said, "Would you bet $10,000 that you can beat Escort?" And, as they say, the rest is history.

By the way, Bob is about 6'9" tall, so if we can't beat Escort, we can sure scare the you know what out of them. But, Bob and his engineers are deadly serious about this 'duel'. And you can bet that our $10,000 is serious.

We ask only the following. 1) The public be invited to watch. 2) Maxon's Engineers as well as Escort's check the radar gun and monitor the test and the results.

3) The same car be used in both tests. 4) We do this test during the summer when it's warm. (I'm from California, and anything below 80° will do me in.)

5) We'd like an answer from Escort no later than June 1, 1986 and 30 days notice of the time and place of the conflict. And, 6) We'd like them to come with a $10,000 check made out to DAK if we win.

SO,WHAT'S DUAL SUPERHETERODYNE?

Ok, so far we've set up the conflict. Now let me tell you about the new dual superheterodyne technology that lets Maxon leap ahead of the pack.

It's a technology that tests each suspected radar signal 4 separate times before it notifies you, and yet it explodes into action in just 1/4 of one second.

Just imagine the sophistication of a device that can test a signal 4 times in less than 1/4 of one second. Maxon's technology is mind boggling.

But, using it isn't. This long range detector has all the bells and whistles. It has a separate audible sound for X and K radar signals because you've only got about 1/3 the time to react with K band.

There's a 10 step LED Bar Graph Meter to accurately show the radar signal's strength. And, you won't have to look at a needle in a meter. You can see the Bar Graph Meter with your peripheral vision and keep your eyes on the road and put your foot on the brake.

So, just turn on the Power/Volume knob, clip it to your visor or put it on your dash. Then plug in its cigarette lighter cord and you're protected.

And you'll have a very high level of protection. Maxon's Dual Conversion Scanning Superheterodyne circuitry combined with its ridge guide wideband horn internal antenna, really ferrets out radar signals.

By the way Escort, we'll be happy to have our test around a bend in the road or over a hill. Maxon's detector really picks up 'ambush type' radar signals.

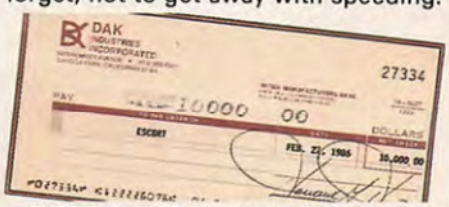
And the key word is 'radar', not trash signals. The 4 test check system that operates in 1/4 second gives you extremely high protection from signals from other detectors, intrusion systems and garage door openers.

So, when the lights and X or K band sounds explode into action, take care, there's very likely police radar nearby. You'll have full volume control, and a City/Highway button reduces the less important X band reception in the city.

Maxon's long range detector comes complete with a visor clip, hook and loop dash board mounting, and the power cord cigarette adaptor.

It's much smaller than Escort at just 3½" Wide, 4¾" deep and 1½" high. It's backed by Maxon's standard limited warranty. Note from Drew: 1) Use of radar detectors is illegal in some states.

2) Speeding is dangerous. Use this detector to help keep you safe when you forget, not to get away with speeding.



CHECK OUT RADAR YOURSELF RISK FREE

Put this detector on your visor. When it sounds, look around for the police. There's a good chance you'll be saving money in fines and higher insurance rates. And, if you slow down, you may even save lives.

If you aren't 100% satisfied, simply return it in its original box within 30 days for a courteous refund.

To get your Maxon, Dual Superheterodyne, Anti-Falsing Radar Detector risk free with your credit card, call toll free or send your check for just **$99.90** ($4 P&H). Order No. 4407. CA res add tax.

OK Escort, it's up to you. We've got $10,000 that says you can't beat Maxon on the road. Your answer, please?

Escort is a registered trademark of Cincinnati Microwave.

DAK INDUSTRIES INCORPORATED Dept. PH37

TOLL-FREE ORDER LINE

For credit card orders call 24 hours a day 7 days a week

CALL TOLL-FREE. . .1-800-325-0800

8200 Remmet Ave., Canoga Park, CA 91304

vincing evidence of serious harm. This proposition was best articulated by our Supreme Court in the 1949 case of *Terminiello* v. *Chicago:*

"[A] function of free speech under our system of government is to invite dispute. It may indeed best serve its high purpose when it induces a condition of unrest . . . or even stirs people to anger. . . . That is why freedom of speech . . . [is] protected against censorship or punishment, unless shown likely to produce a clear and present danger of a serious substantive evil that rises far above public inconvenience, annoyance or unrest."

The fact that some people may be offended by a particular expression should not, by itself, give the state the power to prevent other adults from reading, seeing, or listening to that expression, so long as they do not thrust it upon unwilling recipients or make it available to children. As Justice John Harlan, himself a great conservative and somewhat puritanical, once put it: "[I]t is . . . often true that one man's vulgarity is another's lyric. Indeed, we think it is largely because government officials cannot make principled distinctions in this area that the Constitution leaves matters of taste and style so largely to the individual."

Nor should erotic material be banned simply because it may be "sexually arousing" (to quote from the commission's working definition of pornography). In a case decided just last year, the Supreme Court struck down a portion of a Washington State law that would have banned material that provoked "normal, healthy sexual desires." The court ruled that the First Amendment protects erotic material which "does no more than arouse 'good, old-fashioned, healthy' interest in sex." It is as American as apple pie to be sexually aroused, and it is equally proper for a writer or photographer to design "expression to be sexually arousing."

Finally, if there has been one fixed star in our constitutional constellation, it is that no expression may be banned on the ground that it affects *attitudes* in a negative way. It is a primary function of free expression to affect attitudes without governmental control. The Supreme Court made this clear when it reversed New York State's attempt to ban the movie version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* on the ground that it presented adultery in a favorable manner: "What New York has done, therefore, is to prevent the exhibition of a motion picture because that picture advocates an idea—that adultery under certain circumstances may be proper behavior. Yet the First Amendment's basic guarantee is of freedom to advocate ideas. The State, quite simply, has thus struck at the very heart of constitutionally protected liberty."

Yet this "very heart of constitutionally protected liberty" seems to have been forgotten by some members of the commission. I quote one of them: "If an *attitude* is deeply ingrained, then behavior *will* be affected. We have to be concerned about attitudes. If attitudes toward marriage are being affected by pornography which says that extramarital and premarital sex is [all right], then we have there a major attack on the core institution of our nation—the family."

If members of the commission believe that pornography promotes bad ideas or attitudes, then they are making the strongest argument for its constitutional protection. If anyone disagrees with those ideas, they should try to answer them. They should enter the competition in the marketplace of ideas. But they should not close down other stalls that are selling different ideas. That is not our way.

I hope the American public will realize the dangers of government censorship. Once the door is opened to censorship, it will be difficult to control. Deep down, everyone would like to censor something. Many Jews believe that swastika-wearing Nazis should be prevented from marching through neighborhoods of concentration-camp survivors. Some blacks would like to ban books such as *Little Black Sambo* and *Huckleberry Finn,* which present offensive racial stereotypes. Gays disapprove of films that project a negative image of homosexuality. If the government is to ban one, it will eventually ban all. If it is to refuse to ban all, it must refuse to ban any.

If feminists succeeded in banning material offensive to them, then fundamentalists would surely succeed in banning material offensive to *them.* The choice is between a society in which everyone must tolerate some offensiveness, or a society that permits only expression that is offensive to no one.

A few years ago, a feminist instructor at Harvard tried to have *Playboy* removed from the library because she was offended by it. Imagine a university library after every instructor removed whatever he or she found offensive. The building could be converted to squash courts, and the few remaining books and magazines stored in some file cabinets.

It is no victory when the Left succeeds in banning something conservative in reaction to the Right's success in banning something liberal. Every time either the Right or the Left achieves this kind of "victory," the First Amendment is the loser. And when the First Amendment loses, we all lose the power to choose. To advocate censorship is to choose not to be able to choose at all.

The Meese Commission reflects the Reagan administration's basic distrust of the freedom of the American people to choose what they wish to read, see, hear, and believe. It is a late-twentieth-century version of the sixteenth-century Inquisition. Yesterday the "devil" was those religious views that the Church considered to be nonconformist. Today the devil is what a commission defines as porn. The victims are always the same: human dignity, freedom of choice, and the right to be different.

FROM THE EROTIC TO THE EXOTIC

NEWLOOK

A MAGAZINE WITH A DIFFERENT VIEW.

Through the lenses of the world's greatest photographers and photojournalists NEWLOOK shows you the most bizarre, unusual photographs seen in any magazine—giving you a different look at the often overlooked.

Each and every issue is as colorful, fascinating, interesting and varied as life itself.

Sensuality, sports, technology, art, food, the past, the present, the future, you'll find it all between the glowing pages of NEWLOOK.

Open the pages of NEWLOOK and you'll—

- Uncover NEWPLEASURES
- Meet NEWPEOPLE
- Explore NEWPLACES
- Discover NEWVIEWS

To help us celebrate our first anniversary, we invite you to have NEWLOOK delivered to your door 12 times a year for $30—a $12.00 savings off the newsstand price.

Just fill out and mail the attached coupon or card and begin enjoying NEWLOOK, the new kind of magazine for the new kind of reader—YOU!

NEWLOOK Magazine P.O. Box 44000 Bergenfield, NJ 07621

YES, I want a different view of life. Send me a year of NEWLOOK.

Name _____ Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

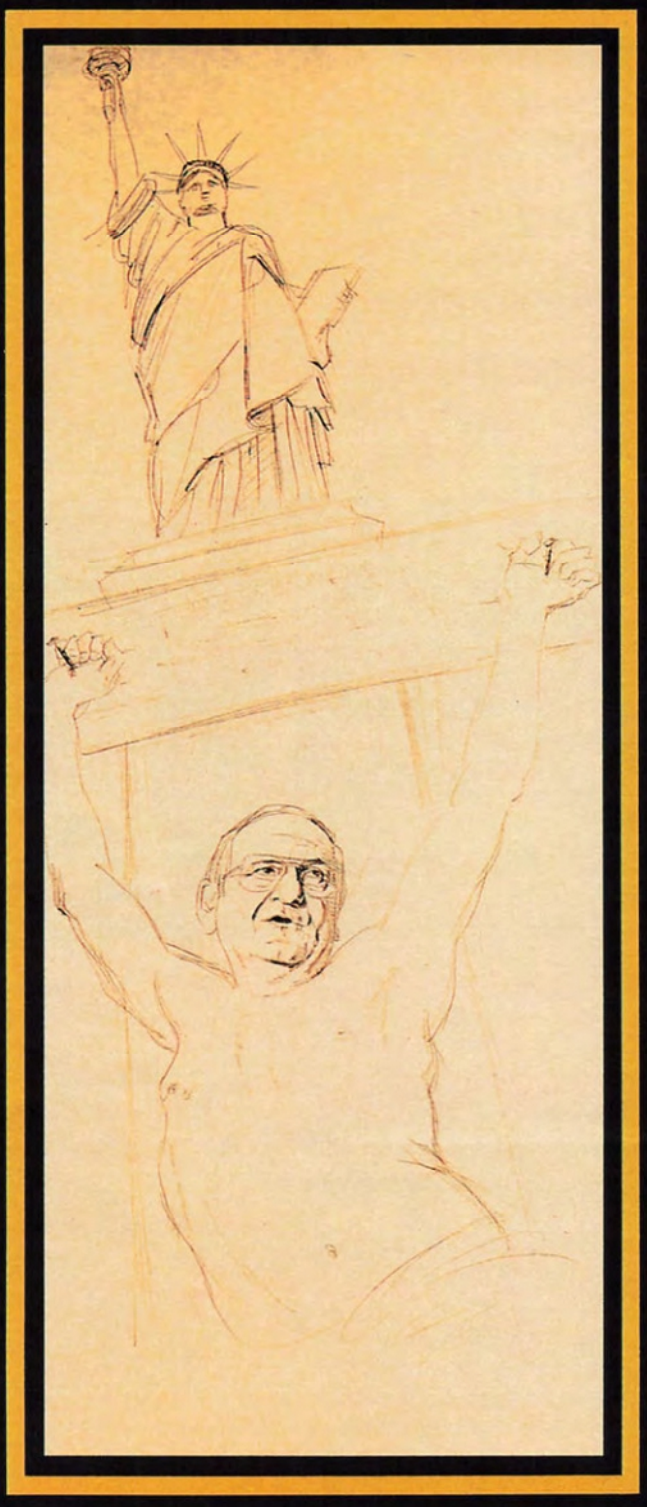
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Money Order enclosed ☐ VISA Exp. date _____

☐ Mastercard-Interbank # _____ Acct. # _____

Credit card holders call toll-free: 1-800-341-7378. In Iowa call: 1-800-233-4692.

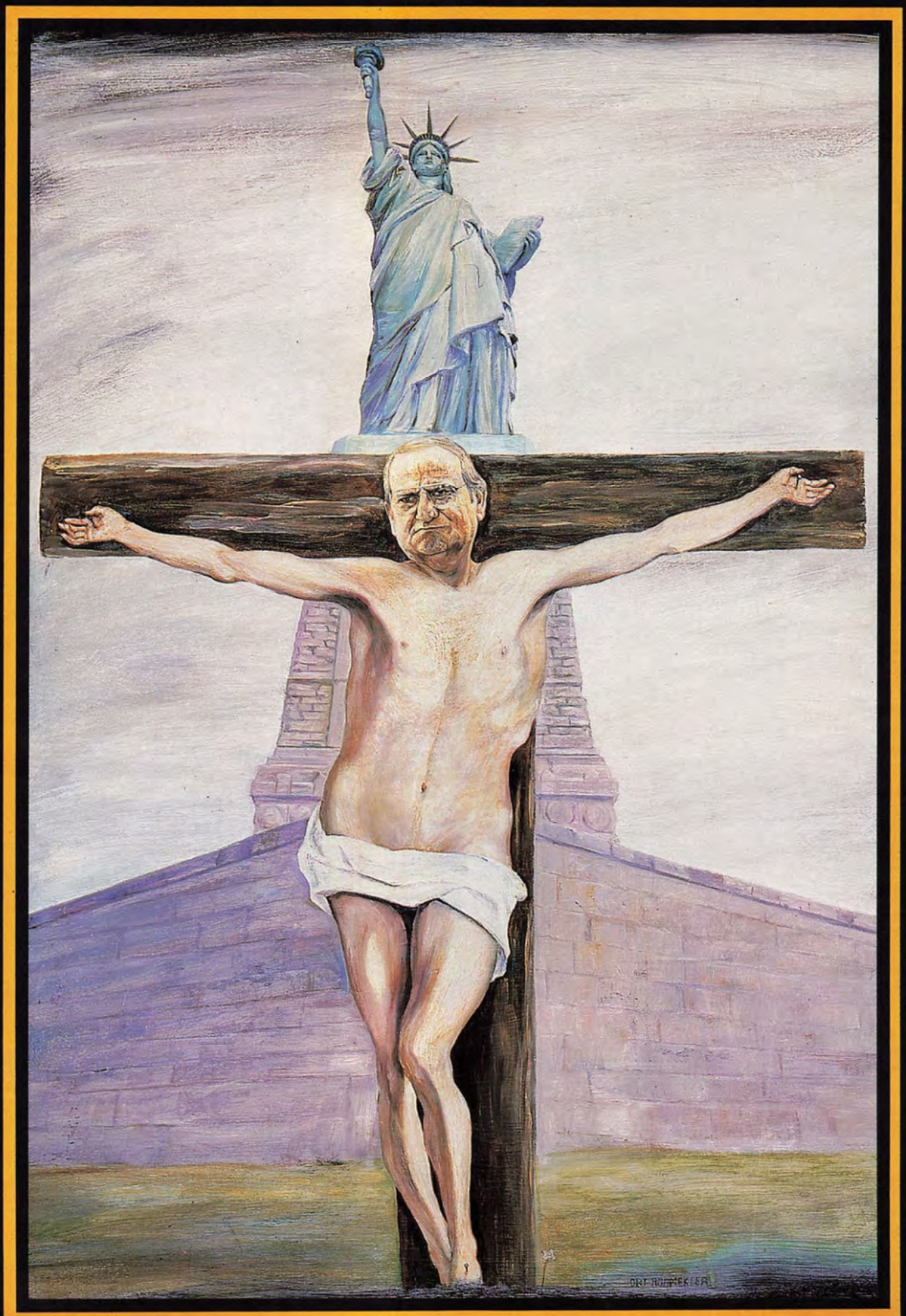
Payment must accompany order in U.S. currency. Rates for U.S., APO, and FP address Only. Elsewhere $40 for 1 year.

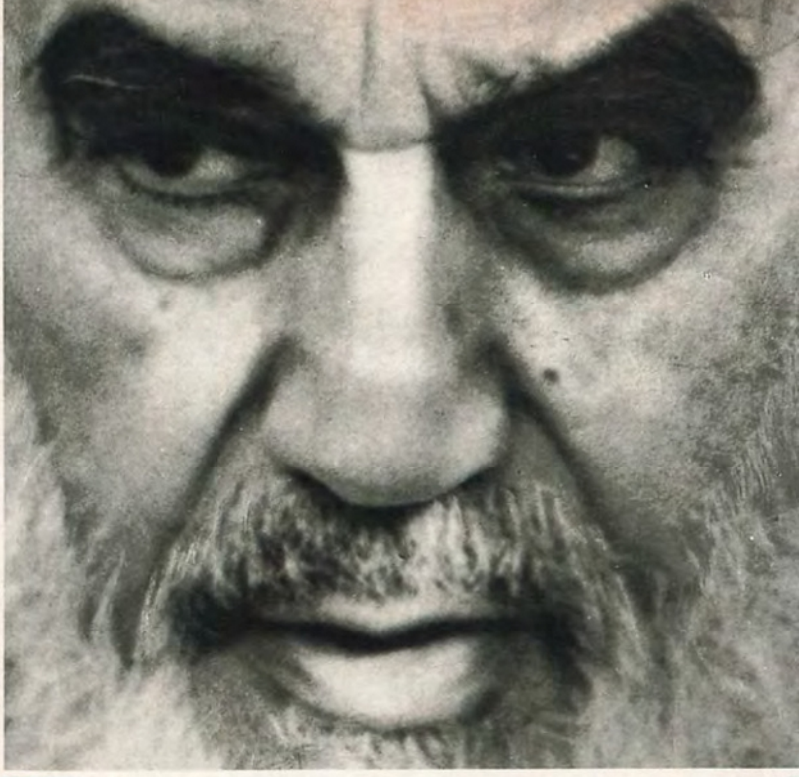
HWDN

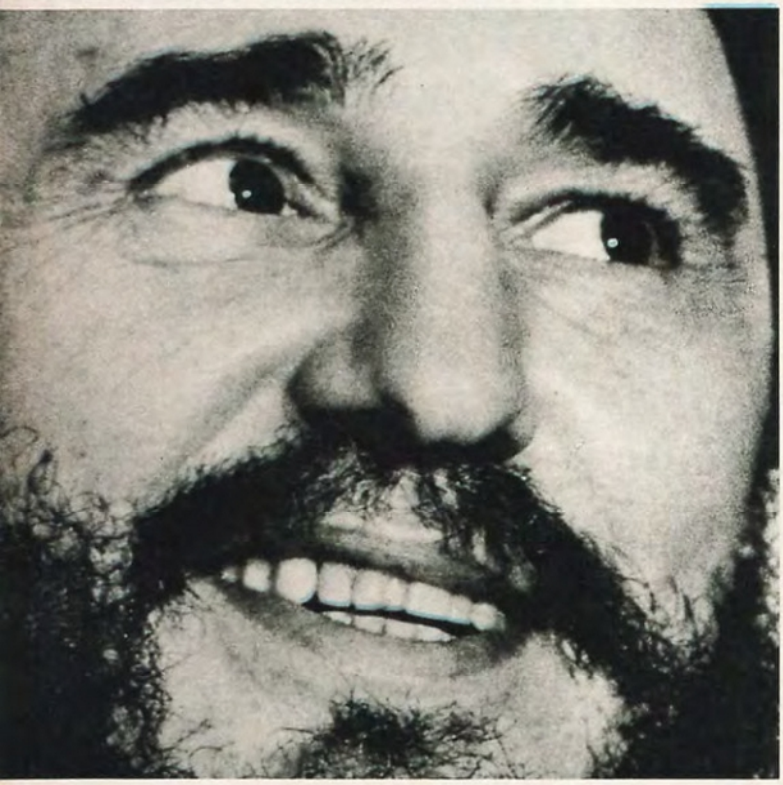


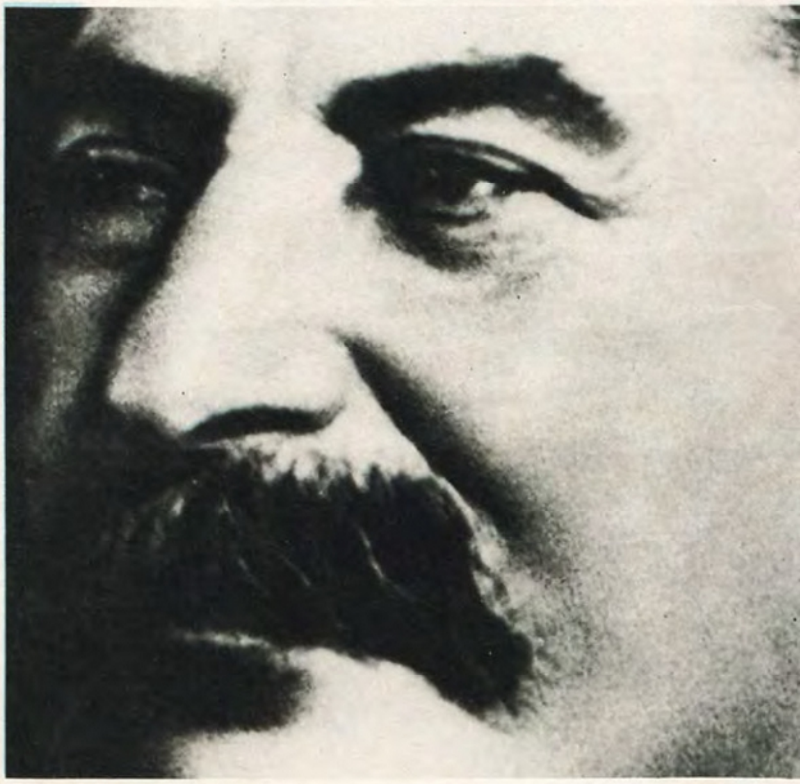
HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 39

Why does Reagan have such a perverse ardor
To make easy things always seem harder?
Instead of joining the cheers
For Liberty's Man of the Year
He's managed to make him a martyr!









THE EXPERTS AGREE THAT CENSORSHIP WORKS

The experts have always agreed that censorship is the single best way to promote agreement on an idea. Even on a bad idea. Censorship worked in Nazi Germany, and censorship works today in Iran, Cuba and the Soviet Union.

Today, a few so-called "decency" groups are trying to make censorship work in America. These people feel that if you aren't allowed to watch "dangerous" television programs like "Mash" and "The Day After," or read "immoral" magazines like *Ms.* and *Penthouse* or books like *Ulysses* and *Huckleberry Finn*, our nation will be a better place.

Fortunately, in America you don't have to trust your freedom to "experts." You have the freedom to say <u>No</u> to censorship. Say it today—tomorrow may be too late.

Freedom is everybody's business.

This message is sponsored by Penthouse Magazine.

ED MEESE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

Levine was astounded. She saw no way the panel could wrap so quickly. Along with Professor Schauer, she pleaded with Hudson to get more money from Meese. Henry promised to do what he could.

But the chairman was not going to make waves. An admiring President had nominated him to be the next U.S. attorney from the Eastern District of Virginia.

EPILOGUE: THE 1970 COMMISSIONER

Dr. Morris Lipton is one of the experts who brought us the 1970 presidential report that dared to urge the repeal of obscenity laws. Then as now, this research psychiatrist labors at the University of North Carolina Medical School, where he will attain emeritus status next year.

Tales of the odd practices of the Meese Commission have reached his ear in Chapel Hill. He refrains from taking a poke at his successors before reading the final report, but he knows which way the wind is blowing.

"My concern is that science not be perverted in the service of politics," he said through a film of cigarette smoke. "If they have scientific evidence that significant numbers of adults are damaged by pornography, then do away with it. We could not find evidence like that in 1970. Maybe they have it now."

To this day, Dr. Lipton cannot fathom why he was drafted in 1970. His specialties were mental retardation and mental illness. Nevertheless, he devoted 1,000-plus hours to the task as a member of the effects panel.

His team set out to test the notion of satiation to pornography. He got 23 male undergraduates to spend time in a room, 90 minutes a day, five days a week, for three weeks. The students could do anything except homework or fall asleep. For their diversion, Dr. Lipton provided a filing cabinet with four drawers containing (1) porn movies, (2) porn still photos, (3) porn books, and (4) old copies of popular magazines. Urine specimens were taken before and after each session and measured for a telltale enzyme in prostatic fluid that flows during sexual arousal.

"We found quick satiation," Dr. Lipton said. "After a day, they were looking at *Popular Mechanics*. The only antisocial effect was that they borrowed the movies to show back in their dorms."

Although Dr. Lipton is the kind of commissioner that the Meese gang loves to hate, his fairness is indisputable. Personally, he would prefer the disappearance of dirty pictures. In fact, he expressed regret in the 1970 report that pornography was not nailed:

"We would have welcomed evidence relating exposure to erotica to delinquency, crime, and antisocial behavior, for if such evidence existed we might have a simple solution to some of our most urgent problems. However, the work of the commission has failed to uncover such evidence. Although the many and varied studies contracted for by the commission may have flaws, they are remarkably uniform in the direction in which they point. This direction fails to establish a meaningful causal relationship or even significant correlation between exposure to erotica and immediate or delayed antisocial behavior among adults. To assert the contrary from the available evidence is not only to deny the facts, but also to delude the public by offering a spurious and simplistic answer to highly complex problems."

Although Dr. Lipton concedes that some people are damaged by exposure, he also blames chocolate for causing severe allergic reactions, even death. "We can't protect every individual from every stimulus," he said. "Given the major issues of the day, pornography is a trivial issue."

A week later, Dr. Lipton telephoned our office in New York. He had an interesting quote to read.

"Here it is," he said. " 'The life of the people must be freed from the asphyxiating perfume of our modern eroticism, as it must be from unmanly and prudish refusal to face facts. In all of these things the aim and the method must be governed by the thought of preserving our nation's health in body and soul. The right to personal freedom comes second in importance to the duty of maintaining the race.' Who do you think wrote that?"

"Ed Meese?"

"No, it was Adolf Hitler in *Mein Kampf*."

7 reasons why 7 condoms are used every second in the U.S.

1. **Condoms** are considered one of the most effective methods of birth control ever developed.
2. **Condoms**, when properly used, are the only contraceptive that aids in reducing the risk of spreading many sexually transmitted diseases, *including herpes.*
3. **Condoms**, because of this dual preventative role described in reasons one and two—actually enhance lovemaking.
4. **Condoms** are easy to buy at pharmacies everywhere.
5. **Condoms** are ultra-thin and available with a variety of features for comfort, stimulation, safety, sensitivity and satisfaction.
6. **Condoms** are virtually free of side effects.
7. **Condoms** provide pleasure and protection—for both men *and* women.

Trojan.® America's leading brand of condoms. Trojan is the brand trusted by today's sophisticated buyer. More Trojan condoms are used than any other brand. Look for the Trojan brand display wherever condoms are sold.

While no contraceptive provides 100% protection, Trojan brand condoms, when properly used, can aid in the prevention of pregnancy. Trojan brand condoms, when properly used, can also aid in reducing the risk of spreading many sexually transmitted diseases ("STDs"). Many public health authorities and private physicians now feel that condoms, when properly used, aid in preventing the transmission of Herpes of the penis, cervix and vagina.

© 1986 Carter-Wallace, Inc.

THE ZOO

A CARTOON FEATURE BY
"WILD" BILL LEE

IF YOU SUCK ON THEM THEY LAST LONGER.
MS. DETWHEILER, SEND IN SPARROW FROM ACCOUNTING.

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

in my early thirties, quite athletic, and in good physical shape. I am usually told that I am good-looking and have a great personality. It seems that the fact that I have never had any difficulty attracting and dealing with women is at the root of my problem.

I am employed in a medium-size professional firm in a major midwestern city. There is a ratio of three women to one man in my firm. They're a good-looking and intelligent group of women, far above average. The possibilities for my advancement within the firm are very good. All things considered, it should be obvious that I love my job. So, you might ask, what's the problem?

Well, I moved to this city two years ago from the Southwest and left behind what I thought was a good reputation and no bridges burned. The problem is that my reputation was evidently too good! While with my previous employer, I maintained an intimate relationship with two lovely women. It was one of those seemingly ideal situations in which each woman was aware of the other and, in fact, were good friends. In both cases the time spent in and out of bed was extremely enjoyable and left us all very fulfilled.

When I left the area we parted as friends, and we still correspond frequently. About nine months ago, the twin sister of one of my past lovers moved into the town where I now live and started working with our firm. She is married, has two kids, and has fit into our office very well. She has become friends with many of the women in the office and evidently has confided in most of them.

For the past three months I have been deluged with very well-thought-out propositions from several of my fellow female employees. The twin sister asked me to join her for lunch the other day and informed me that she and her sister had no secrets from each other. She told me that she knew that I was well endowed, very tender and loving, discreet, and, in short, knew how to please a woman. She continued to explain that she and a number of others would very much like to have relationships with me, all of which would be very discreet. Wow! She went on to tell me that they all felt it was very apparent that I was a liberal thinker and that I had no special woman who would preclude me from enjoying the pleasures of these relationships.

Now don't get me wrong. The idea of a harem of this type, while offering the possibility of frequent exhaustion, still makes one's mind race with excitement. I am, however, well aware of the fact that a situation like this could be more lethal than a nuclear blast, even if it weren't drawing its players from within the hallowed halls of my office. Well, like I said previously, I love my job and I'm not ready to commit sexual hara-kiri. I informed the twin, and subsequently six other volunteers, that I was not interested, but so far they haven't given up. Work has become a fine blend of seduction and harassment. If one of them isn't bending low to show me her cleavage, then she's finding an excuse to sit near me and let her skirt hike up to expose garter straps, lace panties, or even, in a couple of cases, views which make me privy to certain information only their hairdresser would know for sure.

Not only am I straining the limits of my trousers and determination, but it's getting embarrassing. The other day I was with a client when one of the women did a low bow, exposing her large, lovely, unencumbered breasts with their erect nipples. Then she stood up, looked straight into my eyes, and proceeded to slowly, and seductively, run her tongue across her lips. She left little to the imagination. My client, a family-minded businessman, witnessed the whole episode from his vantage point, and I spent the rest of the afternoon trying to assure him of my complete innocence and reestablish his personal confidence in me.

> When he couldn't take it anymore, he took hold of one of my feet and kissed my toes, sending a tickling sensation up between my legs.

Xaviera, help! In this day and age, how does a man humbly and quietly beg off an invitation to his own personal paradise? I'm having a hell of a time keeping my mind on work, and it's getting to the point where I don't even look forward to coming to work anymore. What should I do about this?—E. S.

Although cases of successful legal action for sexual harassment have been brought by men against women, I do not recommend this as an alternative for you. There are many women in the world today who believe that the only purpose for which a good-looking, intelligent male can be used is as a plaything for one or more women. You are clearly the kind of man who actively contributes to this belief. Your desire (which is diametrically opposed to what most men want) is to become less attractive to the opposite sex.

There is one easy answer to your problem: Get yourself castrated before one of those bossy ball-busters does it for you. If you are not prepared to go as far as surgery, you had better do something about your appearance. You could shave off most of your hair and wear a badly matched toupee. With a pair of granny glasses and an obvious hearing aid as accessories, this should do the trick. You could also refrain from washing yourself or brushing your teeth so that your smell would soon scare off even the ugliest of girls. This might, however, also scare off your clients.

It is certainly true that, nowadays, women freely discuss the attributes and personalities of men, just as men confide intimate details of their female conquests to one another. This is a symptom, not of feminism, but simply of the greater freedom enjoyed by an active woman in today's emancipated society.

I see nothing unusual or unhealthy in a group of women trying to grab a new, attractive, and outwardly available man. They will only lose interest if the man ceases to be attractive (I have already suggested how to achieve this), or if he becomes the personal property of one of them, in which case the others will leave him alone.

So your final alternative is to date the most attractive of your coworkers, or find yourself a steady girlfriend outside the office. Once you have let it be known that you are "booked," the others will probably lay off. But you should learn by experience, and in the future keep your private affairs to yourself. Remember that we work in order to live, rather than the other way around, or you may end up at the top of your profession, as the head eunuch in the harem.

ORIENTAL ADVICE

I am a 23-year-old serviceman who has been stationed in Japan for the last four years. One year ago I married a native Japanese woman. She is also 23 years old. She was a virgin when we met, a little over a year ago. This is not uncommon in the Far East.

When it comes to lovemaking, my wife is very old-fashioned. I'm outgoing and willing to try anything new. I love my wife deeply and I've tried to have sex with her in new and exciting ways, but she isn't into it. I become very aroused when I read about or see some new sexual technique on television. Every day I find myself wanting to act out my fantasies more and more. Do you have any ideas on how to get my wife as interested in trying new things as I am?—J. D.

My experience with the Japanese is that despite their dedication to producing marvels of engineering and electronics, they have a tremendous interest in their own cultural background. You owe it to your wife to learn something about the history of her people, and if you research in the right direction, you are going to come up with some dynamite stuff. The

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

CODY

MAGDOWNLOAD.ORG

FREE DOWNLOAD

LATEST MAGAZINES

HIGH QUALITY TRUE-PDF

MAGDOWNLOAD.ORG

IN THE WINNER'S CIRCLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Clothes courtesy of Ellen Landaburgh's THERAPY, N.Y., N.Y.

Like a Great Plains twister in her home state of Texas, a whirlwind picked up Cody Carmack last year, and her life has been a dizzying rush ever since. It began when Cody was crowned Pet of the Year for 1986. "It changed my life," says our newly transplanted New Yorker. "I feel like I'm being rewarded for all my efforts."

Cody has two films ahead of her, Bob Guccione's *Moll Flanders* and a New World Pictures release. In the meantime, she travels constantly and recently visited back home, where, she says, "It wasn't a visit, it was more like an appearance!"

Her newfound wealth? "I've been so busy, I haven't had time to spend it!" Cody laughs. Inspired by her experience managing her Pet of the Year winnings, she reveals a new direction in her life: "If my acting career doesn't take off, I want to be a stockbroker."

Even in a whirlwind, though, there's quiet in the eye of the storm. "I'm doing a lot of riding," Cody says, although now her riding style has changed from Western to English—just another refinement for this already accomplished Pet!

Cody's life is "full and perfect right now." And instead of cutting down her activities, our 36-24-36-inch southern beauty offers to do more. "I heard on the news that they are having a celebrity shortage, so I'll gladly volunteer." Any takers?

These types of tapes are called "two-day wonders" in the biz, because they're shot in two days and you wonder why anyone bothered.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

Dreams: *A "lay in the life" of Hyapatia Lee.*

DRY DREAMS
Secret Dreams
(Electric Hollywood)⊥
Secret Dreams is a wandering, aimless tape, allegedly documenting the fantasies of Hyapatia Lee, the most exquisite woman in adult entertainment. It's supposed to be a sort of "lay in the life" of Hyapatia Lee, but the action veers like the attention span of a four-year-old. There's a plane crash, a prison break, native-American sex, native-American sex with a geisha(!), and a weird alley-cat sequence that's overly stylized and totally out of place. Out of place also is Hyapatia's husband, Bud, toppling over the stocky side into the out-and-out portly. It's like a nightmare good-news–bad-news joke: The good news is that we get Hyapatia's achingly beautiful face and body; the bad news is that we have to put up with Bud. He should find himself a place behind the camera and stay there. To use Hyapatia's standing as a great national resource just to try to carry off dreck like this is a crime. It takes a lot to cancel out Hyapatia's stunning presence, but this tape succeeds.

LOVE IS BLOND
Gentlemen Prefer Ginger
(Vivid)⊥⊥
On a scale of one to ten, Bruce Seven's production work is a three. Notwithstanding that he's one of the most active directors in adult entertainment, Seven's stuff can be harsh and unattractive. He uses some of the finest talent in porn—here Ginger Lynn, the lady of the title, and Stacey Donovan, another ready-for-prime-time layer—and then shoots them directly on video. These types of tapes are called "two-day wonders" in the biz, because they're shot in two days and you wonder why anyone bothered. There are hot scenes here, as when Stacey and Ginger get it on (always an event), and Ginger fucks a man and a motorcycle at the same time. But the heat is attributable to the women, not the production. This tape generates sex appeal in spite of, not because of, Seven's presence. He obviously has some talent, but he needs to rethink his approach or wallow forever in the lower echelons of adult entertainment.

CLICHE OF THE MONTH
The Performers
(Now Showing)⊥
Bob Wolfe, aka Lawrence Cole, has produced another slightly unreal, theatrical exercise in adult entertainment. This time he utilizes one of the true plot clichés of video smut, the encounter group. What better way to get a few couples together for a tape-ending orgy? The situation is as artificial as the performances in *The Performers*. Three couples show up for an "exploration of sexual fantasies" (another durable porn cliché) when a would-be Svengali advertises in the classifieds. Although some of the women are dynamic sexual performers, this isn't one of Now Showing's better showings. The use of an exhausted porn stereotype makes *The Performers* perfunctory.

COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH
Fashion Fantasies
(VCA)⊥⊥½
The "star" of *Fashion Fantasies* is reason enough to label it a couples' tape, since it happens to be not a person but a dress. It's an antique dress, once owned by Mae West, and now invested with some heavy aphrodisiac qualities. The black-beaded flapper design attracts some antique-clothing store owners, the dress is bought and sold several times, and *voilà*, you have all the machinations of a plot. The sex is fashionable, too—the voluptuous Taija Rae walks off with top honors, and beautifully snooty Brit-clit Paula Meadows is almost equally super. This may be a bit raunchy for some couples' tastes, but then the women can always look at the fashions.

FUTURE COCK
Pleasure Maze
(Essex)⊥⊥
At first glance, *Pleasure Maze* seems to be one of those *Cafe Flesh* rip-offs that have been proliferating in the wake of that quirky mega-hit. It is set in the future, and it does have more than a slightly bizarre flavor. However, this tape actually is a projection of what the good old-fashioned stag film is

Artificial plot and performances in The Performers.

Maze: *future sex.*

going to be like in the twenty-first century. It's nonstop fuck-and-suck, with four beautiful blond leads heading up the action: Stacey Donovan, Amber Lynn, Tracey Adams, and Joanna Storm. All act the part of "night-droids," computerized hookers who are being tested in the futuristic "pleasure maze." The sets are sleek, and the women are ravishing and overheated. Unfortunately, the stupefying length of the sex scenes actually bogs this tape down. If 90 minutes of nonstop sex is what you seek, go for it. But if you want something with a little more subtlety, stay away.

READY, SLUT, GO
Getting Ready
(CD Home) 👎👎
This tape has a fairly ludicrous plot that, oddly enough, ends up working. Campo Beverly Hills is an upscale finishing school of sorts. It finishes the sexual education of young ladies and sends them out into the world as savvy and wise women. Ali Moore plays a Val girl and Jessica Wilde her rich-bitch mother—parts that severely strain the acting capacities of both. There's a good deal of just plain silliness, but a lot of sensual innocence and sexual inventiveness, too. There is even a moral of sorts: The deep and brooding outcast in the virginal group gets a love affair that's sweet and consensual, while the others get superficial fucks to match their personalities. There are problems with this tape, but all in all, it's well worth a look.

LOVE POTION NO. 69
Crystal Balls
(Doctor X) 👎
As shot-on-video adult entertainment goes, *Crystal Balls* is not bad. The problem is that shot-on-video just doesn't go too far. It's dedicated to luring the consumer with torrid packaging and then delivering the cheapest product possible. Within these severe restrictions, *Crystal Balls* succeeds—but who would want to succeed at such a low-rent game? Scotty Fox, listed as the producer and director of this tape, knows how to shoot a close-up. If it's gynecology you want, this tape gives you a stirrups-eye view. The plot concerns the effects of a love potion on a fortune teller's business, and it's played out in a fairly consistent way. The women, especially Kari Fox as Reba, are attractive. It's only the format, shot-on-video, that's ugly.

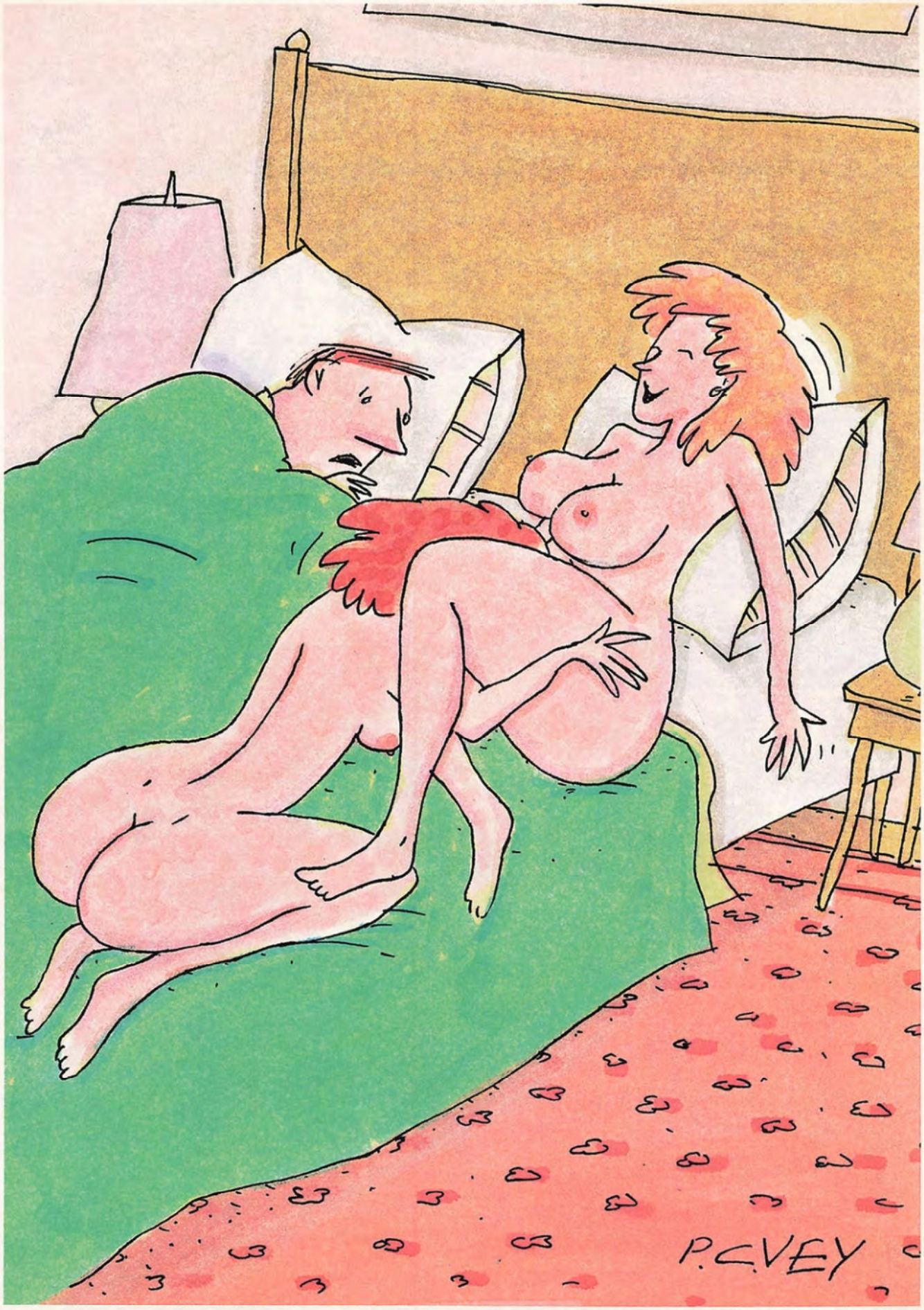
LOOSE LIPS
Rated Sex
(Essex) 👎
Rated Sex should have been rated W, for "wordy." It has to be one of the most talkative adult tapes ever made. The film parodies Roger Ebert and Gene Siskel's "Sneak Previews" format, with two critics sitting around talking about adult tapes. Robert McCallum, the director, and another "critic" talk about the sexual vignettes we have just seen. The sex is mostly ho-hum, and sometimes the two critics even criticize their own tape! But then, they should know. The talk isn't witty, isn't sexy, and it certainly isn't cheap—or fair to the consumer who's just plunked down a quarter of his weekly paycheck to see some sex. Those aren't the type of lips we expected to see flapping.

DISH MUST BE THE PLACE
Debbie Does Dishes
(Gold Medallion) 👎👎½
Debbie Does Dishes is a campy, funny, parody sex romp. We get yet another bored housewife routine, with Nina Hartley as the glitzy, ditsy Debbie, just off her honeymoon and already up to her tits in dishes. She is visited by a plumber and a vacuum-cleaner salesman, with a couple of twists. The plumber is a dyke, and the salesman is shilling the Ejacuvac, a mechanical jerk-off device. The sex is not all that hot, and the technical values are a bit low-rent, but the action bubbles along at a fairly even pace. One of the best shot-on-video offerings in some time.

Rated Sex: *too much talk, ho-hum sex.*

RATING KEY

- 👎 Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
- 👎👎 Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.
- 👎👎👎 Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
- 👎👎👎👎 Highly recommended—The best of its kind available.



"Sometimes I think you like your friends more than you like me."

Olde Glory Fireworks

Brings Fireworks to Your Door!

Order Early—Call Toll Free

1-800-843-8758 or 605-348-7558

VISA—Mastercard—Diners Club
American Express Orders

FREE GIFTS WITH ORDER!

$50 Order: 1 Free gross Black Cat Bottle Rockets

$100 Order: Free Bottle Rockets & Black Cat 40/12 Firecrackers

$500 Order: Free case of Black Cat Bottle Rockets

Full Color Catalogue Available Send $1.00

Item Number and Name	*Display Quantity*	*Price*	*Case Quantity*	*Price*
FIRECRACKERS				
1-001 Ladyfingers 40/40(7/8")	1600 firecrackers	$ 6.35	32 parcels	$139.50
1-003 T-Bomb 80/16 (1½")	1280 firecrackers	9.90	12 parcels	97.90
1-005 Black Cat 40/12 (1½")	480 firecrackers	5.10	32 parcels	115.90
1-006 Black Cat 40/40 (1½")	1600 firecrackers	15.70	10 parcels	121.50
1-008 M-60 Firecracker	72 in a box	14.90	20 boxes	210.00
1-010 Zebra 40/50 (1½")	2000 firecrackers	16.90	8 parcels	107.10
SMOKE AND NOVELTIES				
2-001 Smoke Balls	6 dozen	$ 8.90	20 boxes	$129.00
3-001 Fun Snaps	10 boxes	5.70	300 boxes	123.90
3-002 Booby Traps	12 boxes	1.90	1440 boxes	189.00
3-005 Auto Foolers w/report	1 dozen	5.90	60 dozen	239.00
4-002 Small Tank	1 dozen	5.90	40 dozen	162.90
4-004 Friendship Pagoda	2 pieces	2.40	144 pieces	134.90
4-006 Happy Lamp	1 dozen	8.40	36 dozen	196.50
5-002 Jumping Jacks 48/12	576 pieces	11.90	20 parcels	159.90
5-003 Ground Bloom Flowers	3 dozen	5.50	120 dozen	174.50
5-007 Jack In the Box Surprise	1 dozen	9.90	15 dozen	111.90
ROMAN CANDLES				
7-001 5 Ball Roman Candle	1 dozen	4.50	24 dozen	$ 75.90
7-002 8 Ball Roman Candle	1 dozen	6.00	12 dozen	60.00
7-004 10 Ball Candle w/report	1 dozen	8.50	12 dozen	86.90
SPARKLERS AND FOUNTAINS				
6-001 #8 Gold Sparklers	1 dz. boxes	3.60	12 dz. boxes	30.25
6-002 #10 Gold Sparklers	1 dz. boxes	5.10	12 dz. boxes	41.90
6-004 Large Morning Glory Spkls	1 gross (144)	10.90	25 gross	190.75
8-001 Chinese 5" Fountain Asst	1 dozen	5.90	24 dozen	113.90
8-004 #3 Cone Fountain Asst	1 dozen	9.10	12 dozen	99.90
8-006 Royal Flush Cone Asst	2 fountains	4.90	72 fountains	109.50
8-008 Happiness Fountain	1 dozen	5.25	36 dozen	113.90
MISSILES AND AIRPLANES				
9-001 5" Missile w/stars	1 dozen	5.70	36 dozen	$155.90
9-004 Whistling Gemini Missile	2 dozen	6.40	60 dozen	163.90
9-006 Giant #3 Po Sing Missile	1 dozen	12.90	24 dozen	241.50
10-001 Satellite Airplane	2 dozen	3.60	120 dozen	179.00
10-004 Small Sunflower	2 dozen	3.60	240 dozen	272.90
10-005 Bombing Plane w/report	1 dozen	6.90	30 dozen	165.90
10-006 Night Flying Plane	1 dozen	6.90	60 dozen	299.90
10-008 Giant 2-Stage Silver Jet	1 dozen	16.90	12 dozen	162.90
NIGHT DISPLAY SHELLS				
11-004 #100 Golden Palm w/Purple Crown	1 shell	10.50	2 dozen	$177.60
11-007 #100 Starr Mine	1 shell	10.50	2 dozen	177.60
11-008 #200 Mammoth Chrysanthemum	1 shell	13.50	2 dozen	216.00
11-011 Halley's Comet Shell	1 shell	11.90	2 dozen	189.90
12-001 4" Shell Assortment	1 dozen	5.40	36 dozen	117.90
12-003 7" Shell Assortment	1 dozen	15.90	12 dozen	138.90
12-004 48 Shot Color Pearl Shell	2 shells	6.75	80 shells	202.90
12-006 Kaleidoscope	2 shells	6.75	50 shells	139.20
12-007 News Transmitter	2 shells	6.75	80 shells	202.90
12-009 Saturn Missile	2 shells	5.40	120 shells	220.50
12-019 Festival Ball Shell	1 dozen	14.50	15 dozen	155.90
SKY ROCKETS				
13-001 Chinese Bottle Rocket w/report	1 gross (12 dz.)	$ 4.90	25 gross	$ 89.90
13-002 Black Cat Bottle Rocket w/report	1 gross (12 dz)	5.40	25 gross	103.90
13-004 Whistling Bottle Rocket w/report	1 gross (12 dz)	7.90	20 gross	117.50
14-002 1 oz. Po Sing w/report	1 dozen	3.50	72 dozen	165.90
14-004 8 oz. Black Cat w/stars	1 dozen	10.90	36 dozen	268.50
14-005 8 oz. Black Cat w/report	1 dozen	10.90	36 dozen	268.50
14-007 Large Chinese Rocket Asst.	1 dozen	5.90	36 dozen	159.30
14-009 Giant Chinese Rocket Asst.	1 dozen	10.90	24 dozen	199.90
ASSORTMENTS				
15-001 Partytime Assortment	Retail Value—$41.70		Your Price—$25.00	
16-001 Safe & Sane Assortment	Retail Value—$40.00		Your Price—$22.50	
17-001 Showcase Assortment	Retail Value—$102.05		Your Price—$50.00	
18-001 Extravaganza Assortment	Retail Value—$207.55		Your Price—$100.00	
19-001 "Olde Glory Celebrates Independence" Assortment	Retail Value—$545.35		Your Price—$279.90	

I hereby state and promise, as a condition of this sale, that I have complied with the laws of the state of destination of the merchandise and have or will obtain any necessary permits required by law and will use or sell said merchandise in strict compliance with all applicable laws, either city, state or federal.

I have read and understand this entire form and understand that the seller, OLDE GLORY FIREWORKS and the agents of either, shall not be liable in any civil action for any accidents or injury during the transportation, handling, storage, sale or use of this merchandise and hereby release the above named from all liability whatsoever by any person or entity. I understand that fireworks are dangerous and assume all risks regarding them. I also understand as a condition of this sale that I am over 18 years of age.

NAME _____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE _____

SIGNATURE _____

CHECK ONE: ☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS ☐ DINERS CLUB

CARD NUMBER: _____

EXPIRATION DATE: _____ SIGNATURE _____

ITEM NUMBER	QUANTITY	PRICE	TOTAL
ANY ORDER SHIPPING AND HANDLING			**$5.00**
SEND CERTIFIED CHECK OR MONEY ORDER		PH TOTAL	

All merchandise shipped via UPS at $5.00 shipping and handling rate except CA, MA, NJ, CT, NH, ME, AZ, OK, Alaska and Hawaii.

Call for information concerning delivery in these states.

We need your street address or location.

We cannot ship to post office boxes.

We reserve the right to make substitutions for out-of-stock items.

Olde Glory Fireworks
Box 2863
Rapid City, SD 57709

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

ancient religion of Japan was Shinto, in which sex was regarded as fundamentally good and, unlike in other religions, carried no sinful aspects.

In old Japan there were both courtesans and geishas, two distinct classes of women who entertained men sexually as well as socially. There was no stigma attached to either profession. Their lives were devoted to the art of making love, and many of the girls married into the top levels of society. The women were also artists in other fields, such as dancing and flower arranging. There exists a large number of colored prints (which should be available as reproductions) depicting these women performing their skills. These pictures are known as *shunga*, and they concentrate on showing how pleasurable sex can be. There are also books of drawings known as "pillow books," the equivalent of our X-rated videos, which were also used as instruction books for newlyweds.

I suspect that your Japanese bride is probably hooked on Western ideas, especially as she has married an American. But in her Oriental soul, she finds explicit Western porn unacceptable. I suggest you get hold of as many reproductions of those beautiful, provocative, erotic Japanese prints, and seduce your wife with her own national heritage.

MR. VIDEO

I lived in Los Angeles until about five months ago, and while I was there I had a very active love life. The last six months were just like heaven—at least until the end, anyway.

I met this girl, Cassie, and she was a fox. I lived in a hilly area and I used to see her going by on her bike every day. We got to be friends. She was like a dream—red-haired, with great legs, a great figure, and a pretty face. Her breasts were perfect, large, and firm, with large stiff nipples. It made my crotch ache just to look at her.

She invited me to her place one day and when I got there I saw her friend Lauren, and she was just as fantastic-looking as Cassie. Lauren is an English girl, with long, black curly hair and a face like a fashion model. She's built like Cassie—which was obvious when we met, because when I entered Cassie's living room Lauren came out of the bathroom wearing only a pair of blue jeans and sandals. Cassie introduced us, and Lauren didn't bother to put on anything. She seemed to enjoy my looking at her, because she leaned back against the dresser on her hands so that her chest was sticking out. Cassie went into the kitchen and left us to talk for a bit and then came back with some beers. While I was opening mine, she said it was a hot day, and took off her own shirt. Underneath she was not wearing a bra and the two of them seemed to enjoy teasing me by standing there topless.

After a bit of chitchat, she put down her beer and put her arms around me and let me kiss her. Then Lauren did the same thing, and soon we all got down and spent the rest of the evening fucking like rabbits. Both of them wanted all they could get, and I was hard almost the entire time we were together.

They were great. They loved to fuck and blew me like porn queens, and I titfucked both of them. Lauren liked to suck cock, and while she did that Cassie would let me eat her pussy or let me suck on her breasts. Then they would switch, and Cassie would blow me while I gave oral sex to Lauren or sucked on her breasts. I must have come about half a dozen times that evening, and both of those girls were so horny they came about every 15 minutes. What was most exciting was that they were bisexual and loved to make out with each other while I fucked them.

> They were deep-kissing each other while I pleased them both. I went into Cassie for a few strokes, then into Lauren for a few, and back and forth.

The last thing we did that time was with Cassie lying on top of Lauren. Lauren had her behind propped on a foam pillow, so that both of them had their pussies high enough for me to fuck them at the same time. They were deep-kissing each other while I fucked them both. I went into Cassie for a few strokes, then into Lauren for a few, and back and forth. Sometimes, I stuck my cock between them and they both rubbed against it, but most of the time their soft, wet pussies were my target. Once we got the hang of it, I was able to alternate my strokes so that each got a stroke at a time. I was sweating like mad but I had a great view of those two great bodies and legs wrapped around each other. Both of them came, Lauren first and then Cassie, and that was when I let myself go and we all lay there for about an hour. My heart was beating so fast I thought I might have a heart attack.

That was only the first time. We began to get together on Thursdays, and it became a regular event. Later I learned that Lauren was married. She told me that Thursday was her husband's night out, and she would spend it with her friend and me. After that we would sometimes go to her place and fuck there. It was pretty nice. It had a pool, a hot tub, a view of the ocean, and lots of sheepskin rugs that we fucked on.

Like any other relationship, it began to change. Lauren sort of lost interest, and toward the end Cassie and I would spend some Thursdays alone. A week before I left to take a job in San Francisco, Cassie told me what had been going on. Lauren's husband had had the house bugged. There were hidden video cameras that recorded all the sex parties we had. She had a copy of one of the tapes and played it for me. Apparently, Lauren's husband had a hard time getting it up, and he used those tapes to help. After I would leave the girls, he would come home and watch the tapes with both of them, and then have his own sex party with them. Those were taped too, and one session was on the tape Cassie had. Looking back, I have to admit that those two girls must have had heavy-duty libidos to have the love lives they had, because the action with Lauren's husband after I left was just as hot as it had been with me. Cassie told me that I was the third guy they had lured into that setup and that they had been doing it for a couple of years.

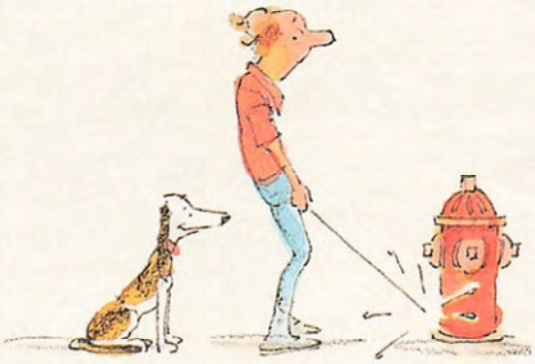
I didn't know what to say, and I still don't know how to relate to what happened. I feel slightly used, or taken advantage of. But I am glad for the sex I got, so maybe it was a fair trade. For six months I made out with two lovely and horny ladies, and how many guys can say that? And if I helped a guy get it up and into them, then the sex from his wife was a fair fee for my help.—E. R.

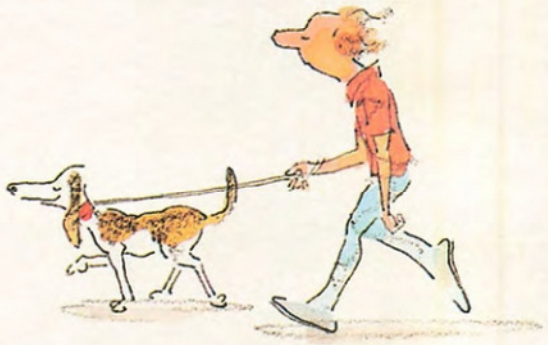
What more can I say? You have summed up the situation very philosophically yourself. You can also console yourself with the fact that out of all the people who head for Los Angeles to try and get into films, you are one of the lucky few who have actually starred in a movie. I think a fair addition to your fee, though, would be a free copy of the tapes, including the one of Lauren's husband. That way, when, in the words of some poet, "A man grows old, his balls go cold, and the tip of his cock turns blue," you can console yourself by watching your youthful antics (and his) in a blue movie.

SLEEPER

I always enjoy your column, particularly the descriptions of your own personal experiences. I've only known one woman with your style of freedom and exuberance regarding sexual matters. You can imagine my dismay when I read (years ago) a statement of yours that contradicted one of my own personal favorite memories of you.

A reader asked if a woman could experience orgasm while sleeping, and you replied with a definite no. While I have great respect for your expertise, I will now





Cumings

produce evidence to the contrary.

A long time ago, while I was working as a musician, my band was playing one night in a small town where my girlfriend at the time originally came from. After the gig, I was invited to spend the night at the home of her family. Later that night we were making wildly enthusiastic love on the living room floor, while her family slept through it all.

This session went on for about three hours, after which we fell asleep on the hardwood floor with a blanket over us. After a while, I awakened, uncomfortable on the hard floor. I decided to make the best of things and began caressing my lover with the idea of starting another session. She made a noise of irritation and rolled away, leaving me wide awake and frustrated. After a few minutes, when she rolled onto her back, I saw my chance. I very carefully spread her legs and began to stroke her gently. I was rewarded by a trickle of moisture. She sighed and relaxed a bit, though she was still sleeping soundly.

Heartened, I crawled between her thighs and began to lick her softly. When I heard her breath catch, I licked harder. The taste was indescribable! Gradually her muscles began to tense, her face tightened, and a small whimper escaped. Then she came! Strongly, undeniably, the contractions shook her for about two minutes, and when she relaxed I beheld the face of an angel.

She glowed with perspiration, her pussy was soaked, but she was still asleep. I was prepared to fuck all night but when I realized she was still sleeping, I left her alone, not wanting to spoil the beauty of the moment.

The next day she had no idea of what had happened. To this day she has no knowledge of the event, but I do. It can happen, Xaviera, and it was amazing when it did.—B. T.

I very rarely reply to a sexual scenario with a definite "no." You might have misinterpreted what I said, or it was so many years ago that you didn't really remember it. An orgasm while asleep, usually referred to as a wet dream, is a quite common occurrence in both sexes.

I am a very light sleeper and I have had many wonderful, erotic dreams, but I always awake before I come. And as there is usually a man in my bed, I grab him and use him as nature intended. I find the "big O" much more satisfying if one is conscious at the time.

TURN-ON FOR TWO

Xaviera, how do you get an older man excited? My girlfriend and I are friends with a very nice gentleman who is about 60 or 70 and lives a short distance up the road from our dormitory. His name is Marty. His wife died a few years ago and he lives alone. He is very healthy, very sweet, handsome, and has lived an interesting life. He was in the Army for years and fought in World War II and Korea, and traveled many places. My girlfriend is 19 and I am 20.

Marty has a nice house with a pool and a big backyard, and sometimes my girlfriend, Julie, and I go over and swim in his pool and sunbathe in his yard. He never gets physical with us, but we can tell that he likes us by the way he talks and behaves. He's a real gentleman.

Julie and I are both very pretty. I am blond, with short hair, and have a 35-24-36 figure and great legs. Julie is built similarly, but she's a bit taller and she's a redhead. We used to wear one-piece bathing suits when we swam in Marty's pool and tanned in his yard, but now we put on bikinis and sometimes go topless when we sunbathe. We also like to wear sexy outfits. I have really firm breasts, and last week wore a T-shirt short enough that the bottom curves of my breasts were visible. With a pair of really tight short-shorts, the effect was pretty hot. Julie wore a bathing suit cut away in the back and tight shorts, and we really let Marty have a good look.

> When you bring Marty things like towels or drinks, "accidentally" press your naked breasts against him. Touch him casually as often as you can.

Marty is a real doll; we can visit for hours and never get tired of his company. A friend of ours says that we are cock-teasers, but that is not true. We would be very glad to have sex with Marty if he wanted. It's nice to let him enjoy us with his eyes, but he can have a lot more if he ever wanted to.

With your experience, do you know how to help us help our friend Marty to enjoy sex with us?—D. G.

I know several men in their sixties who are alarmingly healthy and horny. In fact, when I mentioned your letter to one of them, he wanted to hop on the next plane to your city and come looking for you.

There are various reasons why Marty may be unwilling to involve himself with either or both of you sexually. From his viewpoint, you are incredibly young. Maybe he regards anyone under 30 as a child, and he might feel it to be wrong, bizarre, or downright obscene to have sex with kids who could be his grandchildren. Factors that have not occurred to you—like what your parents might think about it, what his and your friends might say about it—could very well inhibit him.

There is also the possibility that, with his advancing years, his sex drive may have diminished to the point where, although he is delighted to have you flash your delectable boobs at him, it is not enough to get him hard. Many older men need quite a lot of physical stimulation to get an erection, and it may be this knowledge that is holding him back. The male ego is unaffected by age, so the thought that he might not be able to get it up may be a very real deterrent.

I suggest you proceed with extreme caution, or you might scare your prey. Obviously visual seduction is not working, so you have to start touching him. When you bring him things like towels or drinks, "accidentally" press your naked breasts against him. Touch him casually as often as you can. Offer to massage him, or persuade him to give you a massage. Try and get him into the swimming pool. When you go in naked (even if Marty wears a swimsuit), swim close to him and touch him as often as possible. But make sure every touch is a caress. Teenage horseplay probably won't work. Don't expect to reach home base in one afternoon. You must accustom him gradually to greater degrees of intimacy, so that he will not think it unusual if you run your fingers through his hair or slide your hand inside his shirt and stroke his chest. Eventually you may work your way up to having sex with Marty. But always remember to be sensitive to his concerns.

On the other hand, what may be stopping him is the fact that there are two of you. If you think this is the problem, it might be clever to split up and try your luck. His generation may regard making love to two girls at the same time as unacceptable.

CREDITS

Page 6 left, Jake Rajs; **page 6 center top,** David Burnett/Contact Press Images; **page 6 right top,** Hilo Chen; **page 6 bottom right,** Bob Guccione; **page 10,** Akira Yokoyama/JCA; **page 20,** Tony O'Brien/Picture Group; **page 35,** Sygma; **page 36 top,** Tom Cannell; **page 36 bottom,** © Neal Davis; **page 37 bottom,** Movie Still Archives; **page 37 top,** Movie Still Archives; **page 38,** © Neal Davis; **page 50,** Judy Sloan/Gamma Liaison '85; **page 109 middle right and bottom,** © Neal Davis; **page 110 left,** © Ben Desoto; **page 110 middle right,** Marlen Stamps & Coins, Great Neck, N.Y. (516) 482-8404; **page 111 left top,** Jeffrey L. Rotman; **page 111 left bottom,** © Neal Davis; **page 143,** AP/Wide World; **page 144 top,** courtesy of Fluidmaster Inc.; **page 144 bottom,** AP/Wide World; **page 145 top,** Tim Shortt; **page 145 bottom ,** Gene Koepke; **page 162 second from top,** Larry Mulvehill/Photo Researchers Inc.; **page 162 third from top,** Michael Parkes/Galerie Steltman; **page 162 fourth from top,** Tony O'Brien/Picture Group.

CAMERA CREDITS

Our Pet of the Month, Krista Pflanzer, who appears on page 75, was photographed by Jerry Pasternak using a Nikon F3 camera and soft-filter lenses. J. Stephen Hicks shot the love set on page 96 with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 180 lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. Pet of the Year Cody Carmack was photographed by Bob Guccione using a Canon T70 camera with Tiffen filters. Cody can be seen on page 123.

EXTRA

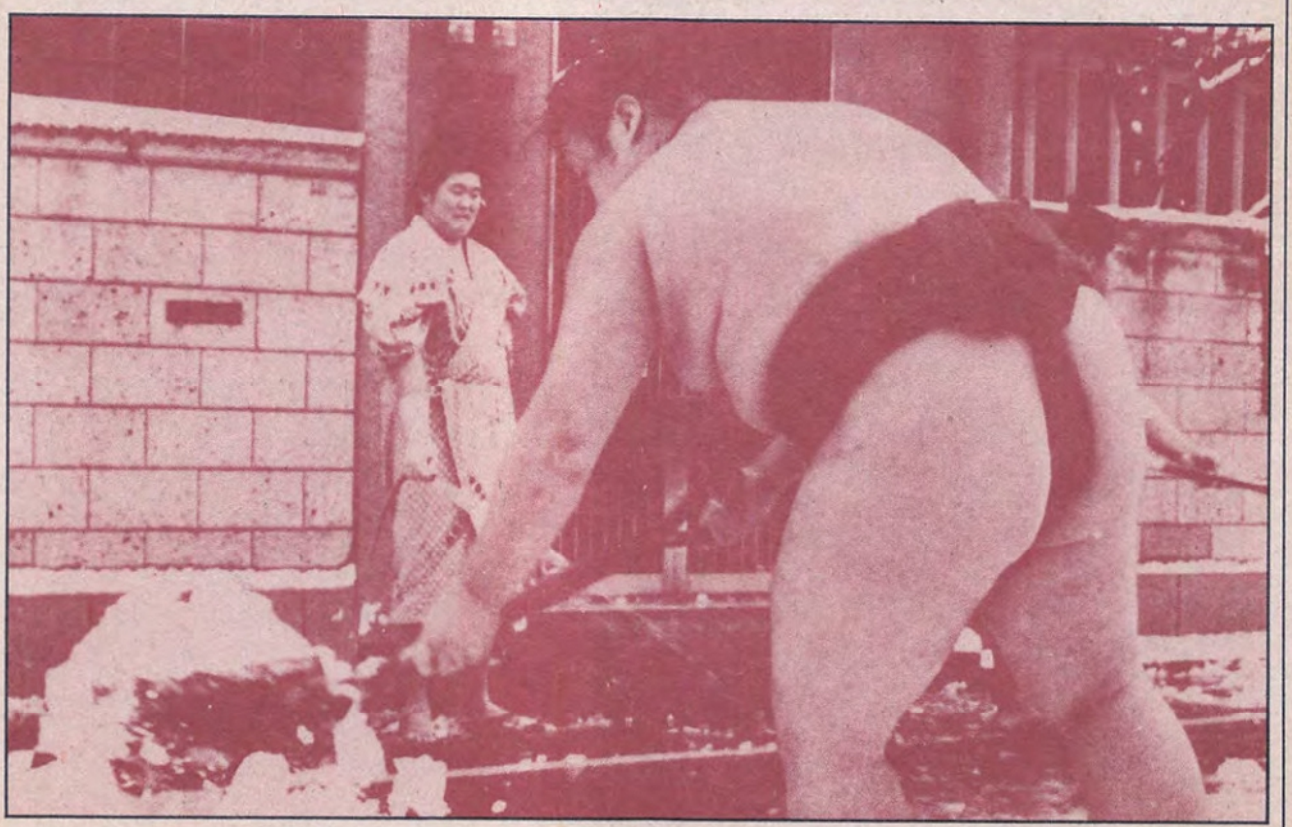
A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA

Hard Times

© HARD TIMES, INC. ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT VOL. 5, NO. 6

AN ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN



A snowstorm caught residents of Tokyo by surprise, causing major disruptions of street and air traffic. Another disruptive sight was the appearance of an unidentified sumo wrestler doing what everyone else does when it snows—shoveling a path in his driveway. (*The Buffalo News*—submitted by J. DeBenedetti, Buffalo, N.Y.)

Well, at least he doesn't have to change his clothes to go to work.—Editor

Water Bed Suicide

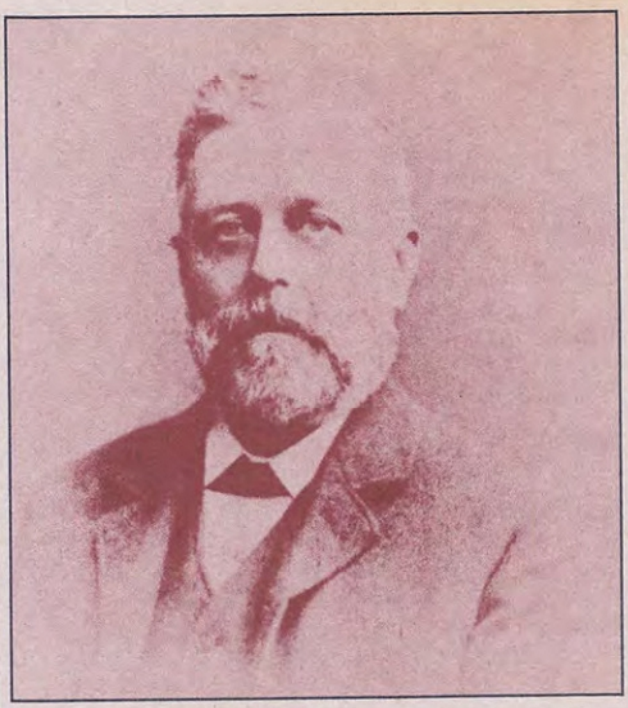
"I've seen a lot of things in police work, but this is the first time I've seen anything like this," remarked Police Chief Melbourne Gorris of Orland Park, Illinois, when he found a 38-year-old man drowned in a water bed. After an argument with his girlfriend over buying drapes, he had cut a hole in the water bed and stuck his head inside. The girlfriend hadn't seen anything, as she had spent the night on the couch. (*South Town Economist*—submitted by Rick Legeleiter, Chicago, Ill.)
We hope he didn't get the drapes wet.—Editor

Grateful Dead

Just when you think the dead should rest in peace, along comes a Brazilian businessman with a different idea. Josias Cordiero of Rio de Janeiro conceived the idea of placing sound systems in the coffins of the deceased to enliven their funerals. He is also expanding the concept to include installing a battery in the casket to enable his clients to hear their favorite tunes after being buried. (*National Examiner*)
Next thing you know, he'll be showing them videos.—Editor

Where's the Beef?

Bonnie Ford, slightly more than 200 pounds, and Marlene Oppenheim, 300 pounds plus, have opened their own business—"Hip-O-Gram." The Texas women wanted to improve on the Strip-O-Gram as a way of delivering birthday and other greetings by sending Hip-O-Gram live musical telegrams instead. Oppenheim usually wears a pink gown and tiara, reading poems and playing music for the lucky recipient, while the more petite Ford strips down to a red heart bra and swimsuit bottom. In promoting her act, Ms. Ford remarked: "Other than certain talents, we have a certain size nobody can top." (*The Houston Post*—submitted by Henry R. Finch, Navasota, Tex.)
We don't think we'd want to top that!—Editor



Toilet Hero

This past January marked the 76th anniversary of Thomas Crapper's death. For those who don't know, he was the inventor of the flush toilet. In observance of Crapper's memory, the Fluidmaster Company had a moment of silence for the pioneer of the industry. "Thomas Crapper deserves to be remembered not only as the founder of our industry, but as one of the least-appreciated heroes in the history of world progress," Fred Schmuck, senior vice-president of Fluidmaster, hailed the founding father. (*National Home Center News*—submitted by Leonard Goldberg, West Nyack, N.Y.)
Only a schmuck would believe crap like that.—Editor

Birth of a Hemorrhoid

Less than 48 hours after doctors had made their diagnosis and reassured a Florida woman that her stomach pains were nothing more than a urinary-tract infection and a case of hemorrhoids, Lois Grimsley found out otherwise, as she delivered a five-pound-14-ounce son on her bedroom floor. Doctors and Ms. Grimsley were unaware that she was even pregnant. There was no comment from the doctors, and the new mother was nearly speechless: "I can't even think of the word to describe how I felt when I saw the baby lying there." (*Pensacola News Journal*—submitted by RMC Billy-Ace Baker, Pensacola, Fla.)
So that's where babies come from.—Editor

The Pilfering Priest

It took the police in Vesoul, France, three years to find a gang of thieves who plundered and pilfered 66 churches in the area. When they arrested the gang's leader, it turned out to be a priest—Father Pierre Verrier. The hauls from the churches were so good, Father Verrier was able to buy himself a $30,000 car and a $90,000 home. A gang member told a jury that they went along with the priest because they were told that they were doing God's work. When Father Verrier was nabbed by police, he told them he was only doing his priestly duties by keeping the expensive stolen religious objects in a safe place. (*Weekly World News*)

There are a lot of guys in Attica who would love to confess to this guy.—Editor

The Worst Predicament

A New Jersey physician reported a weird accident that occurred to one of his patients: Clad in his undershorts, the gentleman was cleaning his car with a hand vacuum cleaner when the machine became clogged with dirt. He sat down and began to clean it, unfortunately forgetting to shut it off. As the motor started, his penis was sucked into the whirling blades, causing lacerations and a deviated urinary tract—diverting the flow into his shoe. As freaky as the accident was, the physician nevertheless noted that he had treated one other patient with the same problem. (*Anderson Valley Advertiser*—submitted by ZG/X, Inc., Denver, Colo.)

What dickheads!—Editor

Real-Life Dracula

John Crutchley, a 39-year-old Florida man arrested by police, boasted that for the last 20 years, he has been drinking the blood of his wife and girlfriends. One of his victims complained: "He took so much of my blood, I was so out of it." One clue to explain his bizarre behavior was revealed by his mother: "The only problem we ever had was getting him to eat when he was a baby." (*Weekly World News*)

Did they ever think of taking the kid to the blood bank?—Editor

A Tree Grows in Haiti

As if there were not enough problems on the turmoil-plagued island of Haiti, a voodoo curse is transforming a 59-year-old native woman into a tree. Lubec Totonic has branches growing from her hands and roots out of her feet. Each hand weighs 25 pounds, while each foot weighs in at 50 pounds. A Christian, Ms. Totonic made the mistake of trying to convert a hard-core group of voodoo cultists to her religion. While she was warned by the cult leader, Master John, to cease her activities among the voodoo faithful, she believed that her faith in God would protect her against any curses placed on her person. So far, doctors have been unable to cure her. (*National Examiner*)

Poems are made by fools like me, but only Master John can make a tree.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE

EXPERIENCE A NEW KIND OF PLEASURE

1-900 410-1000 / **1-900 410-2000**

Sensual Adventures of Scarlet O

Sexcapades of Two Lusty Ladies

1-900 410-3000 / **1-900 410-XXXX**

Forbidden Fetishes of a Seductive Nymph

Erotic Fantasies of Emmanuelle X

ADULT ENTERTAINMENT CHANNEL

- Safe Sex Fantasies Change Daily
- 24 Hours A Day
- Minimum Charge 50¢ First Minute
- 35¢ Each Additional Minute
- Must Be 18 Years

MCI/SPRINT USERS • FOR AT & T ACCESS • DIAL: 10ATT (10288)-1-900-410-1000 / 2000 / 3000 / 9999

NEW Mephisto

AMAZING TAPE SEDUCES WOMEN!!

SHE THINKS IT'S ONLY MUSIC, BUT SHE'S BEING EROTICALLY PROGRAMMED TO LOVE YOU!

IS PUSH BUTTON SEX FINALLY HERE???

YES!! SIMPLY insert the **THE MEPHISTO SUBLIMINAL CASSETTE** (car-home-portable) She will *ONLY* notice music, *BUT* inaudible, hidden commands penetrate her subconscious mind. Soon, she *wants you with an overpowering passion and a throbbing determination!*

LIKE HYPNOSIS, Subliminal Motivation CANNOT BE RESISTED, because it operates undetected below the level of the conscious mind!!

CAN WORDS HIDDEN UNDER MUSIC SEXUALLY AROUSE A WOMAN AND FOCUS HER PASSION ON ONLY ONE MAN? YES !

SUBLIMINAL STIMULI activate involuntary bodily responses such as: **SEXUAL AROUSAL! THAT MEANS** Mephisto's orgasmic subliminal commands (concealed under music) can *secretly* implant erotic urges **DEEP INTO HER** subconscious **SWELLING HER SEXUAL EXCITEMENT** to the edge of **ORGASM!** And focuses her passion only on you!

SCIENTIFIC PROOF!!
Articles in national magazines (*Time, Science Digest, Omni, Wall Street Journal*) **PROVE** the irresistible power of subliminal motivation. Inaudible **(HIDDEN)** commands tested in noisy, crowded department stores stopped shoplifting by 66%! Because there is **NO DEFENSE** against subliminal commands, Congress considered laws to ban its use!

HOW MEPHISTO MAKES HER FAITHFUL!
Decisions to be faithful in love and sex are made subconsciously. Your Mephisto tape programs her subconscious to **LOVE YOU, CRAVE YOU,** and to **FORSAKE ALL OTHER MEN!**

FREE BOOKLET: Explains how the Mephisto *secretly* penetrates her subconscious and programs her with wild desire.
(see remarkable testimonials)

LEARN: What **SEXUALLY** arouses a woman most and how the Mephisto tape squeezes her triger and aims her passion **SPECIFICALLY AT YOU!**

LEARN: About a Mephisto tape so powerful it must be custom made!!

Works whether you know her 10 minutes or 10 years! MEPHISTO'S REVOLUTIONARY METHOD uses the astonishing psychological discovery (subliminal motivation) to trigger a woman's BASIC URGE FOR SEX.

MEPHISTO'S SUBLIMINAL COMMANDS
(She's told to believe and obey)
•**DESIRE** Compels her to make the **1st MOVE!** • She **LOVES you (even believes** *it's her idea !* • Your rivals are boring and unattractive • Her **Sexual** thirst swells, **ONLY A CLIMAX WILL QUENCH IT!** • Urged to Reveal her **WILDEST SEXUAL FANTASIES,** etc., etc., **AND ETC.!!**

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

ORDER TODAY! Soon you will hold in your hand the most POWERFUL and sophisticated APHRODISIAC in history. This unique 60 min. tape (audible music & subliminal erotic commands) is ONLY available from MEPHISTO. Simply labeled "Mood Music". Comes to you in a PLAIN PACKAGE. IT'S YOUR SECRET. Only you will know why she suddenly agrees to ANYTHING! (Even reawakens a wife's passion)

Guaranteed: No name ever put on any mailing list

24 HOURS VISA/MC toll free 1-800-537-0377
IN ILLINOIS CALL 1-800-327-0377

VISA/MC _____ EXP _____

or send check or money order to:
MEPHISTO, Dept. A, P.O. Box 377, Westmont, IL. 60559
FOREIGN ORDERS: US FUNDS ONLY!
RUSH tapes indicated. $16.95 plus $2.05 P&H, total $19.00 **EACH**

ANY 3 FOR $38. ANY 7 FOR $79. (Postage paid)

MEMPHISTO'S LIBRARY OF SEDUCTION
VOLUME 1 ☐ VOLUME 2 ☐ VOLUME 3 ☐
VOLUME 4 ☐ VOLUME 5 ☐ VOLUME 6 ☐

OTHER TAPES BY MEPHISTO
Erase Stress Taming Depression The Last Cigarette
The Subliminal Diet The $$ Tree The Seed of Confidence
The Hour of Love: Banishes modesty and hang-ups
(Circle your choices)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
City _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

ESPIONAGE™
MAGAZINE

Washington and Moscow
London and Havana

East versus West
The Third World War
Sabotage and Infiltration
Crap shoots and
Double-dealing
Missions and Escapes
Ciphers and Satellites
Spies and Moles
Traitors and Heros
Fast-paced, Subtle
Sometimes brutally blunt
Past, Present and Future

Fact and Fiction

For a one year subscription (6 issues) send your check/money order, payable to "Leo 11 Publications, Ltd." for $15 in U.S. funds ($17 in Canada, $20 foreign) to: ESPIONAGE Magazine, Department HPM1 POB 48000, Bergenfield, N.J. 07621

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

While I was bending down to check the tire pressure, my cock slipped out of my jogging shorts. I looked up at Tina, and she obviously noticed my seven-inch instrument of pleasure hanging out. In fact, she grabbed it and slipped it back into my shorts for me. A short time later, we were on our way home.

We were on the road for about half an hour when Tina said, "Will you put the top down on the car—I'm hot!" I pulled the car over, and while I was putting the top down, she slipped off her sweatpants. Underneath she had on a pair of high-cut red-and-white shorts. They were tight against her firm thighs. She said she wanted to tan while I was driving. Naturally, I agreed. She reached down beside the seat and released it to the reclining position. Then she pulled off her tank top to expose her round, firm tits.

I pulled back into traffic, and we were on our way again. She leaned forward and pulled out a bottle of suntan oil from the glove box. She splashed the oil onto her tits and rubbed it in very carefully. The vigorous massage caused her nipples to stand out. Her skin was golden brown; the sun was shining on her voluptuous size-34 tits.

I went over a bump and the abrupt jerk conveniently spilled the bottle of oil onto her shorts. She quickly tugged them off. The oil had soaked through to her pelvis. Her bush became matted, and the oil ran onto her clit. She propped up her ass and separated her legs. She grabbed a towel from the backseat and rubbed her bush dry. With her left hand she pulled her cunt lips apart and slipped her two right fingers in. She swung her ass and cunt around to give me an eyeful. The pink flesh stood out next to her tan fingers. Her fingers moved in and out of her cunt faster and faster. Suddenly her head dropped back, and she let out a long moan. She removed her fingers and began to lap up her love juices.

My dick grew with each passing moment. Tina looked down and saw my cock growing inside my shorts. She yanked it out and wrapped her mouth around it, and with each tongue motion she sent me further into ecstasy. She started at the top of my shaft and licked vigorously to the bottom. Working her way back to the top again, she slowly took it all. The slow, wet, warm movement made my balls ache. I filled her mouth with my come with a force so powerful I thought I blew the back of her head off.

She looked up at me with come still running down the side of her mouth and said, "I want more." She told me to pull over. After climbing on top of my lap she slipped my cock into her oily cunt. We made love until the sun went down. She came a few times and then fell back into the seat. Later I learned she had planned

"I can't believe the junk these kids eat today."

FOR READERS OF PENTHOUSE

LEISURE EMPORIUM©

To order. . . Mail directly to the name and address of Advertiser Below.

FIVE ADULT VIDEOS FOR $25 – Approx. 60 Mins. each–Five hours of explicit SEX, Featuring Traci Lords, Christy Canyon, Kay Parker, Ron Jeremy, Eric Edwards, Tiffany Clark and more . . . Five assorted volumes available. To order send $25 plus $3 P & H to: **VIDEO SHOWCASE • Dept. E-76, P.O. BOX M-827, GARY, IN 46401.** Specify VHS or Beta.

YOUR FANTASY IS REALITY!

Our Catalogs Feature Sensuous Lingerie, Corsets, Leather & Rubber, Wigs, Stilletto Heeled Shoes, Stockings, Bras & Breast Prostheses plus unusual related items. Sizes Reg. to Super Large & Tall for Women & Cross-Dressers. (OUR NAME DOES NOT APPEAR ON RETURN ADDRESS.) To Order send $6 for our Exotic Boutique Subscription. Send Cash, Check or Money Order To: **MICHAEL SALEM ENTERPRISES, INC. P.O. BOX 1781 DEPT. PH-786, FDR STA., N.Y. N.Y. 10150.** For Credit Card Orders, Retail Purchases, & information about our other catalogs Call: **(212)-986-1777** or **(212)-371-6877.** Above Catalogs are Deductible from 1st Merchandise Order!

FIVE EROTIC VIDEOS JUST $9.95

1 FULL HOUR ADULT VIDEO STARRING **TRACI LORDS** & the hottest sex stars around! 5 STEAMY SHOWS ON ONE CASSETTE FOR JUST $9.95! AND IF YOU ACT NOW you can purchase ANOTHER FULL HOUR VIDEO STARRING GINGER LYNN FOR JUST $9.95! But you must act now. This is a LIMITED OFFER! No obligation to buy anything else. You must be 18 or over. Money back guarantee! Send check, money order or Visa/Mastercard # (include expiration date) for just $9.95 plus $3.00 mailing & handling for each tape ordered. Specify BETA or VHS. Color catalog included FREE with order! SEND TO: **VALENTINE PRODUCTS, DEPT. MT-311, P.O. BOX 5040, S. NORWALK, CT. 06856.**

BEST PRICE & QUALITY GUARANTEED

ON ALL ADULT VIDEO MOVIES

WHY PAY MORE!

IF IT'S ON VIDEO AND HOT WE'VE GOT IT

CALL RIGHT NOW

DISCREET SHIPPING & PRIVACY ASSURED

TOLL FREE **1•800•VIDEO21**

IN NY CALL (212) 315-0712

FOR FREE $5.00 GIFT CERTIFICATE AND CATALOG SEND $3.00 TO

ADULT VIDEO PRICE BUSTERS

237 WEST 54th ST. DEPT. PCD, NY, NY 10019

SEX FOR SALE–A Consumer's Guide to Worldwide sex. This seventy minute video guarantees **any man's** success in having sex with beautiful women. "The International Sex Buyer's Guide" was filmed on location in the U.S., Thailand, South Korea, Singapore and the Phillippines. Only $55.00 in VHS or Beta, send check or credit card info. to **International Media Services, Inc., 8033 Sunset Blvd., Suite 3501, Hollywood, CA 90046.** Visa/Mastercard accepted, order toll free **1-800-221-8461.**

REMOVES VOCALS FROM RECORDS!

Now **You** can sing with the world's best bands! The **Thompson Vocal Eliminator** can remove most or virtually all of a lead vocal from a standard stereo record and leave most of the background untouched! Record with your voice or perform live with the backgrounds. Used in Professional Performance yet connects easily to a home component stereo system. Not an equalizer! We can prove it works over the phone. Write or call for a Free Brochure and Demo Record. **LT Sound, Dept. PN-2, P.O. Box 338, Stone Mountain, GA 30086, (404)493-1258.** 24 Hour Phone Demo Line: (404)493-6879.

ADVERTISERS: If you would like information on advertising in future Leisure Emporium™ pages, contact SLG, Inc. 800 Second Ave, New York, NY 10017, (212) 986-6642. © 1985 SLG, Inc. Leisure Emporium ©.

the day so I would never forget what happened at college. I can't wait until our trip home for summer vacation.—*Name and address withheld*

PARTY OF FOUR

This is an unusual experience that my roommate, Lori, and I thought your readers would be interested in. We are entertainment cochairmen at our sorority, and we set up a yard party for one Saturday night. The idea was for a girl and her date to wear costumes made out of no more than a square yard of material between them—jewelry and belts extra. Together, Lori and I bought two yards of white cotton, which gave each of us three six-inch by two-yard strips. With one strip we each had a loincloth around our waist and through our crotch. With the other we had an X-like halter top. The last two strips were for our dates' loincloths.

Lori had recently broken up with her longtime boyfriend, and I knew she was horny by her masturbating sounds in bed at night. My boyfriend, Skip, and I have been going together since high school, and his friend Neil was visiting on leave from the Army. I knew Neil and Lori would hit it off, so we set up a blind date.

The party was going super; the band was great. We had given out the door prizes and Lori, Neil, Skip, and I went up to our room for a break. The band could easily be heard from our room. I could see Lori and Neil were really getting along. I felt like dancing, and the others offered to watch. I started off slowly, with my halter and loincloth on. I teased Skip with the bow on my top and he gladly undid it, revealing my tits and rosy nipples. I had Skip in his loincloth sit on a chair facing Neil, and Lori and I danced around him, letting him kiss my nipples. Then, with his legs spread in the chair, I wiggled my ass down against his hard cock while facing the others with my tits bare and his cock rubbing against my loincloth. His hard cock slipped out of the side of his loincloth. My crotch piece slid to the side, exposing my wet, aching love hole and allowing him to enter me as I wiggled down. I felt exhilarated and came as soon as Skip shot his hot come into my cunt right in front of Lori and Neil.

This all excited Lori, who is a great dancer. Neil had already undone her top, revealing her perfect, flushed breasts with hard, pointed brown nipples. Lori has danced before, professionally, and slowly removed her loincloth, showing off her muscular ass first, then turning to display her silky pussy. She lay on the bed in front of us, spreading her long thighs and showing us her moist cunt. She gently fingered herself.

Neil was not slow to get the idea. He deftly removed his loincloth, uncovering his large, thick member with its apple-red head. With his back to us, we could see the tip of his cock enter Lori's love hole. He slowly proceeded until it was all the way in, with his balls against her ass. They

screwed in time to the music until Neil pulled out his shining cock and shot his wad all over Lori's pussy and belly.

By then Skip and I were out of our loincloths. Skip had expertly fingered me to two orgasms during Lori's and Neil's show. By now I was ready to show my stuff. Lori and Neil watched from Lori's bed as Skip stood up with his penis at full glory and I knelt before it. I started lightly kissing Skip's balls, sucking one and then the other completely into my mouth. I licked slowly up and down the shaft until I got to the head. Then, with skill only practice could give me, I advanced the penis down my throat. I knew Skip couldn't stand this for long. I felt his balls tighten, and I withdrew his cock so that the thick, rich come spurted on my mouth and face and ran down my chin to my breasts as I milked his shaft.

By now, both boys were limp. They suggested Lori and I entertain them together. I have been intrigued with Lori's firm body since our freshman year, when our sorority required us to keep our pussies shaved for initiation week. Lori and I shaved each other for the week, which had been enjoyable. We were a little shy about making it in front of an audience, though we had enjoyed each other in private before, so we knew what to do. As Neil and Skip looked on, Lori kissed my mouth and our tongues explored each other. Lori lovingly caressed my come-covered breasts and stroked my nipples with her fingers. I allowed one hand to drift down her belly over her love mound. My finger found her clit as my other hand caressed her cunt. She lay down on her back on the bed, spreading her legs at the edge as I straddled her head in the sixty-nine position. As she pulled my head toward her womanhood, I slipped two fingers into her hole and wildly tongued her sweet clit. She was driving me crazy, sucking my juicy cunt like it had never been sucked before. As I came in her mouth, I felt the spasm of her orgasm.

Skip's and Neil's cocks were obviously ready for action again. Lori and I were still in the sixty-nine position, with my ass in the air and her cunt at the edge of the bed. Skip came over and supported her legs as I spread Lori's cunt lips with one hand and guided his cock into her preheated vagina with the other. I fingered Lori's clit and caressed Skip's balls as he pumped her. Neil mounted me from behind. Skip came first, deep inside Lori's box. Then I felt Neil come inside me.

By now, we were all thoroughly satisfied and put on our loincloths and halter tops to rejoin the party downstairs.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or for this month's copy, send $3.00 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

If you've paid $99 each for Video Tapes you didn't buy from us! **NOW** at a Price that you can afford the most **Explicit Video Tapes** ever produced. Famous **PORNO Lovelies & Gorgeous New Models** Perform Every Act Combination & Variation **Just For You!** So why rent when you can buy at these **Fantastic Prices!** Note all new customers automatically qualify for future offerings at **Tremendous Savings!**

ADULT VIDEO'S

ONLY $5.00 EACH IN QUANTITY

JUST THE COST OF A BLANK TAPE SO YOU CAN SEE THE GREAT PRODUCTS WE HAVE TO OFFER!

- Vol. #1 Starring TRACY LORDS PETER NORTH
- Vol. #2 Starring CHRISTY CANYON CRAIG ROBERTS
- Vol. #3 Starring KAY PARKER ERIC EDWARDS
- Vol. #4 Starring CODY NICOLE ROCKY ROME
- Vol. #5 Starring SERENA BECKY SAVAGE
- Vol. #6 Starring STACEY DONOVAN MARC WALLACE
- Vol. #7 Starring LAURIE SMITH RON JEREMY
- Vol. #8 Starring ERICA BOYER STEVE DRAKE
- Vol. #9 LINDA SHAW CRAIG ROBERTS
- Vol. #10 Starring TIFFANY CLARK HERSCHEL SAVAGE

All Videos are Approx. 60 mins. each. A total of approx. 10 hours viewing time

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

All Videos are approx. 60 mins. each — Full Color & Sync sound with musical score — Brand New Programs — 100% uncensored action.

No Returns - Rentals or Rejects

ORDERS SHIPPED IMMEDIATELY

Cash or Money Orders Shipped in 72 Hrs. or less

PRICES

- One for $12
- Two for $20
- Five for $30
- Ten for $50 (Just $5.00 Each)

USE ENTIRE AD TO ORDER • CHECK PRICES & SELECTIONS

Send to: **VIDEO SENSATIONS** Dept. E76
P.O. Box M-827, Gary, IN 46401-0827
Rush Items indicated. I enclose $ _____ Plus $3 P&H
☐ Cash ☐ Money Order ☐ Check
FASTEST SERVICE with CASH or M.O.
Canadiens Remit in U.S. Funds. No Foreign C.O.D.'s.
☐ Send C.O.D., I enclose a $10 Deposit.
Specify One: ☐ VHS or ☐ BETA

Name _____
Address/Apt. _____
City _____
State/Zip _____
Signature/Age/Date _____

Sexual Aids:

How to order them without embarrassment.
How to use them without disappointment.

If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

First, we guarantee your privacy. Should you decide to order our catalogue or products, your transaction will be held in the strictest confidence.

Your name will never (never) be sold or given to any other company. No unwanted, embarrassing mailings. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. Everything offered in the Xandria Collection is the result of extensive research and real-life testing. We are so certain that the risk of disappointment has been eliminated from our products, that we can actually guarantee your satisfaction - or your money promptly, unquestioningly refunded.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sexual aids. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to sexual gratification (perhaps many doors you never knew existed!).

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sex life.

If you're prepared to intensify your own sexual pleasure, then by all means send for the Xandria Collection catalogue. It is priced at just three dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, P786
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for three dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase. (U.S. Residents only).

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
I am an adult over 21 years of age:
_____
(signature required)

Xandria, 1245 16th St., San Francisco. Void where prohibited by law.

Dirty Tricks II

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

Our column last November was devoted to the kind of off-color gags you may choose to pull after a few drinks—if the setting is right. This month we report on the results of that column, and on new "dirty tricks" sent in by readers.

LAND O' LUST. As we showed, you can take two images of the Land O Lakes Indian maiden, cut out the box of butter that one of them is holding, and place the other one's knees behind, showing through the hole. Is it just coincidence that the maiden's knees fit so nicely, even down to the pink "nipples"? We

spoke with a Land O Lakes representative after that column appeared, and she said that the company often gets inquiries about the knee trick, and that they even have a form-letter response. "People write to ask if we knew about this, if it was intentional. I have never yet seen a letter from someone who was offended or complaining."

Independently, we heard from Mitch Carmody of Bayport, Minnesota, who wrote: "As an avid *Penthouse* reader, I have always enjoyed your 'Games' section and never fail to read it. In reference to the Land O Lakes logo, you were wondering if the artist knew what he was doing and, indeed, if it was a he that did it. I am writing you to say 'Yes' to both inquiries. My grandfather, Ernest Kullberg, was the artist in question. Working for an advertising firm, he did the Land O Lakes logo, the original Betty Crocker logo, the original Hamm's beer 'land of blue-sky waters' logo, and various other logos for local businesses in Minnesota.

"When I was just a little kid, Grampa showed me the trick with the little Indian girl's knees. He is passed on now, but his legend lives on." Carmody's mother told us that she remembers her father showing her the trick in the 1920s.

Claussen's pickle jar lid. Which one of these is a collector's item?

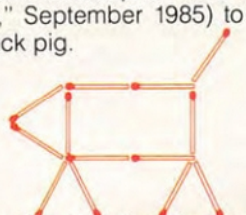
WHAT A PICKLE. We're not sure if the same can be said of the artist who drew the original logo for Claussen's pickles. At any rate, the company recently made a subtle change. Can you tell from the two jar lids shown above which is the discontinued logo, now considered a collector's item? Answer below. (From Curtis Shedden and Heather Cheney, Glenbrook, Nevada.)

THE REAL THING. Bradley Pedrow of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, writes, "I have recently come across a nifty trick. You need two filtered cigarettes and some fingernail-polish remover."

You begin by telling a story such as this to your girlfriend: You say to suppose that the two of you have gone to a movie and come back to your place for drinks. After a short while you both move to the bedroom and start taking off your clothes. (At this point, take the filters out of the cigarettes.) Then you lie down together on the bed. (Now place the filters in her open hand.) Foreplay begins. You say, "When the juices start flowing"—at this point pour a puddle of the nail-polish remover into her hand—"you fondle my penis." Immediately after applying the remover, have her squeeze the filters a few times. It won't take long before the filters and the remover form a substance that looks and feels remarkably like semen!

MATCH-INATIONS. Matchstick puzzles came in with their own twists. In one, the challenge is to arrange five matches as shown below, and to form a round object by moving only two of them.

Albert B. Africa of the Philippines started with a familiar setup of matches (see "Games," September 1985) to form a matchstick pig.



By moving two matches, how would this pig look if it were run over by a truck?

$15 Video!

Take advantage of these fantastic prices NOW! Each super-erotic video cassette is priced from $19.95 ($15 each when you buy 5 or more). And, we've got full-length features with up to 90 minutes of non-stop action. You get top quality originals–no returns, rejects, or rentals–filled with sizzling performances by beautiful young starlets and handsome young men. Each exciting sequence comes to you in full-color and vibrant sensual sound so you get top of the line erotica at rock bottom prices!

COMPLETE CLASSICS COLLECTION All 14 for $39.95

$19.95 ($15 ea. when you buy 5 or more), 60 Min. Full-length & Multi-Feature Collections

XVDC-4 SEXERCISE GIRLS Workouts, Polevaulting, Pumping, etc.	XBT-10 FEATURING JOHN HOLMES Bi-girls, more girls, and Big, bad John	XJP-104 BIG MELONS, VOL. #2 7 different features, many interracial
XVDC-5 CALIFORNIA COWGIRLS Bucking Broncos, Oriental Bareback	XVDC-1 HOLLYWOOD HONEYS #1 Rhonda Jo Petty, Linda Shaw	XGT-102 FREE AND EASY Swap party, Blonde in the Woods, more!
XBT-8 BLACK ON WHITE REVUE Four interracial, one all-white	XCP-13 DIRTY SUSAN 3 lusty ladies, 2 hunks, & Susan	XGG-5 GLAMOUR GIRLS #5 Cara Lott, Sheri St. Clair, Rikki Blake
XVDC-11 PLEASURE FAIR 4 girls, 3 guys in a carnal carnival	XVT-507 TWO JEWELS 2 sisters throw a couples sex party	XHT-103 DEAR THROAT Sex advisor practices as she preaches
XBT-9 GIRLS WHO TAKE IT ALL Features five beautiful, young vixens	XVT-503 THE CLINIC Sex cures are nurse's specialty	XVH-151 HONEYMOON SUITE Tina Russell, Georgina Spelvin, Mark Stevens
XBT-1 BEDTIME VIDEO I John Holmes, John Leslie & beautiful girls	XBT-6 FOURSOMES Superstar cast of seventeen	XVH-152 SUE PRENTISS, RN Annie Sprinkles, Bobby Astyr
XVT-501 EXECUTIVE PRIVILEGE Office girls with other girls & execs	XJP-103 BIG MELONS, VOL #1 7 features with well endowed girls	XVH-153 FURY IN ALICE Vanessa Del Rio, John Leslie

Supervixens with Supermen in 2 featurettes, 30 min. ea., $19.95 ($15 when you buy 5 or more)

XG-701 Shauna Grant	XG-713 Candy Samples	XG-721 Rikki Blake
XG-706 Stacey Donovan	XG-718 More Shauna Grant	XG-722 Heather Wayne
XG-710 Vanessa Del Rio	XG-719 Christy Canyon	XG-723 Traci Lords
XG-711 Rhonda Jo Petty	XG-720 Ginger Lynn	XG-724 Mai Lin

80-90 Min. Features, Lifestyle Specials, $39.95

XAT-118 HEAVENLY DESIRE Seka, Serena, Johnny Keyes	XJP-108 SCANDAL IN THE MANSION Desiree Lane, John Holmes, Bunny Bleu	XAT-113 LIKE A VIRGIN Christy Canyon, Pete North, Gail Force
XAT-119 TAXI GIRLS Nancy Suiter, John Holmes, Serena	XAT-106 DEEP THRILL Kristara Barrington, Harry Reems, Susan Hart	XJP-115 SIZZLING SUBURBIA Traci Lords, Pam Jennings, Cara Lott
XAT-102 WHITE AND BLACK Satin Summers, George Payne, Sharon Kane	XJP-110 FANTASIES UNLTD. Christy Canyon, Eric Edwards, Tamara	XEX-103 MS. MAGNIFICENT Desiree Cousteau, Jessie St. James
XVH-201 OUI GIRLS Anne Ventura, Lisa Deleeuw, Tiffany Clark	XJP-111 IT'S MY BODY Traci Lords, Stacey Donovan, Cara Lott	XEX-104 SUPER SEX Annette Haven, Constance Money, Georgina
XVH-202 PLACE BEYOND SHAME Seka, Lori Blue, Bonnie Holiday	XAT-107 SEX SHOOT Traci Lords, Heather Wayne, Ron Jeremy	XGT-117 PAPER DOLLS Girl talk and all-girl action
XVH-203 SAME TIME EVERY YEAR Loni Sanders, Tiffany Clark, China Leigh	XJP-113 SWINGING SHIFT Kristara Barrington, Raven, Lisa DeLeeuw	XGT-116 DANIELLE'S GIRLFRIENDS All-Lesbian collection
XJP-105 EDUCATING MANDY Traci Lords, Harry Reems, Christy	XJP-291 LINGERIE Jennifer West, John Holmes, Linda Shaw	XAT-117 THE PLEASURE SEEKERS Heather Wayne, Kristara Barrington, Tamara Longley
XJP-106 ORIENTAL TABOO Lily Marlene, Blair Harris, Mariko	XEX-102 BLACK SILK STOCKINGS Annette Haven, John Holmes, Linda Wong	XVSM-6 TRILOGY OF THE BIZARRE Tigr, Elaine; Transsexual Triple Feature
XJP-107 BACK ROAD TO PARADISE Sheri St. Clair, Peter North, Dorothy Oh!	XAT-110 PRETTY AS YOU FEEL Ginger Lynn, Jerry Butler, Raven	XVSM-7 DIVINE ATROCITIES Sulka, L. Marlene; A Transsexual Triple

XMV-14 **COMPLETE CLASSICS COLLECTION**, The best of 14 full-length feature blockbusters, pictured above, 60 minutes, $39.95

XCA-101 **BEST OF 17 MAJOR MOVIES**–including *Devil in Miss Jones Pt. II, Cafe Flesh, Little Girls Lost, Honey Pie,* and much more! 60 min., $39.95

XCA-102 **SEVENTEEN CINEMA GREATS**–Best of *Princess Seka, Lust at First Bite, In Love, Midnight Heat, Virgin & Lover,* 12 more! 60 min., $39.95

XAT-101 **BEST OF THE BLOCKBUSTERS**–Includes *RX for Sex, Pleasure So Deep, I Never Say No!,* and *Pretty As You Feel,* a full 90 min., $39.95

XHIS-1 **ALL MALE CLASSICS**–Best of 19 smashes *L.A. Tool & Die, Choice Cuts, Night at Halstead's, Nighthawk in Leather* 60 min., $39.95

XJP-101 **COMPLETE DIAMOND COLLECTION REVIEW** - 60 climactic scenes from 55 different films, 60 min., $29.95

XJP-102 **CINDERELLA PRESENTS** - *Educating Mandy,* 12 more, 30 min., $19.95

Private Showcase Video, Dept. XMJ623, P.O. Box 4357, Springdale, CT 06907

Sirs: I have enclosed my check, M.O., Visa, M.C. information. Please rush me the items marked below under a 30-DAY MONEYBACK GUARANTEE. (State residents add sales tax)

PLEASE INDICATE ☐ VHS or ☐ BETA

Item #	Price	Item #	Price
	$		$
	$		$
	$		$
	$		$
	$		$

Video Total _____

State Tax _____

P&H $3.50 ea. 4 or more $12 _____

Total Enc. $ _____

NOTICE: SIGNATURE REQUIRED FOR ORDER TO BE SHIPPED

I declare that I am an adult 21 years of age or over. I am purchasing these sexually oriented materials for my private use in my own home and will not sell the material or furnish it to minors. I believe that my community's standards, as well as the U.S. Constitution, allow an adult citizen to view or read anything, including sexually explicit material.

Signature _____

Mr. Mrs. Miss, Ms. _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ M.C. ☐ Visa Exp. date _____

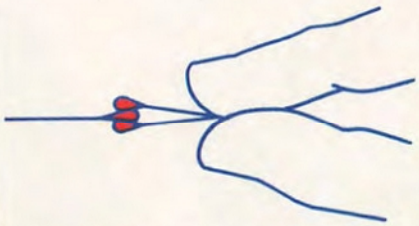
Acct. # _____

Bank or Org. issuing card _____

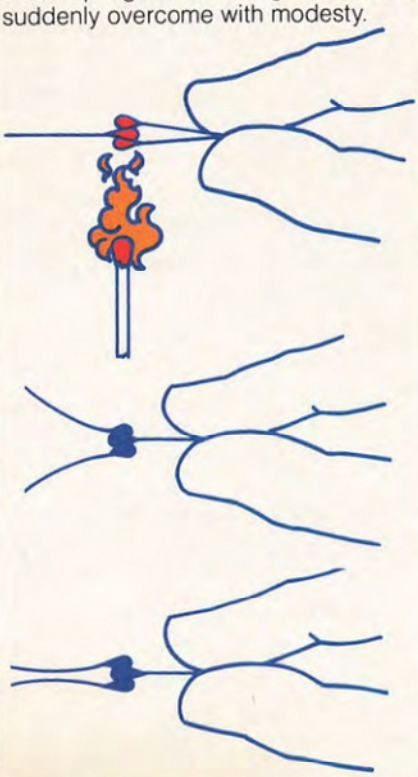
Void outside U.S. and where prohibited by law

© 1986 CMG Ltd. 992 High Ridge Road, Stamford, CT 06905

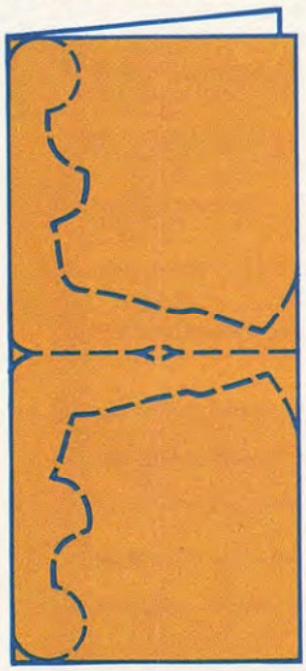
GAMES



MATCH THIS. About half a dozen readers sent in variations on this theme. Start with three paper matches and hold them as shown, pinching two and holding the third between them. Light the matches from a candle or a fourth match so that the tips fuse together. Now hold the matches from the opposite end so that the other two matches point out like legs. As they burn, you say something to the effect of: "C'mon, Suzy, spread those legs." As you say so, the two matches will begin to spread apart. Wait about three seconds, then say, "Uh oh, Father's coming." The two matches will close up again, as though they were suddenly overcome with modesty.

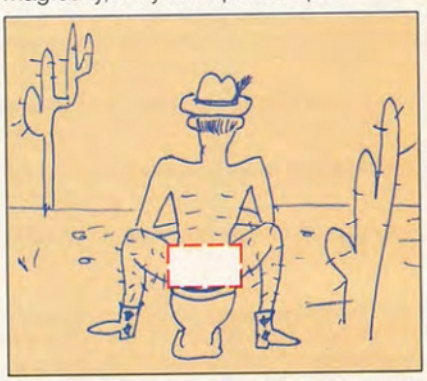


PAPER DOLLS. Here's a trick that starts with the inner wrapper of a cigarette pack. Take it out, straighten it, and fold it lengthwise. Tear or cut the folded paper as shown to get the silhouette of two sitting girls. Counter-fold one of these paper girls so that the shiny side is inside. Now set them on a table and let your friends guess which one is the virgin. When they give up, touch the lighted end of a cigarette between the legs of



each paper girl, as shown above. The answer will reveal itself, so to speak. (From Ernst-August Vormwald, Bielefeld, West Germany.)

THE HONEYMOONERS. The following toothpick gag also came in from several readers. In essence, you break a toothpick at its center, so that the two halves are still connected. These, you explain, represent the bride's legs. The groom tries several things to get her to open them—including bending her at the ankles and knees (at this point you can add the corresponding bends to the toothpick). Finally, he remembers some friendly advice: just kiss her on the right spot. With that, you touch some saliva to the "crotch" of the legs, and, magically, they will spread apart.

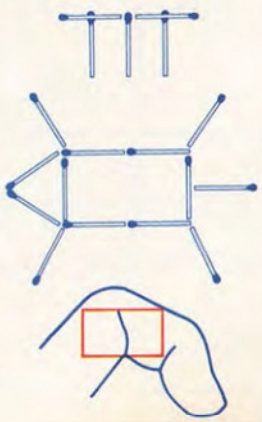


In this unsigned drawing from a reader, cut out the rectangle and place a bent knuckle behind (like below) to complete the scene.

Answers:

WHAT A PICKLE. The one on the left, of course, is the collector's item.

MATCH-INATIONS.



FULL LENGTH 90 MIN. ADULT VIDEO!

ONLY $9.95!

WHAT'S THE CATCH? THERE IS NONE!

We're confident that once you see the quality of our merchandise, the exceptional values, the unique "hard to get" adult merchandise not available anywhere else, all backed by a 100% money back guarantee, you'll want to continue your relationship with the industry leader, DIVERSE INDUSTRIES INC. !

SOME WOMEN WILL DO ANYTHING!

What does a girl do when she catches her mother with the gardener? Why she takes on the pool man and his buddy!! And that's just the start! This scorching video features superstars Colleen Brenan and Kim Carson along with a superb supporting cast! So, if you like beautiful, luscious girls and 90 minutes of hot, non-stop action, you'll LOVE Mother's Pride!

OFFER LIMITED ORDER NOW! WHILE SUPPLY LASTS!

Please Send Me
#FV-1087
MOTHER'S PRIDE:
☐ VHS ☐ BETA
ONLY $9.95!

DIVERSE INDUSTRIES, INC. 10 DAY 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

VISA / MasterCard
ACCOUNT NUMBER
Exp. Date: Mo. Yr.
INTERBANK NO. (MASTERCARD ONLY) (The number over your Name)

1. TOTAL PURCHASES ..... $ _____
2. Rush Priority Postage, handling ..... $ 3.00
3. TOTAL ENCLOSED (Or Charged) ..... $ _____

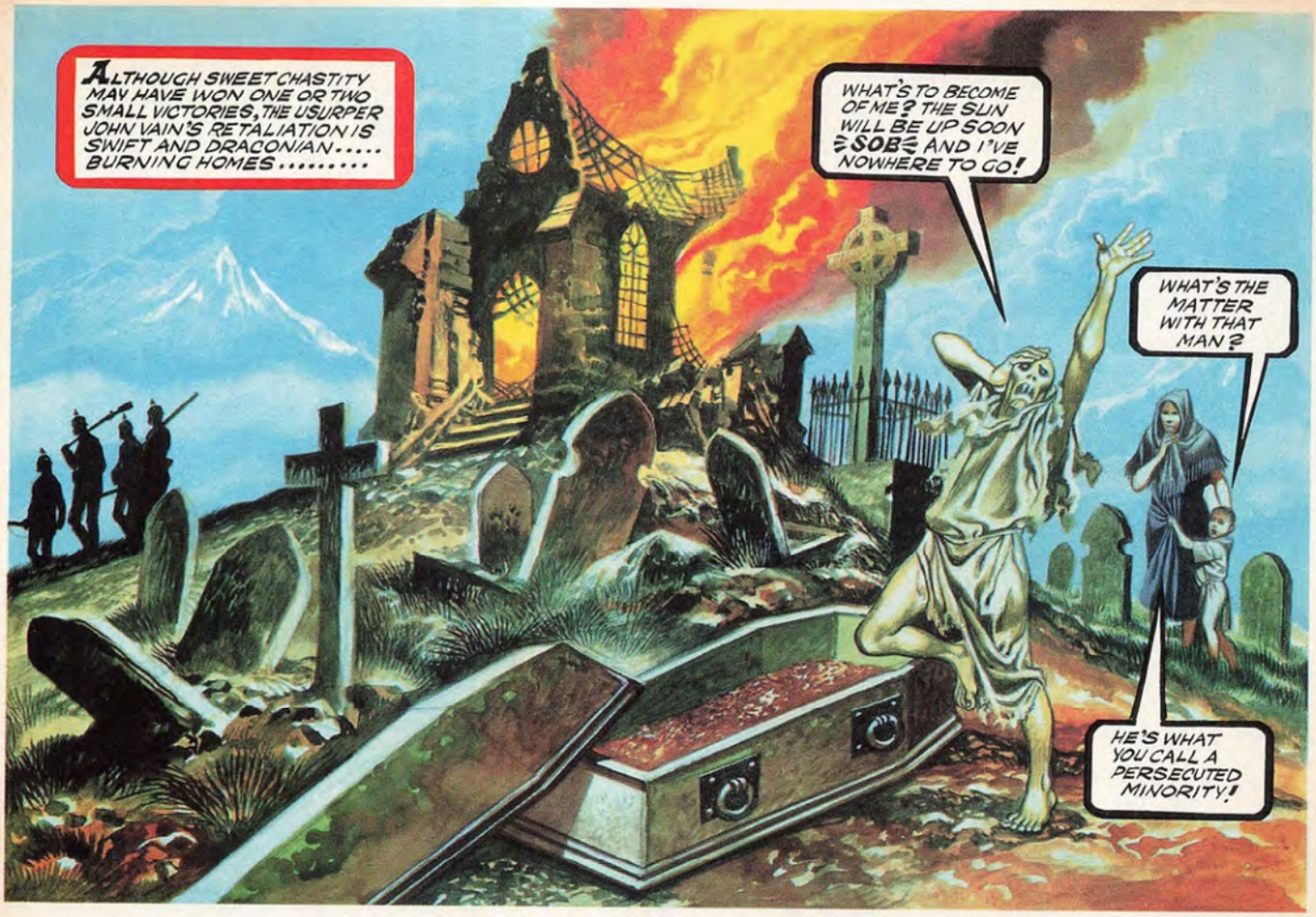
DO NOT ALTER THIS AFFIDAVIT! I DECLARE THAT I AM AN ADULT BEING 19 YEARS OF AGE OR OVER. I desire to receive sexually oriented advertisements in the mail. I have not requested the Post Office Department, or anyone else, to "protect" me against receipt of sexually oriented advertisements. I am not a postal inspector.

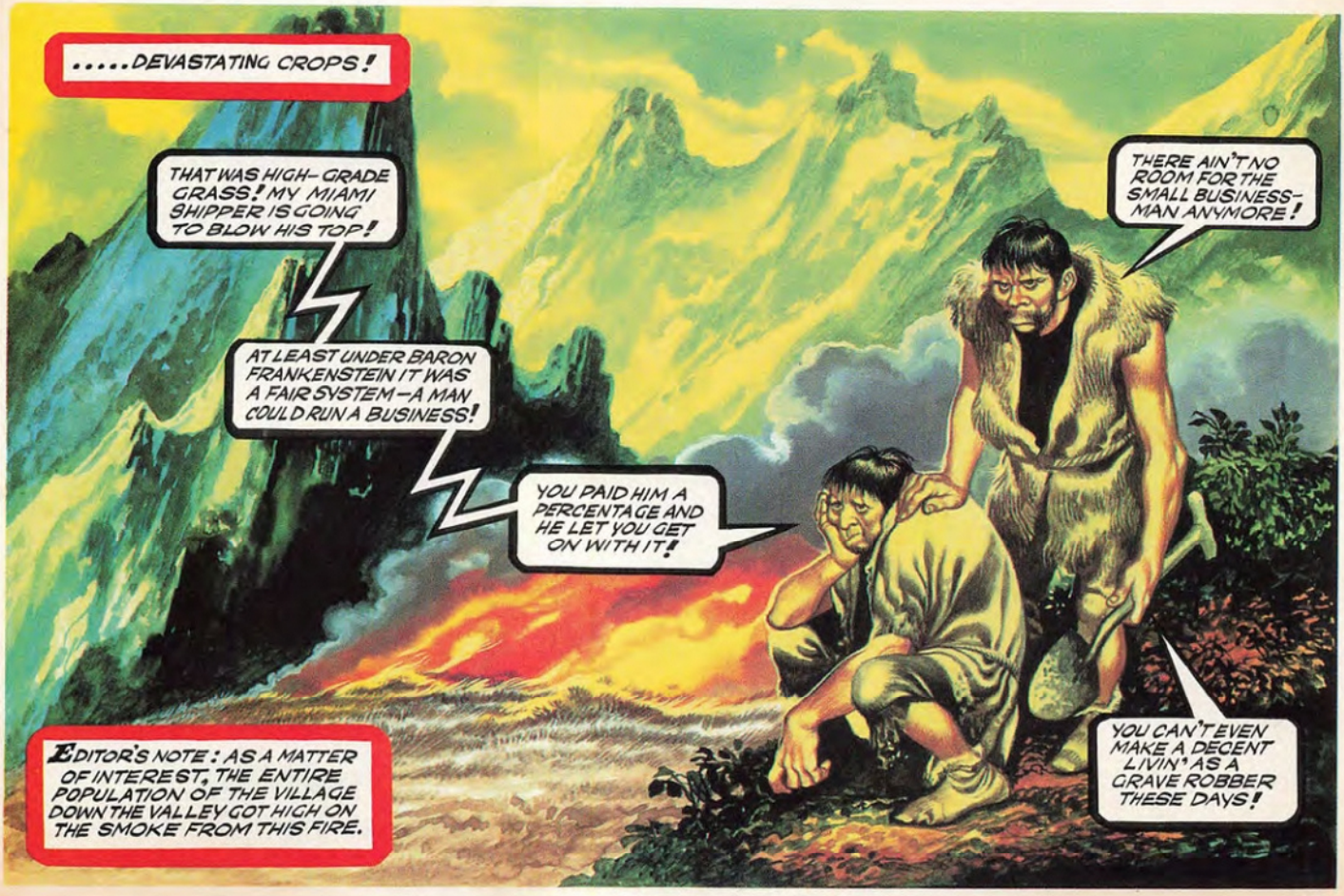
MUST BE MINIMUM OF 19 YEARS OLD

Signature _____ Age ____
Print Your Name _____
Address _____ Apt. ____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

DIVERSE INDUSTRIES, INC. 7651 Haskell Ave., Van Nuys, Calif. 91406
© DIVERSE INDUSTRIES, INC. Dept. PH1

Sweet Chastity
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE
WE ALWAYS KNEW THAT SWEET CHASTITY WAS SOMETHING SPECIAL—BUT THIS! THIS IS SOMETHING WE COULDN'T HAVE FORESEEN! A SYMBOL OF FREEDOM! MAN, THAT REALLY IS THE BIG TIME! THAT'S LIKE THE STATUE OF LIBERTY! THAT'S BIGGER THAN SPIELBERG, STALLONE, AND SINATRA PUT TOGETHER! THAT'S ALMOST AS BIG AS DOLLY PARTON!
WATCHA DOIN' WITH THAT?
HI, FANS! IT'S ME—ORGASMIA—BRINGIN' AID TO THE STARVIN' TRANSYLWOTSITS!
THAT AIN'T A BATTLE TROPHY?
YOU WORRY ABOUT YOUR TROPHIES—I'LL WORRY ABOUT MINE!
DON'T FORGET TA BUY ME LATEST ALBUM!
I TOLD YOU WE GOT ON THE WRONG BUS, MARJIE...
...THIS ISN'T ON OUR ITINERARY!
DOES SHE KNOW IT AIN'T FOOD WE'RE STARVED OF?

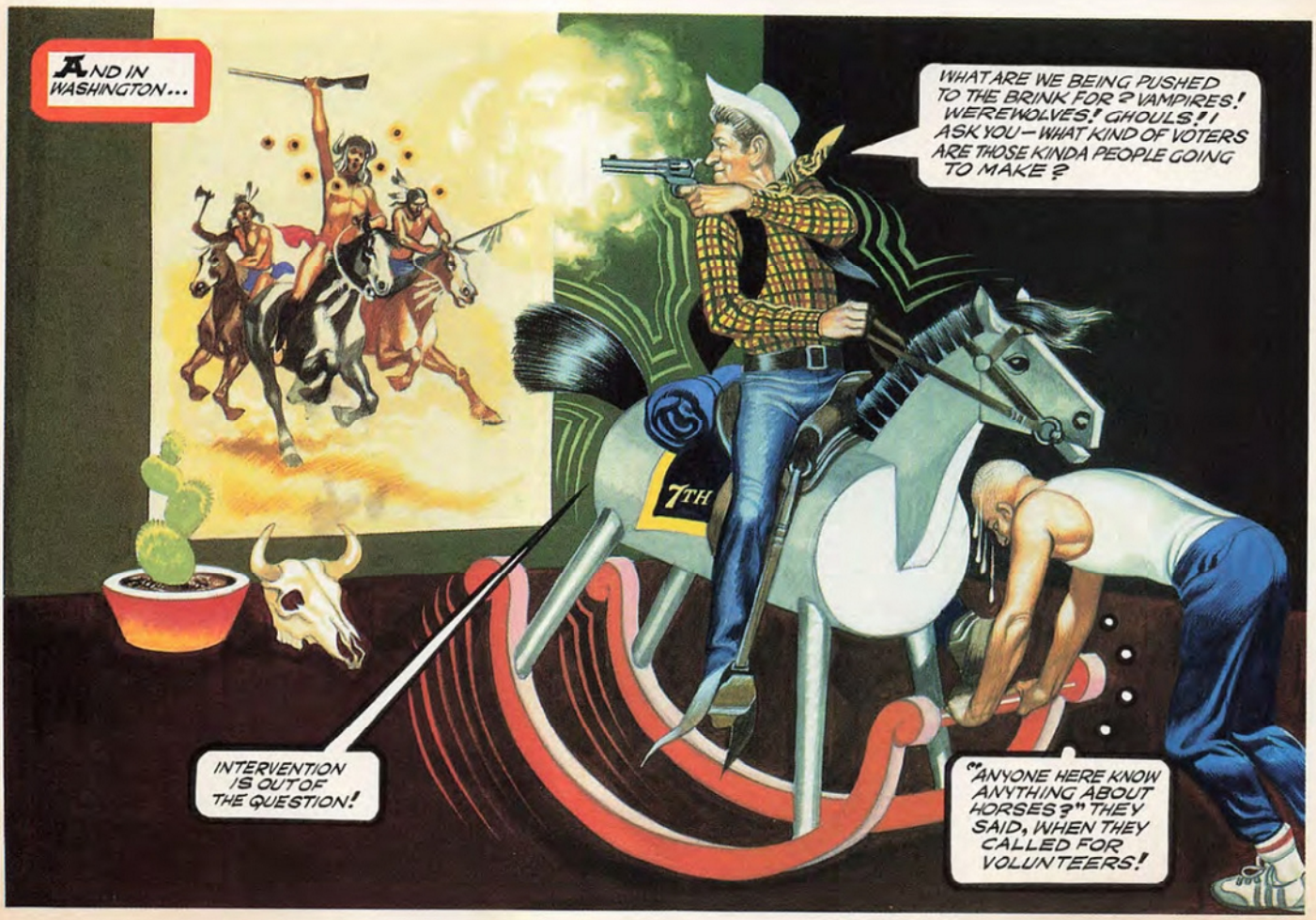

ALTHOUGH SWEET CHASTITY MAY HAVE WON ONE OR TWO SMALL VICTORIES, THE USURPER JOHN VAIN'S RETALIATION IS SWIFT AND DRACONIAN..... BURNING HOMES.....
WHAT'S TO BECOME OF ME? THE SUN WILL BE UP SOON ≥SOB≤ AND I'VE NOWHERE TO GO!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT MAN?
HE'S WHAT YOU CALL A PERSECUTED MINORITY!

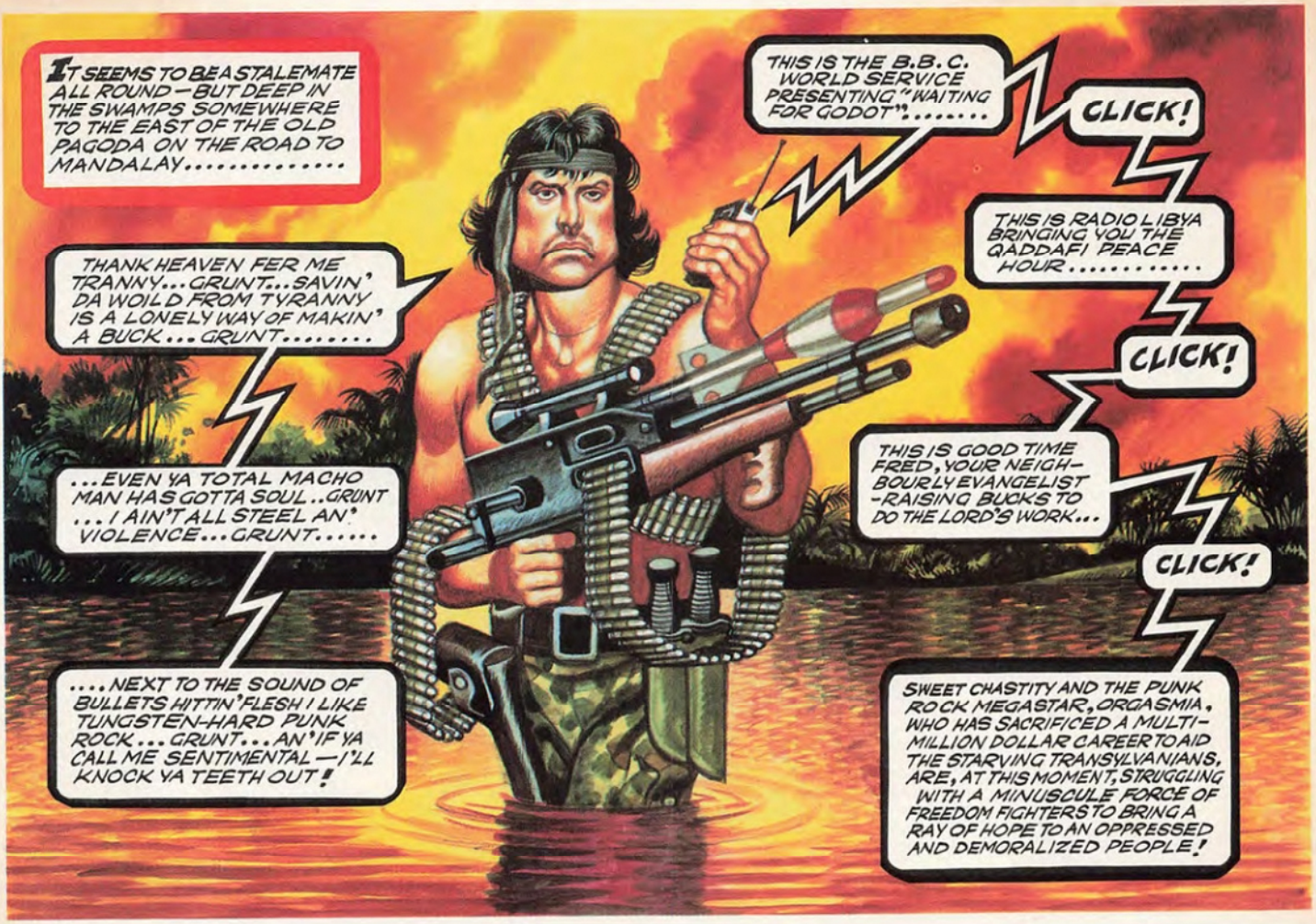

.....DEVASTATING CROPS!
THAT WAS HIGH-GRADE GRASS! MY MIAMI SHIPPER IS GOING TO BLOW HIS TOP!
AT LEAST UNDER BARON FRANKENSTEIN IT WAS A FAIR SYSTEM—A MAN COULD RUN A BUSINESS!
YOU PAID HIM A PERCENTAGE AND HE LET YOU GET ON WITH IT!
THERE AIN'T NO ROOM FOR THE SMALL BUSINESS-MAN ANYMORE!
YOU CAN'T EVEN MAKE A DECENT LIVIN' AS A GRAVE ROBBER THESE DAYS!
EDITOR'S NOTE: AS A MATTER OF INTEREST, THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF THE VILLAGE DOWN THE VALLEY GOT HIGH ON THE SMOKE FROM THIS FIRE.

AND, AS USUAL, A COMBINATION OF NATURAL SYMPATHY FOR THE UNDERDOG, THE CHARISMA OF SWEET CHASTITY, AND SKILLFULLY ORCHESTRATED PROPAGANDA AROUSES FERVENT PUBLIC REACTION — DEPENDING ON WHICH SIDE OF THE IRON CURTAIN YOU HAPPEN TO LIVE!
SWEET CHASTITY IN! IN! IN!
JOHN VAIN OUT! OUT! OUT!
JOHN VAIN IS A DIRTY RED DESPOT!
I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHAT THE DEMO'S ABOUT— I JUST LIKE BUSTING POLICEMEN!
I THOUGHT SWEET CHASTITY WAS A BROADWAY MUSICAL?

ONE THING'S FOR SURE — NO ONE CAN ACCUSE PENTHOUSE OF POLITICAL BIAS!
JOHN VAIN IN! IN! IN!
SWEET CHASTITY OUT! OUT! OUT!
SWEET CHASTITY IS A DIRTY IMPERIALIST AGITATOR!
I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHAT THE DEMO'S ABOUT— I JUST LIKE BUSTING DEVIANTS!
I THOUGHT JOHN VAIN VOS A DEFUNCT HOLLYVOOD COWPOY?

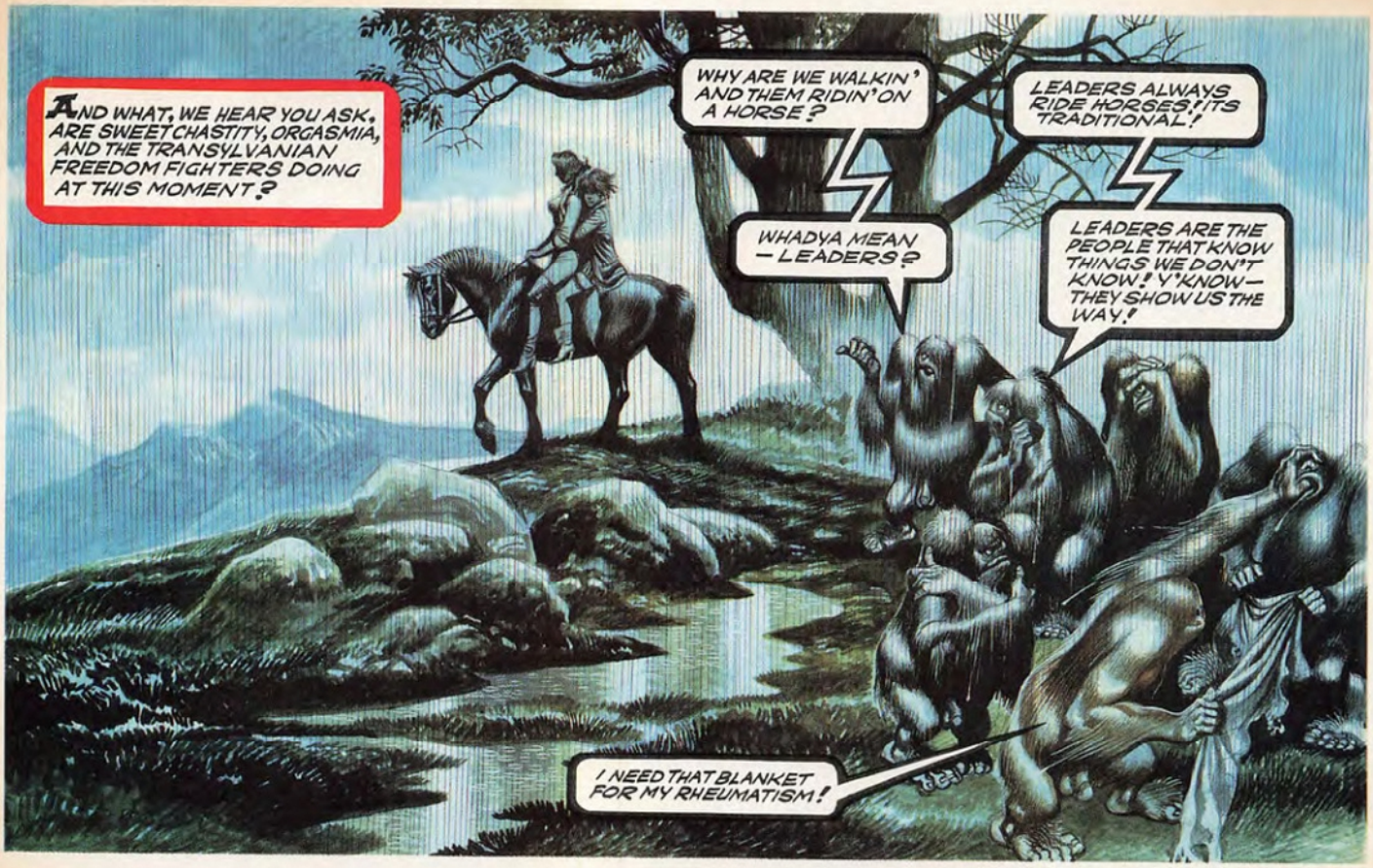
AND AS PUBLIC OUTRAGE GROWS AROUND THE WORLD, IN MOSCOW.....
YOU REALLY HAVE MASTERMINDED A MONUMENTAL COCK-UP, SADISTINOV!
USSR
TRANSYLVANIA
USA
I'M DAMNED IF I'LL FIGHT WORLD WAR III OVER A... A..DISNEY-LAND! A...A...TENTH-RATE RURITANIA WITH A POPULATION THAT IS UNGOVERNABLE.....
I HAVE EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL, COMRADE NO.1— LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME!
....WITHOUT THE TOTAL EXTER-MINATION OF THE PRESENT INHABITANTS!
INTERVENTION IS OUT OF THE QUESTION!
OH, I SHALL, SADISTINOV —I SHALL!


AND IN WASHINGTON...
WHAT ARE WE BEING PUSHED TO THE BRINK FOR? VAMPIRES! WEREWOLVES! GHOULS!! I ASK YOU—WHAT KIND OF VOTERS ARE THOSE KINDA PEOPLE GOING TO MAKE?
7TH
INTERVENTION IS OUT OF THE QUESTION!
"ANYONE HERE KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HORSES?" THEY SAID, WHEN THEY CALLED FOR VOLUNTEERS!

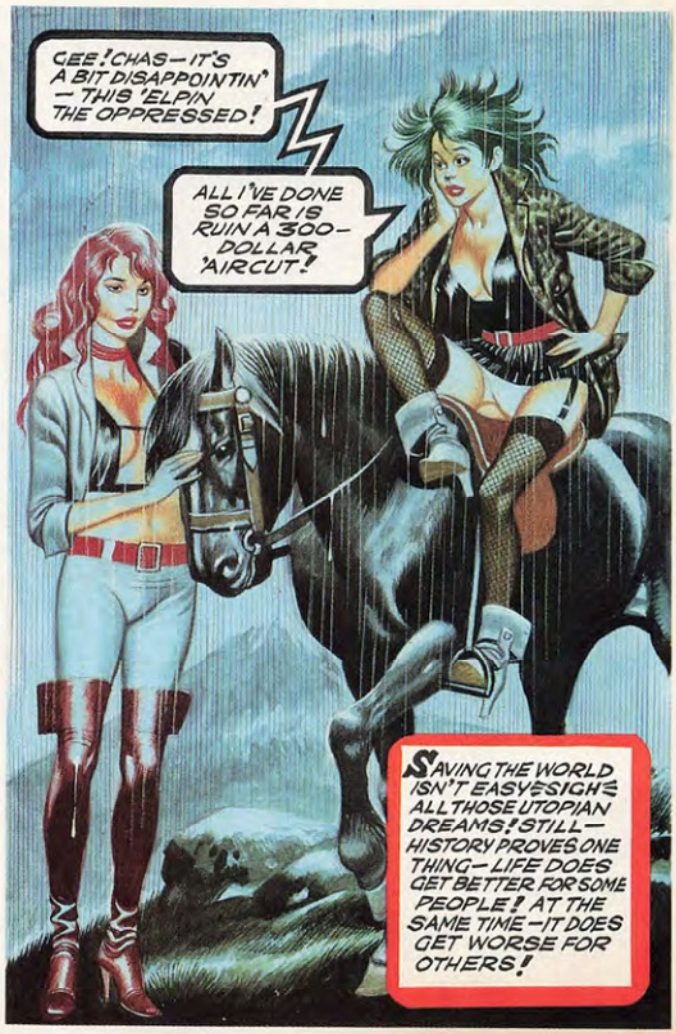

IT SEEMS TO BE A STALEMATE ALL ROUND—BUT DEEP IN THE SWAMPS SOMEWHERE TO THE EAST OF THE OLD PAGODA ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY.....
THIS IS THE B.B.C. WORLD SERVICE PRESENTING "WAITING FOR GODOT".....
CLICK!
THIS IS RADIO LIBYA BRINGING YOU THE QADDAFI PEACE HOUR.....
CLICK!
THANK HEAVEN FER ME TRANNY... GRUNT... SAVIN' DA WOILD FROM TYRANNY IS A LONELY WAY OF MAKIN' A BUCK... GRUNT.....
THIS IS GOOD TIME FRED, YOUR NEIGHBOURLY EVANGELIST—RAISING BUCKS TO DO THE LORD'S WORK...
CLICK!
...EVEN YA TOTAL MACHO MAN HAS GOTTA SOUL..GRUNT ...I AIN'T ALL STEEL AN' VIOLENCE... GRUNT.....
....NEXT TO THE SOUND OF BULLETS HITTIN' FLESH I LIKE TUNGSTEN-HARD PUNK ROCK... GRUNT... AN' IF YA CALL ME SENTIMENTAL—I'LL KNOCK YA TEETH OUT!
SWEET CHASTITY AND THE PUNK ROCK MEGASTAR, ORGASMIA, WHO HAS SACRIFICED A MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR CAREER TO AID THE STARVING TRANSYLVANIANS, ARE, AT THIS MOMENT, STRUGGLING WITH A MINUSCULE FORCE OF FREEDOM FIGHTERS TO BRING A RAY OF HOPE TO AN OPPRESSED AND DEMORALIZED PEOPLE!

ORGASMIA! I'VE GOT ALL HER ALBUMS... GRUNT ...DAT KID'S A GREAT MUSICIAN—A GENIUS! UP DERE WID MOZHOVEN AN' BEETHART!

DA WOILD MAY IGNORE HER PLIGHT—BUT NOT RUMPO!
NOW LEMME SEE... TRANSYLVANIA'S TO DA LEFT FROM HERE.....


AND WHAT, WE HEAR YOU ASK, ARE SWEET CHASTITY, ORGASMIA, AND THE TRANSYLVANIAN FREEDOM FIGHTERS DOING AT THIS MOMENT?
WHY ARE WE WALKIN' AND THEM RIDIN' ON A HORSE?
LEADERS ALWAYS RIDE HORSES! ITS TRADITIONAL!
WHADYA MEAN — LEADERS?
LEADERS ARE THE PEOPLE THAT KNOW THINGS WE DON'T KNOW! Y'KNOW — THEY SHOW US THE WAY!
I NEED THAT BLANKET FOR MY RHEUMATISM!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
HOME! IT'S RAININ'!
BUT YOUR HOMES HAVE BEEN BURNT!
SO WE'LL CHASE A FEW VILLAGERS OUT OF THEIRS!
NOBODY IN THEIR RIGHT MIND IS GONNA HAVE A REVOLUTION ON A DAY LIKE THIS!


CEE! CHAS — IT'S A BIT DISAPPOINTIN' — THIS 'ELPIN THE OPPRESSED!
ALL I'VE DONE SO FAR IS RUIN A 300-DOLLAR 'AIRCUT!
SAVING THE WORLD ISN'T EASY SIGH ALL THOSE UTOPIAN DREAMS! STILL — HISTORY PROVES ONE THING — LIFE DOES GET BETTER FOR SOME PEOPLE! AT THE SAME TIME — IT DOES GET WORSE FOR OTHERS!

COMING IN THE AUGUST PENTHOUSE

MENGELE'S CHILDREN

The body of Josef Mengele has at last been finally and positively identified. There can no longer be any doubt that the infamous "Angel of Death," who sent thousands to their deaths in Nazi concentration camps, will never be brought to human justice. Next month, in a unique look at the heart of evil, *Penthouse* examines the phenomenon of terror. Gerald L. Posner, whose book on Mengele has just been published by McGraw-Hill, interviews Mengele's son, Rolf (seen with his father on the left), who reveals how Josef Mengele's whereabouts remained a secret for 40 years. But the real evil of Mengele and his fellow Nazis can be testified to only by those who suffered at their hands. In his secret laboratory at Auschwitz, Mengele experimented on young children with abnormalities, such as twins, on whom he could test his genetic theories. He saved the children from the gas chambers, only to subject them to operations of unparalleled horror: castrations, attempts to change the color of their eyes and hair, and even executions under the guise of surgery. Lucette Matalon Lagnado, whose book *Mengele's Children* will be published next year by Atheneum, talks to two of these surviving twins. "Theirs," she says, "has been the untold story of the Holocaust." The story of Josef Mengele must be told—so that we may never forget what evil man is capable of.

VACATION VICTIMS

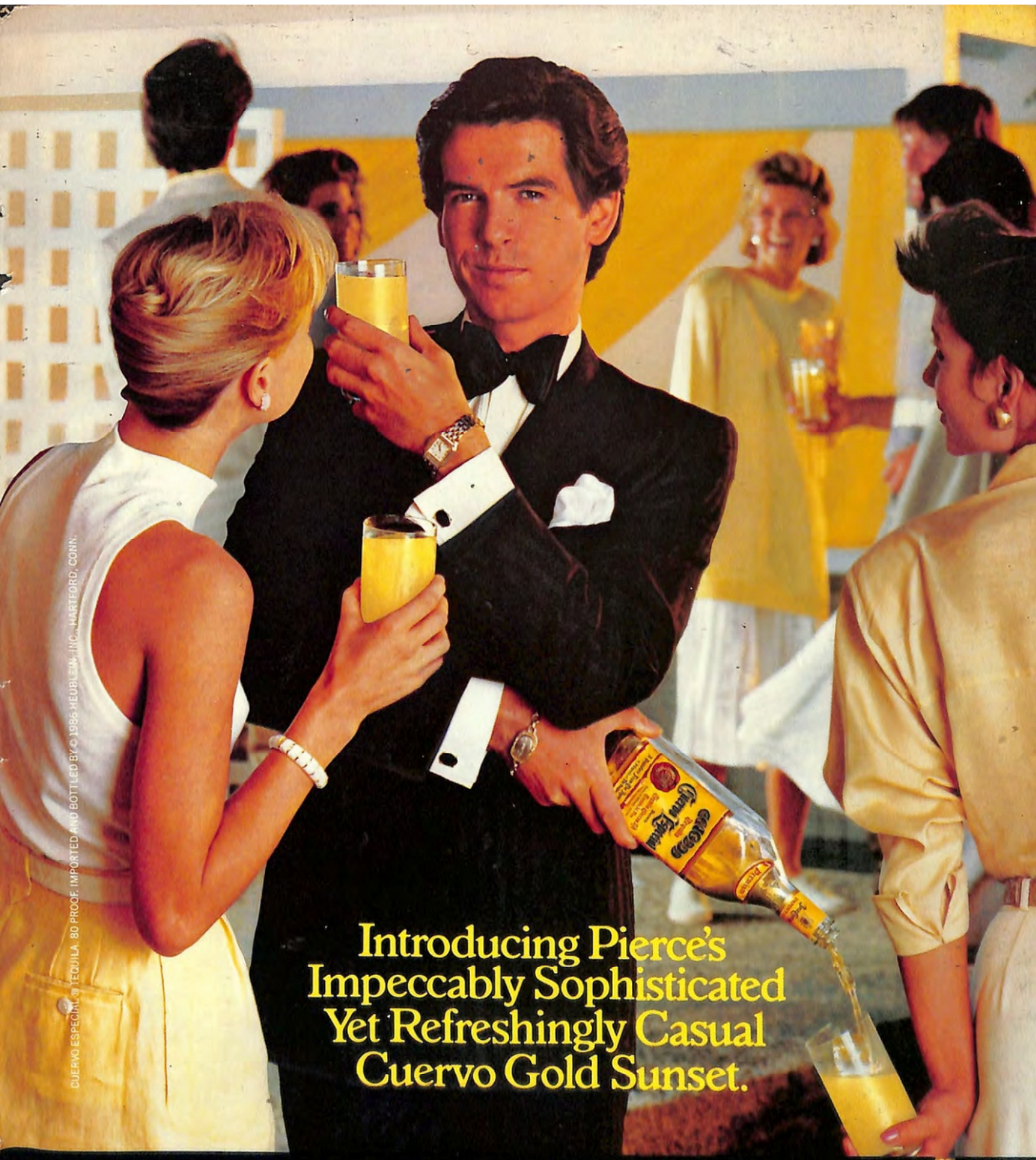
For children growing up in America's urban slums, a few weeks on a farm in Ohio or in a New England hamlet is a wonderful opportunity. But the charity organizations that provide such vacations for our disadvantaged youth face a growing threat from child molesters they may be helpless to combat. Even worse, some of these groups try to ignore this scandal. In an investigative report, *Penthouse* reveals how some children have been subjected to pedophile hosts while those responsible cover up their negligence. The children and their families face years of litigation and anguish while the "charities" simply look the other way.

TURNING ON TO TURNING OFF

Last December, Gary Hanauer reported on some Americans' growing preference for celibacy and invited readers to participate in a survey about their own experiences and opinions on the subject. The results show that celibacy is, incredibly, becoming a preferred lifestyle for many adults in all age groups. Many of our celibate readers say they are finding "peace of mind and spiritual growth," as well as new, more substantial relationships with the opposite sex. Or, as one man said: "I'm tired of women who just want a good fuck."

YOUNG MARINES

On the outskirts of Cedar City, Utah, a barren desert has been transformed into a battleground for boys and girls between the ages of eight and 15. Here, these Young Marines dress in battle fatigues, fire machine guns, and are trained to master other military weapons. Under a scorching sun, the kids are taught rigorous maneuvers by ex-Marines Steve Jarvis and Brian Bills. The U.S. Marines haven't given Jarvis and Bills official authority to conduct this war camp, but these men firmly believe that they are doing a service by teaching "survival on your own" and "giving these small-town kids something to do."

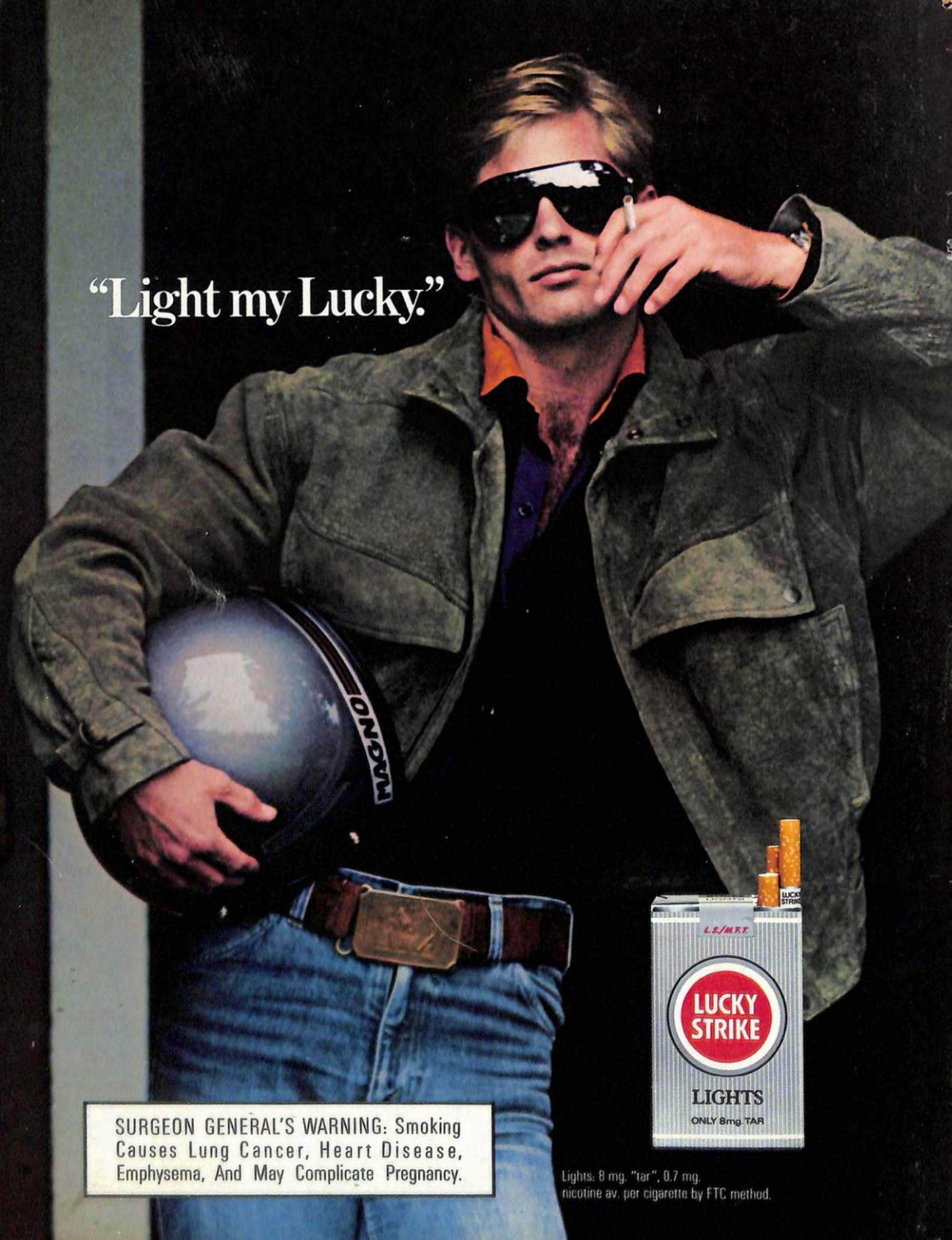


CUERVO ESPECIAL® TEQUILA. 80 PROOF. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY © 1986 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

To Pierce Brosnan a Sunset without Cuervo Gold is only the end of the day. Pour 1½-oz. Cuervo over ice; fill the glass with grapefruit juice, and tell everyone it's easy if they know how. But be sure to use Cuervo Gold, for the uniquely smooth taste of the premium tequila.

Cuervo®

Rethink your drink. Mix with Cuervo tequila.



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Lights: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

MISS KRISTA PFLANZER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH